

# Shawn McDonald, Take Hold

There is no hope up in your eyes,  
as if the blue had left your skies,  
The sadness fills you cheeks of stone,  
Maybe you believe you are alone.

Your face is shone with quiet despair,  
as if this was what you chose to wear,  
Your sin you strap upon your chest,  
as if there was no longer rest, longer rest.

Take hold, don't give up.  
You gotta make the best of what you got,  
Give it all you best shot,  
Take hold, don't give up.

Your heart seems to have hit the floor,  
but I do believe you're meant to soar,  
The enemy's wounds, they must go deep,  
but I pray the Lord your soul to keep.

There is no taking back those days a gone,  
But now it's your chance just to move on.  
Make the best of the life you live,  
'Cause before Him you soon will give.  
You soon will give