

Subseven, Faded Letters

I look through photographs
and faded letters from you.
An empty shoebox on my bed;
lingering thoughts of what you said
Falling away from me.
[repeated once]

they say that where I've been
is not who I am
and where I am
does not define where I'm going
someday I'll find this place

I've dreamed up things that I just can't let go!
(background) dreamed up things, can't let go
conform in me Your perfect will
[repeated]

And sometimes I hide,
but You always find me
Sometimes I run
but You're always beside me

I feel you beside me
Never behind me
I feel you beside me today!

This is my prayer
Lord that I
Find your will
My life is
In your hands
Draw your plans
Use my hands!

I've dreamed up things that I just can't let go!
Don't let me be this way, no!
I don't want things my way
My delight is in you,
my Holy Lord
conform me to Your will
Lord, do with me what you will

All these photographs
and faded letters from you
an empty Shoebox on my bed
lingering thoughts of what you said
Shows me
A better me

crbt2('Subseven','Faded Letters')

