Making Me

Downhere

Well, the poet is stuck in the mud
And the dreamer is finding his way home from the stars
And the visionary's watching his feet
'Cause the sentimental fool is numb againSimple hand, simple eye, nothing to write home about
The artist chisels at the stone
Curious, the child tugs the fingers of the bigger
He wants to see the face that is his own
He's not aloneLord, help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord, help me see the one You're making me
One You're making me, the one You're making meWell, we push it off and pull Him in
We fist His lips and we kick His shin
We post a sign, turn and throttle away
And we barely listen to a single word He has to sayBy His eye a tendril fell
He cast a word, but not a spell
It's all tied up, it's all done
I was a cancer, but You have made me a sonLord, help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord, help me see the one You're making me
One you're making me, the one you're making meI feel the wild whims of the wicked as I wonder whether
Ashes burn twice or these thoughts be put under a fire
To be burned as I have tried to learn from the whisper of his will
While I am standing stillThe night fell fast, I crashed and blast my prayers
Like through a megaphone
Aimed all of my feelings at the ceiling
'Cuz I want to know who I am and if I really have a homeLord, help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord, help me see the one You're making me
One You're making me, the one you're making meLord, please help me be the one You're making mePlease
Lord, please help meThe one You're making me
The one You're making me
The one You're
Lord, please help me be the one You're making me
The one You're making me
The one You're making me

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