

# Held

Natalie Grant

Two months is too little, they let him go  
They had no sudden healing  
To think that providence  
Would take a child from his mother  
While she prays, is appalling Who told us we'd be rescued  
What has changed and  
Why should we be saved from nightmares  
We're asking why this happens to us Who have died to live, it's unfair  
This is what it means to be held  
How it feels when the sacred is torn from your life  
And you survive This is what it is to be loved and to know  
That the promise was that when everything fell  
We'd be held This hand is bitterness  
We want to taste it and  
Let the hatred numb our sorrows  
The wise hand opens slowly  
To lilies of the valley and tomorrow This is what it means to be held  
How it feels, when the sacred is torn from your life  
And you survive This is what it is to be loved and to know  
That the promise was that when everything fell  
We'd be held If hope is born of suffering  
If this is only the beginning  
Can we not wait for one hour  
Watching for our Savior This is what it means to be held  
How it feels, when the sacred is torn from your life  
And you survive This is what it is to be loved and to know  
That the promise was that when everything fell  
We'd be held

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