

# Martyrs and Thieves

Jennifer Knapp

There's a place in the darkness I use to cling to  
That presses harsh hope against time  
In the absence of martyrs there's a presence of thieves  
Who only want to rob you blindThey steal away any sense of peace  
Though I'm a king, I'm a king on my knees  
And I know they are wrong when they say I am strong  
As the darkness covers meSo I turn on the light and reveal all the glory  
I am not afraid to bear all my weakness  
Knowing in meekness, I have a kingdom to gain  
Where there is peace and love in the lightIn the light, I am not afraid  
To let your light shine bright in my life, in my lifeThere are ghosts from my past who have owned more of my soul  
Than I thought I had given away  
They linger in closets and under my bed  
And in pictures less proudly displayedA great fool in my life I have been  
Have squandered 'til pallid and thin  
Hung my head in shame and refused to take blame  
From darkness I know, I've let winCan you hear me? Can you hear me?

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