

# Dichotomized

Emily Joy

Well I am barely holding on to the fragments of who I once thought I was.  
And I've been searching for comfort like hidden treasure  
Buried under mountains of sin while I'll have to keep digging forever  
X never marks the spot cause there's no rest when all I am doing is moving from fix to fix to keep from thinking  
about how scared I am that it seems like there is nothing between me and going crazy  
I was following a light, but that light is fading and now it's just this tiny imperceptible point and I don't see the  
point of running after it. I am one flame in a lot of dark rooms  
and I don't always know how to stay lit  
and I'm afraid that everyone expects me to be a fire that never flickers and never fades  
and most certainly never goes out  
but more often than not these days  
I'm just trying not to be swallowed by the darkness and failing  
and I keep asking God to tell me who I am  
But I can't hear him over all the profanity and the lies that I'm believing  
as if my words were a trumpet I'm sounding to drown him out even while I cry for help  
and in a moment of clarity, I say my life feels dichotomized  
and nobody knows what that means  
You are worth so much more  
I was so badly to scream  
but the train is coming and we can't hear anything above the roar of the wheels on the tracks  
like our hearts speeding towards the next station only to loop right back  
and I want to draw them a map and sing  
He restoreth my soul and leadeth me in righteous paths  
Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death as if I believe it  
and I used to believe it  
and someday I will again  
but right now I'm barely holding onto the love that saved me from sin  
and I don't know who I am  
the whore or the virgin  
or just a girl with a heart as dark as death itself and a white washed tomb for skin  
and I need a resurrection in Jesus  
I know you're risen, but I don't know how to die to self so I can live again  
so crucify me right up there with you Jesus  
stick those nails through my hands  
stretch my arms apart so my heart is open wide enough for you to cut it out  
put that crown of thorns on my head until I have bled enough to need you  
and when you pierce your side, can I die with you? Can I rise with you? Can I put to death the flesh and give it  
all to you?  
Cause I'm barely holding onto you Jesus and I need you to hold onto me

I need you to heal the halves of this dichotomy and make me a whole person and make me free  
make me unashamed to speak  
and make my life worthy in Jesus  
when I lose my grip, reach your bleeding hands over the edge of that cliff  
fold me up inside the crevices  
and be my sin who knew no sin  
Jesus be my resurrection

Lyrics Submitted by Jclark

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