

Uneven Odds

Sleeping at Last

I once knew your father well
He fought tears as he spoke of your mother's health
I guess a part of him just couldn't return
Forgiveness is a lesson he cursed you to learn
As your guardian I was instructed well
To make sense of God's love in these fires of hell
No I don't expect you to understand
Just to live what little life your broken heart can
Maybe your light is a seed
And the darkness the dirt
In spite of the uneven odds
Beauty lifts from the earth
From the earth
From the earth
As the years move on these questions take shape
Are you getting stronger or is time shifting weight?
No one expects you to understand
Just to live what little life your mended heart can
You'll always remember the moment God took her away
For the weight of the world was placed on your shoulders that day
Maybe your light is the seed
And the darkness the dirt
In spite of the uneven odds
Beauty lifts from the earth
From the earth
You're much too young now
So I write these words down,
"Darkness exists to make light truly count."

Songwriters

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Published by

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