

By the Hour

Mary Black

I was broken by the power
I was swallowed by the need
I was hiding in the corner
When a voice called to meHe understood my mystery
Soothe the wounds of my despair
And with his grace, he tenderly
Brushed the tangles from my hairI'm feeling better by the hour
I think I just might be okay
Though bridges burn and ashes shower
Think I can live with what remainsAs I sorted through the wreckage
Sitting in my silent fast
On my bed of hard earned ashes
Still repenting for my pastMy body ached and shook with anger
As I walked through narrow gates
And I left those walls behind me
And with them my mistakesI'm feeling better by the hour
I think I just might be okay
Though bridges burn and ashes shower
I think I can live with what remains

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