

# Overhead

## Low

The things I want are tearing me apart  
I knew this from the start  
They're daggers to Your heart  
Though I desire to trade my will with Yours  
I'm shutting open doors and crawling on all fours  
I need Your touch, open my eyes  
Cut me down to size, I'm dying to rise(Chorus)  
I promised I'd be less and let You be more  
In my attempt to do what I have read  
To die is gain, I want to serve the One I adore  
But it appears there's too much overhead I'd rather stay than give my life away  
The life that I have made, a price I just can't pay  
So I ignore Your calling from the shore  
You offer so much more but the cost I can't afford  
Short-sighted eyes, my spirit's demise  
Listening to lies, dying to rise(Chorus) I need Your touch, open my eyes  
Cut me down to size, I'm dying to rise(Chorus)

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