

Speak

The Waiting

The closer I get to where You are there
The clearer I see Your fingerprints are everywhere
This must be a moment between bliss and dark despair
The louder I hear You calling my name
The more I remember, I won't be the same
I'd run to the bushes but my feet are torn and lame
From too many miles straying from Your side
Failing to fit in Your shoes
Too many miles trying to run and hide
When there was so much to lose
Break my leg if You must
But keep me close to You
The more I can feel Your hand upon me
The less I remember who it was I used to be
I look back at my footprints and clearly I can see
Not to put a strain on a stiff neck
By looking behind me
I've held these memories too long
Before I put them away
Let them remind me where I belong

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