Miracle

The Temper Trap

A little shade will grow into a tree
Leaving us in wonder as it sleeps
Who on Earth can fathom, who on Earth can know?
You are but a thought in your maker's eyes
And I may not always believe
But you're nothing short of a miracle
Feeble, tiny hands bound for greatness
You will rise and fall like the rest of us
Love will keep you up, and always be the crutch
That will see you through to the very last

And I may not always believe
But you're nothing short of a miracle
Clever minds will second guess
But to me, you're a living miracle
Something else comes over me
Grace has come to set me free
In your hands, you hold a new forever
We may not always believe
Blessed with sight we rarely see
Pride and lust is our disease
And the cure is you, little miracle

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