

# 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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