

# These Frail Hands

## Brave Saint Saturn

In this broken place where I was born  
It seems there is no peace,  
And the very soil that we walk upon  
Is filled with tears that never cease,  
And you can trace the scars of hopelessness  
Like sweat upon the backs  
Of all the outcast downtrodden,  
Water slipped through cracks Hold on,  
Hold tight And I am overwhelmed with grief,  
to see such suffering,  
For those who lack the voice to speak  
For those of us left stuttering May this not prevail,  
Dear Lord, your love will never fail And these frail hands,  
They tremble as they pen perhaps their last  
And these weak words,  
Can never say what cannot be surpassed When the concrete of the world  
Becomes too cumbersome to lift,  
And the cataracts of fear and doubt  
Cloak truth beyond what we can sift  
And darkness, darkness bleeds its way,  
When crippling anguish clouds our sight,  
The ghosts of dusk have bared their teeth,  
Set their claws to bring the night Hold on,  
Hold tight Darkness cant perceive the light,  
though lightlessness has chilled us numb,  
And though its wings may cloud the skies,  
The dark shall never overcome Light of the world,  
Your love, has never failed And these frail hands,  
They tremble as they pen perhaps their last  
And these weak words,  
Can never say what cannot be surpassed I need your love,  
And most of all I want to feel your peace,  
I need your love,  
Let everything that you are not decrease, (Your love,  
Your mercy,  
Your light unending.  
Your hope,  
Your peace,  
Your strength my heart is mending.) (Daylight,

Save me)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>