

Dark Roots

Convictions

I just need a moment to myself.
I've been writing open letters in a life of writer's block.
 Make me see.
 Make me feel.
A cage or a coma, the pen and ink is therapy.
I counted every single sign You revealed to me.
 His presence is near but it's myself I fear.
 It's myself I fear.
Page after page, line after line, I'm running out of things to say.
 I'm running out of time.
My hands keep on writing but nothing makes any sense.
 These words on paper, they've all been said before.
 Speak through me.
 I'll trust You like a torch.
 Now watch me burn.
As patience and the pendulum fought through the night, my frustration buries me.
 The words keep on coming but everything seems to blend.
I've tried so hard to write about being real, that I think I've forgotten how to feel.
 Prisoner.
 Prisoner.
 Captive by words I can't write.
 Prisoner.
 Prisoner.
 Shepard me with Your light.
 If I'm being honest, it's hard to be honest with You.
 I'll be transparent, but it's so hard to follow through.
If I write down my darkest desires, If I reveal the things my mind conspires, Would You still love me?
 I'll open up like a worn out old book.
 I'll open up with feelings I overlook.
 Would You still love me?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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