

You woke me in the morning
To say, "He is risen."
And I replied with a smile,
"He is risen indeed."

And somehow you always leave the room
Alive with truth and beauty
And carry yourself like you know
That it's all just a matter of time

I said, "But maybe I'm too far down this time."
"Too proud to hope too weak to climb."
But you just pierce through me with eyes
And I know I'm done

And I can
And carry yourself like you're sure of it
Like the stitches dissolved
And the wounds all heal in time
Your words are giants next to mine
And your thoughts are giants

I only hope that someday
I might resemble you in
Even the smallest way
I only hope that
You can be proud of me