

Still Making Me

Audrey Assad

When you wove me in the darkness
Were we already face to face?
When you knit me in my mother
In that fearful wonderful way
Did you love me when you hovered
Over her blood and her water
Before she knew my name?
When you wove me in the darkness
Were we already face to face?

Is there an ocean of affection
Where I come from and where I'm bound?
Where all this fear and imperfection
Could be swallowed in love somehow
Is there a seat at this table
For every part of me that's able
To want to be found?
Is there an ocean of affection
Where I come from and where I'm bound?

Maybe you're still making
You're still making me
Maybe you're still making
You're still making me

When I lay down in the evening
I am learning to believe again
It is all I can do some nights
When you're feeling like a long lost friend
But in the clear light of morning
I see you standing at the door
Like you have always been
So when I lay down in the evening
I am learning to believe again

Maybe you're still making
You're still making me
Maybe you're still making
You're still making me
Maybe still creating
And recreating me
Maybe you're still making
You're still making me

But in the clear light of morning
I see you standing at the door
Like you have always been
So when I lay down in the evening
I am learning to believe again