

# The Sea Always Seems To Put Me At Ease

Being As An Ocean

You are the topic of every epic we have ever been told  
And as I stand on this cliff, the wind whips through me and I am made bold  
Once again, Your presence creeps into my consciousness  
Grace made tangible in this newly anointed place  
And I am brought to my clear senses  
That none of my perceived failings or disgrace  
Has ever touched my being or inheritance  
I am whole, I am clean, I am free  
And I brought to my knees  
Sink in; permeate this weary flesh  
Breathe; life as clean and fresh  
As the salt-seasoned breeze  
Please Father, pull me to my feet

'Why are you kneeling, my son?  
I put strength in that back-bone  
Knowing that you would fall  
But I promise, you will never taste defeat  
You are whole, you are clean, you are free  
Get up, rise from your knees!'

We can no longer linger in the shadows of our shame and brokenness  
For as sure as the wind blows  
He has already redeemed all of this  
Live as whole, live as clean, live as free  
Everything you were made to be  
Standing at the edge of self-discovery  
Tired and weary  
Our body trembles, buckles  
We are afraid of being hurt again  
Been stabbed in the back by our own friends  
We don't know if we can mend  
Minds riddled with unsuccessful recoveries  
We're scared  
Lord, we're terrified  
But dive in we must  
Cause there has to be something better than this  
For we see testimony of You in the sea  
Your creation, all of nature  
So with a sudden rush  
We abandon our solitary perching place  
And as we wash away the mourning dust  
Immersed; we see Your face