

Thomas

Chloe Ament

Thomas was never supposed to have all that he did
But he had it regardless
Fought like a warrior to earn his dues
And he ended with all that he wanted

Thomas believed in himself
And the things that he held in his hands in the moment
Respected the rules and his father and law
And thought he was above all atonement

Touch my hands, my side
See with your own eyes
Thomas, it's okay to cry

Thomas was so good at loving his wife
But he felt like his heart wasn't in it
Knew in his head that he never would split
Still he longed for just one chance to prove it

Thomas attended the Sunday service
Faithfully without much faith
The preacher would speak of the crucifixion
And Thomas would stay awake

Touch my hands, my side
See with your own eyes
Thomas, it's okay to cry

Thomas broke down in his car after work
'Cause he felt like it all wasn't worth it
Followed the rules and he climbed every ladder
But never discovered much purpose
You passed his car and You saw him distraught
So softly You tapped on the window
Sat down beside him with nothing but pride
And the man that You knew he'd turn into
Red in the face from denying his faith
And widening the cracks in his heart
Thomas took one look and You said the right thing
He fell apart in Your arms

Touch my hands, my side
See with your own eyes
Thomas, it's okay
Thomas, it's okay, I promise
It's okay to cry