

No Room For An Anxious Heart

Chris Renzema

When I look at my phone, it's like walking through the valley of death

Like my head's underwater and I'm trying to hold my breath
When the earthquake comes and I'm standing in the aftermath
Can feel my heart beating faster, it's another panic attack

Is it true there's no room in this house for an anxious heart?
Does that mean I have to leave, go and find another place to start?

Or does it mean You're kind enough to save me?
Does it mean You're good enough to change me?
When the fear sets in and I don't know what to do
That you're the Prince of Peace, and my heart belongs to You

God, it's hard to move on from the fear that I've kept so close
It's like an addict's drug, and I just can't let go
When these prison walls start to feel a lot like home
I might be barely living, but it's all I've ever known

Is it true there's no room in this house for an anxious heart?
Does that mean I have to leave, go and find another place to start?

Or does it mean You're kind enough to save me?
Does it mean You're good enough to change me?
When the fear sets in and I don't know what to do
That you're the Prince of Peace, and my heart belongs to You

(Belongs to You)

Is it true there's no room in this house for an anxious heart?
Does that mean I have to leave, go and find another place to start?

Or does it mean You're kind enough to save me?
Does it mean You're good enough to change me?
When the fear sets in and I don't know what to do
That you're the Prince of Peace, and my heart belongs to You