

Patterns

Cloverton

Surrender starts with the beat of a heart
Choices define every man
Lines have been drawn yet we follow along
Building our homes in the sand
Patterns are breaking us down
Patterns masquerading the crowds
Patterns separating us from You now
Time marches on to the beat of a drum
The beat of a drum is in my head
Feet fall in line with my renewing mind
Don't go your own way instead
Renew me
We fell in love up on Calvary's hill
You knew the needs of my heart
We parted ways with the patterns that made us separate at the start