

Empty pages, I am only a pen  
Waitin' for You to write a story  
Empty stages, I am just the instrument  
In Your hands, You're the One before me

So have Your way, put on a show  
'Cause I'm worth nothing on my own

You turn a melody into a symphony  
The painter and I will be Your canvas  
You make a masterpiece out of the mess of me  
You're the Creator and I will be Your canvas

(Your canvas)

Now a flower, I was only just a seed  
You planted and watered in the garden  
You give me life, You give me hope, You're all I need and nothi  
ng more  
I'm just a vessel, You are the source

You turn a melody into a symphony  
The painter and I will be Your canvas  
You make a masterpiece out of the mess of me  
You're the Creator and I will be Your canvas

(Your canvas, Your canvas, Your canvas)  
Your canvas (Your canvas, Your canvas, Your canvas)

I'm the pen and You're the poet, the instrument that You're com  
posing  
I'm just a vessel, You're the source  
I'm a seed that You have planted 'cause You're the vine and I'm  
the branches  
I'm just a vessel, You're the source (You're the source)  
(Your canvas, Your canvas)  
(Your canvas, Your canvas)

You turn a melody into a symphony  
You're the Creator and I will be—