

Mud

Crucifix

Everything I feel is mud...
Nothing hurts quite like this does...
I feel it in my bones
My whole world's spinning from above, and everything I am is mud
Dirty...
Filthy...
I'm shapeless...
Empty...

Blood, sweat and tears fuel the hurt
Mixed with a lifetime of doing dirt
And all the dirt brings pain until the tears flood
Then I wonder why I'm standing knee deep in the mud
Trying to believe in something with no evidence
Can't tell the right over the wrong so I ride the fence
Because in the end only a terrified fool repents
I'm so dirty that getting clean don't make no sense
And since I can't stop my world from spinning
I traded my soul for guns, money, weed and women
The only pleasure that I get is when I'm sinning...
This heart won't break but it keeps on bending
Been in, been down this road before
In the back of my mind knowing everything gets old
Because when I'm gone everything I loved fades quick
But every time I reach for the Truth I slip...

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I can't take this confusion no more, time to let it go
Pull myself together and try stepping out on my own...
A child born like a paper doll, because every step out on my own ends up a nasty fall
I head straight down until I hit rock bottom
Then hear a voice in the chaos saying "I got him!"
Then two hands slowly pick me up
I notice holes in the wrists as they lift me up out this mess I've made...
The hell I've been...
Then all the sudden everything's spinning again
I'm screaming, "God, where you at?
I thought that you loved me?
I can't make it alone, don't take your hand from me!"
Then everything goes still...
The spinning don't stop but His hand is all I feel
Then as I pray God use me to do your will I realize I'm standing on a pottery wheel...

Everything I am is mud in my Father's hands above...
Mold me...
Make me...
Take me...
Break me...

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