

# Color

Ellie Holcomb

Who is worthy of the laughter of a friend you know  
A garden that you walk through slow  
The silence where your soul can go  
Who is worthy of the warmth of an open fire  
The celebration of a wedding choir  
Who is worthy of

In the broken sanctuary light  
I'm surrendered, I am hypnotized  
I can see You even though I'm blind  
'Cause this world is made of color  
In the stained glass church of ordinary life  
I'm surrendered, I am baptized  
I can hold you like a dandelion  
'Cause this world is made of color

Am I worthy of the chances that I'm surrounded with  
The shame that I am drowning in  
The salt in my woundedness  
Am I worthy of the pain that I buried in the dust  
Of a God who I'm scared to trust  
Tell me am I worthy of it

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And when I go back  
I retrace my steps  
To those stone cold lonely nights  
When my soul was so tired of putting up a fight  
Built my house on sand  
Didn't understand  
I thought truth was black and white  
But you took my hand  
And this world was made of color

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