

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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