

I wish that I could say I am a perfect man
I wish sometimes that I would not be who I am
One day I decided I would think on this,
Not knowing if faith and pain could co-exist:

Could I ever on my own conceive
Of someone I did not know, but I need?
I must be made to be at peace and communion
'Cause somehow I am full aware that I've fallen

I find through every ounce of pain I feel
That my mind cannot deny that God is real

The inconsistency of what I say I should be
Compared to what I am in actuality
Leaves me in conclusion that I know the way
Though I am unable to always obey

Nothing in this world has satisfied
My soul's hunger for a deeper life
The weight of my misdeeds were crushing, blinding me
I still live with pain inside but now I see

The peices of my life are scattered on the floor
I stared at them 'til I could take no more
I do not deserve to be set free
Forgiveness is what I desperately need

If it wasn't for the perfect blood was shed
Would I not be dead inside but I live instead
I know my faith's still here
Believe through all my tears