

Searching for Grace

Hardline

If you've been choking on words unspoken
You let 'em in and let 'em out
Your breathless whispers unheard yet keep us
Drowning deep within our doubt

Tell me what's worth more
The words on the page I write or their meaning
Tell me there's nothing more
I can do with it, or do without

I've got mud on my hands and blood on my face
I've been running in circles searching for grace

You took my hope and kept on running
Didn't look back along the way
Came to the edge of your mercy
And ignored looking down

Tell me what's worth more
The burn from the flame that hurts or the healing
And tell me there's nothing more
I can do with it, or do without

I've got mud on my hands and blood on my face
I've been running in circles searching for grace
If you're numb and don't feel it you're in the right place
I've been looking for something searching for grace

Looking for something, been looking away
Looking for what is ours to say
Looking for something, looking away
Searching for grace

If you've been choking on words unspoken
Let 'em in, let 'em out

I've got mud on my hands and blood on my face
I've been running in circles searching for grace
If you're numb and don't feel it you're in the right place
I've been looking for something searching for grace