

Father

Jon Bryant

Father, clear the ancient past
And take me, take me, take me to the truth, the truth
Got my own conclusions
And they break me, break me, break me, break me down before I run

So give me something to hold when I walk through fire
Take me back to the truth where I came unarmed

Father, tell the story
When you made me, made me, made me with your own two hands
Got some insecurities
Reminding me of how I measure with the words

So give me something to hold when I lost my sight
And take me back to the truth where I came unarmed

Father, could I ask you why the virtuous of a humble man
Oh, nevermind
Saw my accomplishments for sake me, sake me, sake me
When I look down the line

So give me someone to hold when I'm feeling down
I'm having a trouble with thinking of being alone