

By the Hour

Mary Black

I was broken by the power
I was swallowed by the need
I was hiding in the corner
When a voice called to me
He understood my mystery
Healed the wounds of my despair
And with his grace he tenderly
Brushed the tangles from my hair

I'm feeling better by the hour
I think I just might be o.k.
Though bridges burn and ashes shower
Think I can live with what remains

As I sorted through the wreckage
Sitting in my silent fast
On my bed of hard earned ashes
Still repenting for my past
My body ached and shook with anger
As I walked through narrow gates
And I left those walls behind me
And with them my mistakes

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