

The Weight Of The Words

Out Of The Grey

Sitting at the table in a kitchen conversation
You spilled the words you read just yesterday
He said, "Be perfect, perfect as I am"
"How can this be done," you ask, "when every time I try to be
Someone with such a mastery, I see how weak I am"
I said, "See the sweet dichotomy
Mercy mirrored in the face of impossibility"

The weight of the words
Can crush you, they can break you
Or they can heal and they can take you to the throne of grace
The weight of the words
Will lead you like a beacon
When your strength is finally beaten by the weight of the words

And so the constant struggle to remind each other of the fact
That the rest is easy on the shoulders of the One who came
To pay for what we lack
Now our welcome burden is to strive with humble gratitude
We cannot take lightly what He carried on His back
Can you feel the gravity
Compelling mystery
Life for those who will believe

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Can crush you they can break you
Or they can heal and they can take you
To the throne of grace
The weight of the words
Will lead you like a beacon
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The rest is easy
His rest is easy
Are you weary

Can you hear the words that lift the burden
Do you feel the gravity
Compelling mystery
Life for those who will believe

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