

Held by Hope

Slick Shoes

I can work through this. It will not take hold of me. When I clinging to tight things still slip away?
In the failing light, all else fades away. I hold on to hope. When will it hold me?
Can I stop here for a moment? It wouldn't be the way. I keep moving on, ready for what comes my way
Who am I without this? It's been so long I feel like it's a part of me

Who am I given this? It's hard to see it any other way
Can I stop here for a moment? It wouldn't be the way. I keep moving on, ready for what comes my way
If I stop here for a moment, It wouldn't be the way. I keep moving on, ready for what comes my way