Beautiful

Staple

Tell me now, are you loving your life?
Tell me now, do you get your sleep at night?
Tell me now, have you found yourself begging for a way out?
Your maze has no lights.
Tell me now, have you found your freedom from the guilt that's held you down inside?
You've ran so hard and found no place to hide tonight.
This hopelessness has always loved it when you tried
holding you tightly every time you close your eyes.
Reminds you softly that there's nothing you can do.
Reminds you softly that its all because of you.
You've fallen to the lies you've received, now somehow you can't believe.
The thing that drops you is not what makes you.
When everything but failure retreats, somehow we've lost the belief.
The thing that drops you is not what makes you.
The way you've held on to this cancer in your life.
It's the stain that you have tried so hard to erase, but it keeps staring in your face.
You've done the things you never thought that you would do
now suddenly your hated labels land on you.
Stand in the painting only losers could design.
Stand in the painting, its a picture of your mind.
You've fallen to the lies you've received, now somehow you can't believe.
The thing that drops you is not what makes you.
When everything but failure retreats, somehow we've lost the belief.
The thing that drops you is not what makes you.
We cry, as we wade through this constant state of pain,
as we find that our mistakes have given us our name.
While the angels of Christ mourn the day,
for they know it's so far from what God would say.
We've embraced the lack of praise intended for us today.
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL TODAY with all your failures and mistakes
"YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL TODAY" He's shouting through the mess you've made
CAN YOU BELIEVE?
When everything but failure retreats, somehow we've got to believe

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