

Song of Grace

This Beautiful Mess

Your grace is the flood that crashes to my shore.
Gets rid of the mud makes me go back for a lot more.
In the black of the night when all I have is yours.
You hold me up to the light and there's no hiding
anymore.

Your grace is the waves that pound against my door.
Washing me away further than I've ever been before.
Under your very eyes where all is falling short.
You hang me out to dry and there's no escaping the
galore.

You will find me as soon as I will look for you.
You will take me as far as I will follow you.
You will will find me as soon as I will look for you.
You will take me as far as I will follow you.