

The Altar

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I'm at the end of myself
I just dropped out of the running
I don't recall when I last pulled the shades and said
"Here comes the sun, here comes the new day"

Someone remind me again that joy might show up on occasion
I'm sitting here with my hands on my head
And my eyes on the ground, wondering if I'll be found by You

Will you make me new? Will you take what's left of me?
I guarantee that it won't be a fair trade
Will you set me free from what's keeping me afraid?
I know I've prayed it all before but I'm back on the altar

I don't believe what they say about one foot in front of the other
If my life was a map, you'd see every last step just circling a round
Still lost, never found by You

So will you make me new? Will you take what's left of me?
I guarantee that it won't be a fair trade
Will you set me free from what's keeping me afraid?
I know I've prayed it all before but I'm back on the altar

Maybe last year I'd have made empty promises
Maybe last month I'd have tried to pull strings
But I don't have one single chip left to bargain with
The only thing left is me needing You to make me new

Will you take what's left of me?
I guarantee that it won't be a fair trade
Will you set me free from what's keeping me afraid?
I know I've prayed it all before but I'm back on the altar