

Bittersweet

Plumb

I've been carrying this old luggage,
And it's been really bugging me.
So when you called to see me,
I couldn't believe it.
Could it really be?

You need to feel forgiveness;
I need to feel resentment
Running down the drain.
This bruising chain I've carried
Is the pain that I am marrying today.

Now I can breathe,
And I feel grace rush over me.
It pours through my skin,
And lets you in,
And we are free.
Now I can breathe
And I feel grace rush over me.
It runs through my veins,
And what I taste is bittersweet.

The clock is always ticking.
Bitterness grows by the minute.
Why can't we realize?
The wounds that we're inflicting
On our flesh, it isn't healing
By keeping love inside. (Yeah)

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And what I taste is bittersweet.
Bittersweet.