

Jesus tie these hands  
I used to think  
that every thing I touched  
turned gold  
but it don't  
it turns cold

and reason guides this man  
like spring, and fall  
and wind to sand  
I sway, I sway,  
I cannot stand

what do I do,  
when it seems I relate to Judas  
more than You  
and I can't ever  
I can't ever  
see the end...

Jesus help me see  
it's not about consequence  
it's peace  
and I won't seek  
on my own knees

and grace is over me  
It's true I feel, I know it's real  
but will I live  
what I believe