

Now In This Hush

The Innocence Mission

Oh, bless me, am I going silent now?
Oh, have I overnight been emptied?
If I could call these thoughts to come, to stand on this paper
I could read what I mean, may I? May I?

Oh, bless me, now I seem to come apart, to sink
Inside this overwhelming, what can I do?
What have I made of all of these new days?
And forgive my despair

Where is color this hour? Where is music this hour?
Are they still going on somewhere?
But where now, in this hush?
Where are words in this hush? And what am I?

Oh, bless us for we give our hearts to fear
For so we give our minds to worry.
If I could brush this sorrow dust from off of our faces
And see our joy again, may I? May I?

Oh, let us make a joyful noise resound
Oh, let us make a noise and hear it