

How now shall we live for this savior,
Who pardoned us, bearing our guilt,
Purified us with His blood,
And purchased us to be His own?
We must be holy as He is,
And live in the fear of His name,
All while abounding in thanksgiving for
The grace He has given us.

NOT THAT STRONG (MOVING ON)

I spend a lot of time in my head,
Wandering the halls of my memories.
Some of the rooms I like to show off,
And some of the rooms
I've never shown anyone but you.
Do you remember this one?

I was only just a child,
Like the one who, meek and mild,
Grew to be a boy who stumped the Temple scribes.
They said I was wise beyond my years,
But I was swallowed up in fears,
That they would see I'm really not that strong.

I was not that strong,
And still I'm not,
I'm not that boy,
And I'm still not like that man,
But still he takes/holds my hand,
And he says we're moving on.

I spend a lot of time making sense
Of my story, or at least trying to.
I wish I could see how all these blotches
Could form a painting
That would be beautiful to you.
Explain this to me.

I was not even a teen,
Trying hard not to be seen
As weak, but vultures set their sights on me.
When recess rang they'd circle round,
I'd burrow deeper in the ground,
It took me years to find out just how deep.

WAITING IN THE WINGS

I can't fight your battles for you, my friend,
But I can try to keep your wounds from bleeding,
And even as these tears run down,
Washing the street,
Just know that I'm standing by,
Waiting in the wings.

This is your scene, this is your stage, my friend,
The curtain won't rise until you take your place,
The orchestra plays, the audience waits,
Expectantly,
And know that I'm standing by,
Waiting in the wings.

I hope you know this is what friends are for,
Helping each other be who we were meant to be.
I want to be your friend,
Please let me be your friend,
Till then I'll be
Waiting in the wings.