

Anah Aevia **"Mexico City"**

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What a perfect web you weave.
Placed to cloud my eyes.
I wipe away awkward silences with longing words.
In the end there will be words crashing and knees
bowing.
Now numb the consequences and repent.
Scream with the sound of a thousand nails being
driven through your palms.
Oh Lord, behold my imperfections.
I long to see the day when I kneel before you with a
servants heart.

Humilty recieves what truth preclaims.
In the end there will be words crashing and knees
bowing.
In the end there will be words crashing and knees
bowing.
Oh Lord, behold my imperfections.
Sustain my heart.
Grant me the heart of a servant.
Sustain my heart.

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