

Bethania Maria

"New"

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What is this sun that conquers mountains
Singing over what has been asleep?
What is it that softens all my doubting?
It's you

Morning brings a hunger for new eyes
That have been covered by the hurt of yesterday
Who could create in me the vision of a little child?
It's you

You take an ordinary day
And turn it into flowers like the month of May
Yes you do
You see all my pain
You cry over it for hours till I'm new again
Yes you do

When I have been a victim of familiarity
When my heart has fallen into sleep
Healing is the voice that awakens me
And it is you

You take an ordinary day
And turn it into flowers like the month of May
Yes you do
You see all my pain
You cry over it for hours till I'm new again
Yes you do

You, you make me new...

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