

Brave Saint Saturn "These Frail Hands"

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In this broken place where I was born
It seems there is no peace,
And the very soil that we walk upon
Is filled with tears that never cease,
And you can trace the scars of hopelessness
Like sweat upon the backs
Of all the outcast downtrodden,
Water slipped through cracks

Hold on,
Hold tight

And I am overwhelmed with grief,
to see such suffering,
For those who lack the voice to speak
For those of us left stuttering

May this not prevail,
Dear Lord, your love will never fail

And these frail hands,
They tremble as they pen perhaps their last
And these weak words,
Can never say what cannot be surpassed

When the concrete of the world
Becomes too cumbersome to lift,
And the cataracts of fear and doubt
Cloak truth beyond what we can sift
And darkness, darkness bleeds its way,
When crippling anguish clouds our sight,
The ghosts of dusk have bared their teeth,
Set their claws to bring the night
Hold on,
Hold tight

Darkness can't perceive the light,
though lightlessness has chilled us numb,
And though its wings may cloud the skies,
The dark shall never overcome

Light of the world,

Your love, has never failed

And these frail hands,
They tremble as they pen perhaps their last
And these weak words,
Can never say what cannot be surpassed

I need your love,
And most of all I want to feel your peace,
I need your love,
Let everything that you are not decrease,

(Your love,
Your mercy,
Your light unending.
Your hope,
Your peace,
Your strength my heart is mending.)

(Daylight,
Save me)

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