

## Heather Masse "Chosen"

Visit "[Chosen](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

She was old like the night  
Thin like rain  
Watermarked with pain

Her story had been mistold  
In her head it was all wrong  
Her song should have been sung strong

The night was white heavy and dead  
And stale thoughts rose to her head

I'm here she said  
Not for myself  
I'm here for god  
And god has given me a child  
To protect.

Her baby with a fever kept her body awake  
Her dark eyes and strong hands never made mistakes  
But the night shut her eyes when she woke from a  
dream  
And the windows opened and closed as she screamed

The moon reflected in her eyes and in his sleep  
The fruit of her womb was stolen  
God's child now  
To keep

With time they all said  
With time you'll find rest  
He opened his doors  
He choose yours as his best.

With time they all said  
In time you'll find rest  
She opened his gates  
And drove a knife in her chest  
Hoping to meet him  
At the end of faith

