

## My Epic "Lazarus"

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I can't sing that song the same way anymore 'cause I  
start laughing at the  
Parts where I could only weep before. And it sounds  
sweeter not because the  
Notes can't ring, until they echo through each wasted  
year that You  
Restored to me.

I've been thinking of how You wept for Lazarus. Tears  
on Your cheeks,  
Resurrection on Your lips. Sometimes mercy can feel  
like abandonment, but  
You know all about it.

I used to think I had to write these songs just so. For  
heaven's sake and  
For my own, I put myself through hell. But I quit striving  
for perfection,  
Surrendered up to it instead and now the songs keep  
pouring out and I  
Cannot contain myself.

I've been thinking of how You wept for Lazarus. Tears  
on Your cheeks,  
Resurrection on Your lips. Sometimes mercy feels just  
like abandonment.

You let my heart die, but left Yours beating in my chest.  
Broken will, find  
Your rest. Broken voice, you sing best. At 30, 000 feet  
above, the earth was  
Small enough to think of everyone I love. And then  
imagine them a thousand  
Mirrors all reflect it back at once and any light would  
multiply and then  
Remind me that Your love is more than the sum.

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