

Strongarm

"Sorrow Is A Sage"

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This time, praise is truly a sacrifice
Sorrow is a sage

So now I wait, I never dreamed I'd be here
As a sacrament to be raised and then broken, it never
having spoken
Still swallows my only breath of hope - incinerating
Words have never fallen so short, hands raised in
submission
Still your sanctuary burns, still burning

No one told me that this grief would feel so much like
fear
Tears without protest, a soul seeking solace
She's dying to wake, but late is the day break
Gasping and groaning, the silence breaks for seething
I hear a small voice inside me say:

"Grace grows in winter"
How I long to believe that it speaks the truth
Is this not my lot - life

All is not comprehensible and all is not beautiful
However, all has meaning and all can create beauty

Let me see the meaning in this
Let me find the beauty in this

Life is learning
What cannot break you can only be a catalyst for
growth

Creation groans for completion
Truth wakes in understanding
And the morning comes yielding peace
Oh how I long for this to be
Truth

