

HRstrut "Chosen"

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

Dreams tossed, abandoned in ditches,
Criss-crossed, by cracks and stitches,
But I'm not complaining anymore,
I'm not, who I was before.

Now I scan these stones you erect,
I see no plan, or rhyme to connect,
And the dark glass, lies between us in shatters,
And I'm looking past, looking to what matters.

I was flailing,
Lamb at the slaughter,
And then you came,
Like you were walking on water,
See the locks, they've all been broken,
The floodgates are open,
'Cause I am chosen,
I am chosen.

My skin's a maze of scars, one for each,

Of the million days that light did not reach,
But now I'm finally seeing myself,
It took some time, it took some help.

Flailing, lamb at the slaughter...
Sometimes, it feels like flight,
Sometimes, it's a hard, hard light.

Burning, fire and fever,
That when I can't see,
To be a believer,
And round my neck,
What pressed like a yoke,
Now lays like a token,
Because I'm chosen,
I am chosen.

Visit [HRstrut](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

