

Subseven "Faded Letters"

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I look through photographs and faded letters from You
An empty shoe box on my bed
Lingering thoughts of what you said
Falling away from me

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They say that where I've been is not who I am
And where I am does not define where I'm going
Someday I'll find this place
I've dreamed up things that I just can't let go

Dreamed up things I can't let go
Conform in me Your perfect will
Dreamed up things I can't let go
Conform in me Your perfect will

And sometimes I hide, but You always find me
Sometimes I run, but You're always beside me
I feel You beside me, never behind me
I feel You beside me today

This is my prayer
Lord that I'll find Your will
My life is in Your hands
Draw Your plans use my hands

I've dreamed up things that I just can't let go
Don't let me be this way, no, I don't want things my way
My delight is in You, my Holy Lord
Conform me to Your will Lord, do with me what You will

All these photographs and faded letters from You
An empty shoe box on my bed
Lingering thoughts of what You said
Show me a better me

