

Downhere, Making Me

Well the poet is stuck in the mud
And the dreamer is finding his way home from the stars
And the visionary's watching his feet
'Cause the sentimental fool is numb again

Simple hand, simple eye, nothing to write home about
Yet the artist chisels at the stone
Curious, the child tugs the fingers of the bigger
He wants to see the face that is his own
He's not alone

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord help me see the one You're making me
The one You're making me, the one You're making me

Well we push it off and pull Him in
We fist His lips and we kick His shin
We post a sign, turn and throttle away
And barely listen to a single word He has to say.
By his eye a tendril fell
He cast a word, but not a spell
It's all tied up? it's all done
I was a cancer, but you have made me a son

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord help me see the one You're making me
The one You're making me, the one You're making me

I feel the wild whims of the wicked as I wonder whether
Ashes burn twice or these thoughts be put under a fire
To be burned as I have tried to learn from the whisper of His will
While I am standing still
And the night fell fast, I crashed and blast my prayers like through a megaphone
Aimed all of my feelings at the ceiling
Cuz I want to know who I am
And if I really have a Home

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah
Lord help me see the one You're making me
The one You're making me, the one You're making me