

Tree63, No Words

Is there nothing new underneath the sun?
Some unfound way to tell of all You've done?
I sit around and around in circles
All that I find is one thing true

I'm trying to resist saying things You've heard
I'm trying to invent a new way with words
All that I find in my frustration
Is that it does not change the way I feel cuz

There are no words that I could say
There is no music I could play
There is no song I could sing
To tell of all the love You bring

Are all my sleepless nights just a waste of time?
Will my words mean anything if I can't make them rhyme?
You're waiting for me to break the silence
You're listening even though You already know that... there

There is nothing new underneath the sun
And I'm lost for words anyway
You're a symphony washing over me
Washing over me

I'm lost for words