

AT YOUR FEET

I'm not home sick, I'm heart sick,
and mine's all over, the place,
An artist, that's grafted,
in an unknown, daunting space.

So out of, my comfort,
far from my depth,
Swimming with Sirens,
with one lungful of breath.

*There's a purpose, I know it.
For being right here.
So take me as I am, and show it,
for my heart's yours to steer.*

**So I'll, sit here at your feet,
and look up toward your eyes.
For I'm far from complete,
but there's no limit to your skies.**

You fill the, cracks in,
my heart with pure gold.
Making beauty, from ashes,
and restoring my soul.

You make music from cries and,
joy from my fears,
And new things, out of,
my falling tears.

(Chorus)

I don't know, what I'm feeling,
Scared or composed?
It's like the present future's reeling,
through my mind, unexposed.

**So I'll, sit here at your feet,
and look up to see your smile.
but I know we'll walk for miles and miles.**

(Chorus)

