

Truce

Jars of Clay

Faultless in the eyes that I could never open wide enough to see me through
Much to my surprise it never orbits around the things you should hold me to

I stand here...wondering
And I'm waiting

My ear is twisted in all the thoughts
A glimpse of truce just because
It's always almost never close
I close my eyes, hide the distance

Enchanted by the face of peace and when it turns to sunken eyes and waterfalls
Unsatisfied with simple things entangled in the chords, I can't take any calls

I stand here waiting
I'm calling

My ear is twisted in all the thoughts
A glimpse of truce just because
It's always almost never close
I close my eyes, hide the distance

Waiting around for some kind of peace
Hoping you find me in my need

My ear is twisted
It's always almost

My ear is twisted in all the thoughts
A glimpse of truce just because
It's always almost never close
I close my eyes, hide the distance