

# This Loneliness Won't Be The Death Of Me

Being As An Ocean

I swear this isn't the end  
But I still feel so alone  
Even when I'm surrounded by my best friends  
Word's can't penetrate  
A tree in the wind  
I bend  
Falling faster into the depths  
I'm falling, I'm falling  
Under such depression, I can barely even catch my breath  
Words can't mend and love does not sink in  
Why can't I see Your face?

Clawing at my chest  
Looking for some sort of reprieve  
I swear this isn't the end  
But when will I feel comfortable in my own skin?

Knowing fundamental truth  
Doesn't seem to matter  
After such tremendous abuse  
Cause I've worked this ground since my youth  
And still, the land has yet to bare any sort of fruit  
I'll continue to toil and plow  
Hoping one day I'll make You proud  
'What have a got to show?'  
As I wipe the sweat from my brow

So tired, so tired of showing Love so deep  
That most aren't even willing to feel  
See what I've seen  
Open your eyes and recognize that this is real  
This season brings darkness so profound  
I've become lost and can't seem to be found  
Contorted, racked with pain  
I know should feel free, yet I continue to sing this sad refrain  
I can't sleep and food has lost its taste  
God, I'm so sick of this place

Then I'm touched  
By the hands of a brother  
And like a rush  
Passing through my exterior  
I hear my name  
A hush  
A son, loved by a Father  
I've been made alive again