

Control

Dogwood

Break me, Lord.
I've taken control.
I don't know how to get up from this fall.
Fill my head with comfort instead and resolute mistakes past made.
Help me take this day by day.
Take what is yours.
Make it your own.
Show my way home.
Your will not mine.
I know if I surrender control.
Help me, Lord.
I failed you before.
I haven't quite accepted that I'm wrong.
What you see.
Mold it to be the life that you have planned.
I can be used by you if I would grasp your hand.