

Here I Am

Hands

On my knees in the wreckage of a broken church.
I couldn't pull it together.
How I want to believe that there's a light, at the end of this
continuous shadow.
And as the feeling disappears, here I am.
Are you here?
Wake up my son.
Wake up my son.
Why are you so afraid?
Oh God, I'm begging you now!
Open up my eyes!