

Servant Ties

Haste the Day

It's in your eyes.
The look of certainty.
The look of apathy.
It's in your eyes.
I'm not so sure that we have nothing to lose.
Should have held this closer.
Staple your note to the back door.
Until then, your gut can tell you this.
Does anyone hear me? Does anyone honestly?
It will fall to pieces.
It will fall to pieces.
Find home, hold strong.
When everything is taken, you're empty.
We'll see a purpose.
Just need to stand as one.
Do these thoughts have syllables or am I mumbling?
Do I seem tense when I carry your load?
Or am I, or am I losing it?
Take all, take everything.
It's hard to stop from dropping it all on you.
The heart will hurt when it's crushed by the weight of the leaves on the trees.
We'll see a purpose.
We'll stand as one.
I'm not so sure we've lost anything.
But while you're listening.
I'm hurting for something better.
Till then, your gut, your gut can tell you this.