

## Frail

Jars of Clay

Convinced of my deception  
I've always been a fool  
I fear this love reaction  
Just like you said I would

A rose could never lie  
About the love it brings  
And I could never promise  
To be any of those things

If I was not so weak  
If I was not so cold  
If I was not so scared of being broken  
Growing old  
I would be...  
I would be...  
I would be...

Blessed are the shallow  
Depth they'll never find  
Seemed to be some comfort  
In rooms I try to hide

Exposed beyond the shadows  
You take the cup from me  
Your dirt removes my blindness  
Your pain becomes my peace

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...frail