

## Two Hands

Jars of Clay

I've been living out of sanity  
I've been splitting hairs and blurring lines  
I am a house that is divided  
In my heart and in my mind

I use one hand to pull you closer  
The other to push you away  
If I had two hands doing the same thing  
Lifted high, lifted high

I have a broken disposition  
I'm a liar who thirsts for the truth  
And while I ache for faith to hold me  
I need to feel the scars and see the proof

And if we just keep digging we can reach the foundation  
Of our souls  
And if we just keep cutting all the chains from our hearts  
We'll lose control

And it feels like giving in  
It feels like starting over  
It feels like waking up, and you know it's coming  
It feels like a brand new day  
Open your eyes