

# Deliver Me

Margaret Becker

I was just about to tell You  
What I'm sure You already know  
How my throat is tight with crying  
Yet my soul is arctic blue

'Cause I've seen some tears that didn't move me  
Whispered words I didn't mean  
Held back all my love for anger  
Grown so weak in all these things  
So all these things

Deliver me from me  
And deliver me to You  
Come and set me free  
Come and find me tried and true  
Come on now  
Deliver me from me

I was just about to run away  
As far as far could go  
When I recognized the cruelest captors  
Living right inside my soul

And I can't escape their endless movements  
Cannot shed them like a skin  
Can't control all these emotions  
Cannot live while they're within  
So in all these things

Deliver me from me  
And deliver me to You  
Come and set me free  
Come and find me tried and true  
Come on now, come on now  
Come on now, deliver me from me

And now I'm falling, falling  
Dreaming of Your arms of mercy  
They are soft as the new winter snow

Deliver me from me  
And deliver me to You  
Come and set me free  
Come and find me tried and true

Deliver me from me  
And deliver me to You  
Come and set me free  
Find me tried and true  
Come on now, come on now  
Deliver me, deliver me from me