

## By the Hour

Mary Black

I was broken by the power  
I was swallowed by the need  
I was hiding in the corner  
When a voice called to me  
He understood my mystery  
Healed the wounds of my despair  
And with his grace he tenderly  
Brushed the tangles from my hair

I'm feeling better by the hour  
I think I just might be o.k.  
Though bridges burn and ashes shower  
Think I can live with what remains

As I sorted through the wreckage  
Sitting in my silent fast  
On my bed of hard earned ashes  
Still repenting for my past  
My body ached and shook with anger  
As I walked through narrow gates  
And I left those walls behind me  
And with them my mistakes

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