

# Take Hold

Shawn McDonald

There is no hope up in your eyes  
As if the blue had left your skies  
Sadness fills your cheeks of stone  
Maybe you believe you are alone

Your face is shone with quiet despair  
As if this was what you chose to wear  
Your sin you strap upon your chest  
As if there was no longer rest, longer rest

Take hold, don't give up  
You gotta make the best of what you got  
Give it all your best shot

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Your heart seems to have hit the floor  
But I do believe you're meant to soar  
The enemy's wounds, they must go deep  
But I pray, the Lord, your soul to keep

There is no taking back those days a gone  
But now it's your chance just to move on  
Make the best of the life you live  
'Cause before Him you soon will give  
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