

Isaiah 45:23

The Mountain Goats

If my prayer be not humble, make it so
In these last hours, if the spirit waits in check, help
me let it go
And should my suffering double, let me never love you
less
Let every knee be bent and every tongue confess

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me

I read the magazines somebody brought
Hold them to my failing eyes until my hands get hot
And when the nurse comes in to change my sheets and
clothes
The pain begins to travel, dancing as it goes

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me

If my prayer goes unanswered, that's alright
If my path fills with darkness and there's no sign of
light
Let me praise you for the good times, let me hold your
banner high
Until the hills are flattened and the rivers all run
dry

And I won't get better
But someday I'll be free
'Cause I am not this body
That imprisons me