

My Father Laid His Hand On My Shoulder

Waterdeep

All the malice I've felt
Toward the people who've hurt me
Was a dark lonely hole
Where I ended up dirty

Trying to make sense
Of what's fair and what's ugly
So I drew my conclusions
And I stated them smugly

When the adrenaline rush
Of the wave of rage passes
And I'm cold in that hole
And there's mud on my glasses

I don't care anymore
To issue all my subpoenas
Or seek revenge on my foes
Fulfill my grave-like agreements

Though the world is a winter
Growing colder and colder
I remember the warmth
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder

In my nightmares I've seen
All the wrath and destruction
Of my dark enemy
And his lethal deduction

That if I've ever felt helpless
If I've ever felt fearful
Then he had right to accuse
Pierce my side with his spear full

But when I was shamefully weak
And knew I should have been bolder
I was strengthened again
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder

It's not my duty to judge
There's another who does so
I am asked to forgive
To release and to trust though

It's not my duty to die for the
Sins I've committed
I'm allowed to run free
I've been fully acquitted

All the days of my life
And when I'm years and years older
I'll remember the day
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder
All the days of my life

And when I'm years and years older
I'll remember the day
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder
When my Father laid His hand on my shoulder