

## My Little Hands

Waterdeep

She plays with my words like they were hers  
Little soldiers in a war against themselves  
She used to rob me of my own intent  
But now I'm keeping my findings from her shelves  
I used to think that honesty was all  
Between the two of us, nothing should go unsaid  
Then she taught me, although I took too long  
That some things should be said to God and then just left for dead

I've got to learn to live alone  
Just lean into the Wing  
I've got to know that there is only One  
For whom I sing  
I've got to learn the difference  
Between me and this place  
Got to let my little hands  
Reach only for Your face

I've felt the pressing of listening  
I've known an empathetic overload  
I've been a mile in so many other shoes  
I forgot my own out on the road  
But I'm coming now to understand  
That where my heart is, there's my treasure  
And the suffering that I am going through  
Will be replaced with a glory that I can't even measure