

## THE PAIN OF KNOWING

Chipped away I saw beneath  
the white-washed world I had grown to love.  
Things I thought were real were not,  
facades of lies that I'd forgot.  
Lord, give me eyes to see what You see.  
Lord, send Your truth and love  
to set me free.

Broken and bruised I stand  
before the one who hurt me.  
Answers are what I want,  
but all I hear is my own plea.  
Lord, give me ears to  
hear what You hear.  
Lord, send Your light and life  
to cast out fear.

Now I live as few can do  
in the pain of knowing.  
I carry the cross I have  
and know where it's going.  
Lord, bring me from the cross  
to the tomb.  
Lord, bring me from the tomb  
to new life.