

# Awakening

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Dress down your pretty faith. Give me something real.  
Leave out the thee and thou and speak to me now.  
Speak to my pain and confusion.  
Speak through my fears and my pride.  
Speak to the part of me that knows I'm something deep down inside.

I know that I am not perfect, but compare me to most,  
In a world of hurt and a world of anger I think I'm holding my own.  
And I know that you said there is more to life.  
And I know I am not satisfied.  
But there are mornings I wake up and I'm just thankful to be alive.

I've known now, for quite a while, that I am not whole.  
I've remembered the body and the mind,  
But dissected my soul.  
Now something inside is awakening,  
Like a dream I once had and forgot.  
And it's something I'm scared of  
And something I don't want to stop.

And I woke up this morning and realized that Jesus is not a portrait.  
Where stained glass windows or hymns or the tradition that surrounds us.  
And I thought it would be hard to believe in  
But it's not hard at all.  
To believe I've sinned and fallen short of the Glory of God.

And He's not asking me to change in my joy for martyrdom  
He's asking to take my place.  
To stand in the gap that I have formed  
With His real, and His sweet, and His real amazing grace.  
And it's not just a sign or a sacrament.  
It's not just a metaphor for love.  
The blood is real and it's not just a symbol of your faith.

So leave out the thee and thou and speak now.