Forgive My Weary Heart

I loved like ruins love the rain,
Craving the flood, drowning the pain.
I turned your gardens into graves,
Tangled your light in empty caves.

My trust was stitched in crooked thread,
Torn by the ghosts that live instead.
You touched a soul too rough to hold,
And kissed a mouth too bruised and cold.

But mercy sings where monsters part,
Forgive, forgive my weary heart.

I am broken, I am scarred,
Still reaching through the falling stars.
A softer dream beneath the dark…
Forgive, forgive my weary heart.

I drew my doubts across your skin,
Hoping you'd leave before you'd win.
I crowned you queen of walls I built,
Then cursed you for the shame and guilt.

But all you held was open skies,
While I stitched storms behind my eyes.
If patience were a blade of light,
You'd carve me from this endless night.

And mercy sings where monsters part,
Forgive, forgive my weary heart.

I am broken, I am scarred,
Still reaching through the falling stars.
A softer dream beneath the dark…
Forgive, forgive my weary heart.

I never meant to bruise your song,
I never meant to stay this wrong.
But if you hear me through the scar,
Please find the boy I still are.

I am broken, I am scarred,
Still reaching through the falling stars.
A softer dream beneath the dark…
Forgive, forgive my weary heart.

Forgive my weary heart…
Forgive my weary heart…