

PLACE OF PEACE (spoken word)

Matthew Morris



+ Lyrics

bitterness is taking over, it's hard to resist
God, I know you're for me but everything else feels against
restless and stressed, everything a mess
anxious, depressed, but I must confess
that when all seems wrong, it's so easy to pass the blame
and rest in the illusion that I am not in pain
and that I am in control, the lie that I can make a way
so God, grant me the serenity to accept what cant be changed
when my anger is unchecked, I'm swallowed by resentment
when God has shown me the path seek true contentment
and my judgement is clouded, I can can hardly think
but He's given everything I need to step into the ring
and spar with the chaos, fight with my control
accept that God has planned something that I do not know
and I might have to surrender to win this fight
but I am undefeated when I walk into this light
this light of the world that brings the darkness to its knees
'cause bitterness has to bow in this place of peace

brick by brick, I built up a kingdom of my own
furnished with all of my desires and I sat upon the throne
and nothing could go wrong, thought I was so safe and sound
then my doubts, fears, and shame came and knocked it all down
and as I sat there in the rubble and wondered where it all went wrong
I was reminded of where I really belong
see, I started to seek a new kingdom that took my doubts, fear, and shame
and put them in a cell and I was given a new name
and I could stand before a king and show all my past mistakes
and He would tell me that he already took the blame
once a slave, now a son, once I felt like a peasant
but my past cannot prevail over what God has in the present
and I will not be conformed, but transformed through and through
and trust in the promise that awaits and the word that it true
so with a peace that surpasses everything I know
I will worship through the trials 'cause that is where I grow
my worries come and go, yeah they may never cease
but in the end, worry cannot withstand this place of peace

depression comes when all of my possessions are threatened
when I amount to the measure of all my successes
when all I want is the approval of man
and I don't take the time to rest in the hands
of a father who has already said He was well pleased
in a son like me, but still I struggle to find peace
I'm so obsessed with things that will fade away
and I overwork myself to obtain comfort that was man made
but I'm reminded these words "it is finished" the work is done
I was trying to earn something, forgetting the work of the son
by grace, through faith, now I can know who I am
child of God, kingdom worker, and now I can trust the plan
and I don't have to understand, He is God, I am man
let Him do his work and I'll do what I can
and yes, it's overwhelming, but so is this love that set me free
and my depression doesn't make decisions in this place of peace