

The Artist

Splattered dots across a canvas
Slashes of color everywhere
How will it all come together?
When will the picture be unveiled?

I just feel like a mess
You say you're not finished yet

You're painting your perfect plan
I'm held in your steady hand
Love brushed in every stroke
To make something beautiful
In the mystery I can rest
You are the Artist

Feels like there's no rhyme or reason
For the passions in my heart
The palette seems so disconnected
Can this be a work of art?

I can't see what you see
Give me faith to believe

You're painting your perfect plan
I'm held in your steady hand
Love brushed in every stroke
To make something beautiful
In the mystery I can rest
You are the Artist

Though it feels awfully slow
Day by day my souls knows
The portrait will be complete
When the Artist and I meet

You're painting your perfect plan
I'm held in your steady hand
Love brushed in every stroke
To make something beautiful
You're painting your perfect plan
I'm held in your steady hand
Love brushed in every stroke
To make something beautiful
In the mystery I can rest
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(c) Words and music by Joy Hanna