

## *This Thing Called Love*

Oh *love*. You are so complicated.

You don't fit the mold.

You make no sense to me.

I need you and want you and must have you.  
But you seem to slip right through my fingers.

I want to be *loved*. Unconditionally. For me. As is.

I want *love* from those who won't give it to me.

I want *love* to make my life mean something more.

I want *love* to define my identity.

I want *love* to uncover my inner worth.

Oh this thing called *Love*.

I want what you have to offer me.

I want what you're willing to fill in me.

I want what you will do to me.

# *Love*

I didn't know You were the One.

I didn't realized You came for me.

I didn't get that You'd give Yourself up that way.

How could I know *love*.

Until I receive

the One

who is

*love*.

*May you embrace the One who is love.*

No other love will compare to His.