LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

ruined wide

Emmeline · My Portion

I held the world inside my fist
and felt it turn to sand—
not all at once but grain by grain,
too slow to understand.

I built my life like everyone:
brick and beam and bone.
And one by one the walls went up
until I was alone.

There was a moment—I can't say
exactly when it broke,
but something in the architecture
shifted, cracked, and spoke.

It said: the thing you're building here
is just a prettier cage—
the mortar's mixed with fear, the plans
were drawn before your age.

And I am ruined wi-ide,
ruined wide—
cracked like the earth that takes the seed
and holds it while it dies.
What I mistook for falling
was the planting all along.
I once was whole and empty—
now I'm broken and I'm found.

I've tasted something money lacks,
a sweetness past the tongue,
a word that unwrites every word
I've spoken since I'm young.

You can't un-hear the voice of God
once He has called your name.
You can't go back to smaller rooms
once you've walked through the flame.

And I am ruined wi-ide,
ruined wide—
cracked like the earth that takes the seed
and holds it while it dies.
What I mistook for falling
was the planting all along.
I once was whole and empty—
now I'm broken and I'm found.

And maybe ruin is the wrong word.
Maybe it's the right one.
Maybe being broken open
is the way you find the Son.

Every seed that stays a seed
stays safe inside the dark,
but everything that's ever grown
has had to fall apart.

And I am ruined wi-i-ide,
ruined wide—
cracked like the jar that Mary broke
to pour upon His side.
What I mistook for falling
was the planting all along.
I once was whole and empty—
now I'm broken and I'm found.

I'm ruined wide.
And it smells like perfume in here.

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