

Chris Rice, Wonder

On the surface not a ripple
Undercurrent wages war
Quiet in the sanctuary
Sin is crouching at my door
How can I be so prone to wander
So prone to leave You
So prone to die
And how can You be so full of mercy
You race to meet me and bring me back to life
I wake to find my soul in fragments
Given to a thousand loves
But only One will have no rival
Hangs to heal me, spills His blood
How can I be so prone to wander
So prone to leave You
So prone to die
And how can You be so full of mercy
You race to meet me and bring me back to life
Curse-reversing Day of Jesus
When you finally seize my soul
Freedom from myself will be the
Sweetest rest I've ever known
How can I be so prone to wander
So prone to leave You
So prone to die
And how can You be so full of mercy
You race to meet me and bring my back to life