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