

Crystal Lewis, Angels

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Is it real, is it not
Does it fly, does it walk
I know I'd like to talk to one

Do I hear the brush of wings
Or just the flutter my heart sings
Oh the comfort that it brings to me

I have friends in high places
Assurance of home, there's a hedge all around me
Every step is foreknown
By the one who is watching
He loves His own
Friends in high places
Surrounding the throne

In the garden on the cross
A battle waged for the lost
In His blood I am washed forever

He has won, I'm purified
I'm protected through the night
He's coming back for me, His bride
I'm ready

Protection
Comfort
Lead me to Him