

Greenwood, Sing Alleluia

When I was just eleven, I died and rose again - a symbol to transcend the watery grave.
There the cup uncovered, I shone the light within - the radiance on my prepubescent face

And I'm waiting for the day when I don't have to be the strong one.
I'm looking for the star that I can wish upon to be free.

And I sing alleluia to the cold winter air. I breathe alleluia in my lungs.
I sing alleluia as the whistle starts to blow, another day has begun.

Only three years later, I stood upon a stage and ministered to thousands by the road.
In that banal moment, I felt the touch of fire - the transformation of a teenage boy

Sing Alleluia, come gather round and hear,
Sing Alleluia, let the children draw near, Alleluia
Sing Alleluia find the rest that you now seek,
Sing Alleluia blessed be the meek, Alleluia
Sing Alleluia all you runners in this race,
Sing alleluia, for you soon shall see his face, Alleluia