

Memory Garden, Revelation

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I am hanging by a thread on the edge of knowledge
I've seen Jesus, so I thought
He will grant me my wings if I do as told

Hear them calling me to pray

Redeem yourself, come my way
Cut of your tongue, you have nothing to say
I have staggered in my wonder

Follow me to the kingdom of salvation
I've seen him our saviour
They talk to me when it's dark
I shy the light, I welcome the night

With the love of God I peel your skin
I talk with closed mouth and open eyes

You shall behold the beholder
Stumble no more in blindness
And my visions for you are clear
I am the lord, my dear

Hear them calling me to pray