

Michael W. Smith, Calling Heaven

What of the children who have never felt a love
Tender as the morning
Nursing the bruises
And the scars that never seem to go away

What of the babies who have never left the womb
Breathing in the lifeline
Angels in waiting-gone
Before they could be given wings to fly

Calling heaven
Seeking mercy
Tell me there's a place for these

What of the noble who are searching for the truth
With truest of intentions
And yet they're jaded by
Hypocrisies behind cathedral walls

What of the humble and the meek that knew despair
And never got their moment
But sacrificed a life of comfort
So that others knew no pain

Calling heaven
Seeking mercy
Tell me there's a place for these

What of the ones who call you Lord
But play the field
With faithless indecision
Forgive us father
For we truly do not know what we have done

Calling heaven
Seeking mercy
Tell me there's a place for these