

# 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