

O.C. Supertones, Wilderness

The rain falls on the righteous and the wicked
Mine is not to reason why this is
In this I rest in this I find my refuge
That my thoughts and ways are not His
I spend my life on looking up the answers
It's rare that I can't find a reason why
But reasons fail at children without mothers
His plan is more than I can know

Have you ever held in doubt
What this life is all about
Have you questioned all these things that seem important to us
Do you really wanna know
Or are you a little scared
You're afraid that God is not really exactly what you'd have Him be
What should I hold to and what should I do
How do I know if anything's true
I'm somewhere in-between Canaan and Egypt
A place called the wilderness

I'm not one who always trusts their feelings
I don't believe in what you'd call blind faith
But faith that you can do all that you promised
And you said it all works for good
It's safe to say I don't see the big picture
I can't see the forest for the trees
And if five hundred lives
Were mine to get to know
You all could be spent on just this

God do you really understand what it's like to be a man
Have You ever felt the weight of loving all the things you Hate
Have You struggled have you worried
How can You sympathize

I have spoken too soon put my hand over my mouth
I can't contend with You
Your ways are so much higher
And we pass through the fire that Christ endured before us
When You were in the wilderness