

Telecast, Building A Sorrowful Loveliness

When the morning breaks
When the evening fails
I will write Your word upon my heart, oh Lord
When the fires burn
When the rain comes down
I can feel Your grace flow through me
Without a sound

Nothing is certain, but I'm certain of You
Pull back this curtain, let Your light in this room
And all that's true, I find in You
The more I drink of Your word
The more I thirst for You

When the world dissolves
And the sun just flickers out
I will write Your word upon my heart, oh Lord
When the stars crash down
At the end of the age
I can feel Your touch
As You wipe my tears away

Building a sorrowful loveliness
Out of the darkness
Out of this furnace
I find You