

Bebo Norman, Soldier

Remember the time when i thought of letting go
and taking back my hand
when all i could think was how long can i follow you
and where do i stand in this world
i lost my faith, my reason to believe
when i refused to see
oh Lord, you carried me
and just like a soldier
you battle for my soul
but more like a father
you come and take me home
what is the worth of a man living for himself
with a heart of his own
and every day goes in and out, still without a sign of life
but father wont you please give me more
when everything is closing in on me
i know you set me free the day you died for me
and how is this man who calls me by name
and covers himself with all of my shame
but not even death could make you surrender
i remember