

# Chris Rice, My Cathedral

Sweetest days of childhood, playing in the deep woods  
Stomping through the creek and feeling, oh, so much alive  
We're camping in the forest, we join the cricket chorus  
And hum our songs of gratitude around a crackling fire  
And out here in the stillness, I found my house of worship  
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedral  
It was beneath the blue skies, I ran down to be baptized  
I felt the river wash me clean and dried beneath the sun  
And to this day believing I'm wide awake or dreaming  
Scan the ancient sky and understand where I belong  
'Cause out here in the stillness, I find my house of worship  
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedral  
This is where I find my soul, out where holy men of old  
First knelt in soil and thanked you for the rain  
Wrote the songs that filled the air, herald angels sang their prayer  
Out beneath your darling constellations  
So let me off and wander, robin song and thunder  
Surrounding me with stained glass leaves that change with every breeze  
And out here in the stillness, I find my house of worship  
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedral