

# Jars Of Clay, The Widowing Field

Jars Of Clay - The Widowing Field

I'm sure that I could never  
make it through the night without you here  
the fires in the sky  
illuminate the demons closing in

have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last to go

as I crawl around these trails  
and fight upon this widowing field  
the ground below is bare and burned  
at the places I have learned to trust You

have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last to go  
I am not the last to go

when even silence sets my heart to racing  
I will lift my eyes to you  
please, Father, find me

have mercy on my soul...  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last  
have mercy on my soul  
if I am not the last to go