

Michael W. Smith, Angels Unaware

Maybe there's a light in my soul
Maybe it flickers like a neon sign
Outside an abandoned hotel
Maybe there are things you just can't know
But can you say there are no mysteries
In the house you choose to dwell
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Maybe there's a place where we will fly
But some say God is dead like Nietzsche said
And faith has made me a fool
But maybe there is more than meets the eye
Who's that stranger there beside you?
Don't be smug and don't be cruel
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Battles of the heart and mind
We stay caught in mental purgatory
'Til our existence can be defined
Meanwhile on the shores of parallel
There may be a holy conference held
Somewhere
Discussing all mankind
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware
Angels unaware