

Monday Morning, Stand

The restless wander
never staying
to weather through it all
they're lost to question
their soul direction
the stones they run to fall
never looking over
a fading shoulder
to see just what's become
the time's reasing
joy lost escaping
if only we would...

stand when the lines are breaking
stand when my heart is aching
stand where You want me I'll be here

stand when the storm could's rumble
stand until the walls crumble
stand where You want me I'll be here

we fight a never-ending battle
I fear a cataclysmic
ending to it all
but faith it holds me
Your word would mold me
and tell me just to...

here though the earth is moving
here fighting win or losing
and I'll be here, I'll be here