

Phil Wickham, Mystery

Here in the Quiet speak to me now
My ears are open to
Your gentle sweet whispering
Break down the door, come inside
Shine down Your bright light
I need a lamp for my feet, I need a lamp for my feet

I want to hear the thunder of who You are
To be captured inside the wonder of who You are
I want to live I want to breathe
To search out Your heart and all of Your mysteries

You were the first and You'll be the end
Time cannot hold You down
Why save a wretch like me?
No eye has seen, no ear has heard
No heart could fully know
All of Your mystery

Your glory burns in the stars
Shine down your light let it burn in my heart
Bring me to glory, bring me to you
Lord it's your heart that I will hold onto

Your glory burns in the stars
Shine down Your light let me know who You are
Jesus, Your glory burns in the stars
Shine down Your light, let me see You, let me see You