

Phil Wickham, Sailing on a Ship

A voice is on the wind
It calls me further in
I'm heading deeper into Your heart
Your mark is on my chest
My sails filled with Your breath
You guide me by the light of the stars

I'm sailing on a ship that's bound for light
I wrestle with the wind against the tide
I leave it all behind to reach for more
I'm sailing on to Your golden shore

Though skies go blue to grey
And I'm thrown from wave to wave
You still will hear these lungs singing hard
With every storm I face
I find a greater grace
That pulls me deeper into Your heart

I'm sailing on a ship that's bound for light
I wrestle with the wind against the tide
I leave it all behind to reach for more
I'm sailing on

To where the water's sweet and bright
The sun is rising in the eastern sky
I leave it all behind to reach for more
I'm sailing on to Your golden shore