

Rich Mullins, Gospel Rain

"Your Word is plain as the nose upon my face
And it will remain when all else fades away
And in the midst of change there's one thing that stays the same
So I walk by faith though I'm scared to even hope
That I can learn to love as my heart unfolds
But sometimes I just need an angel
To tell me not to be afraid

From out of nowhere from out of the blue
These clouds like holy prophets groan and move
On the winds of love and rage
So come Lord and wash me clean in Your psalm
Until it sinks deep down into my bones
As I stand in the gentle fall
Of the gospel rain

And every leaf that falls is a kind of burning bush
And I can hear Your call when I stop to look
You tell me You're there whatever happens
And I hear the trees clappin' their hands

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These clouds like holy prophets groan and move
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So come Lord and wash me clean in Your psalm
Until it sinks deep down into my bones
As I stand in the gentle fall
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And the word you speak is in the air I breathe
It reaches deep and somethin' moves inside of me

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