# Rich Mullins, Prisoner

"Some people say they live for no good reason
I guess they live despite
The very things they choose not to believe in
And the love they must deny
I don't want that kind of they call it freedom
If I have to be a cynic when I die

I'd rather be a prisoner
Lock me in and never let me out
I'd rather be a prisoner of Your love
Than to be the champion of my doubt

Some people say this world will end with a whimper
And some say with a bang
No matter how much your theories might differ
It's passing just the same
And when it's gone I hope I can remember
Who to accuse and who I have to thank

I hope that I'm Your prisoner
Well maybe then you could transfer me out of here
I'd rather be a prisoner of Your love
Than to be the victim of their fears

I hear the door shut I hear the lock snap
I know that when You took me in that
You'd never let me go back
I see the people I hear their angry shouts
And I know when You locked me in
You locked the world out

I'd rather be a prisoner
Well You can lock me in and never let me out
Than to be the champion of my doubt
I'd rather by a prisoner of Your love

I'd rather be a prisoner
Well You can lock me in and never let me out
I'd rather be a prisoner of Your love
Than to be the champion of my doubt
I'd rather be a prisoner "