

The Waiting, Never Dim

I think I smell the sunset
Think I feel the close of day
Clean shaven correspondents
Are all crowded at the gate
Smell the oil from their torches
Their voices growing more irate
Sheperd's staves are crooked
Leading every crooked way
All the sheep lock their doors
Yeah, they're pulling down their shades
The faithful looking in their mirrors
The faithful growing old and gray
But I look at you
Your eyes are clear and bright
I see your face
It's an amazing sight
Your glory Lord
Is still a burning light
The light that all our faithless hands
Could never dim
Think I smell the sunset
Think I smell the death of day
People laughing at a funeral
People dancing at a wake
All the seasons blend together
This bird's losing feathers everyday
But I look at you
Your eyes are clear and bright
I see your face
It's an amazing sight
Your glory Lord
Is still a burning light
The light that all our faithless hands
Could never dim
And everybody's tired and scared
And begging unbelief
But you have yet to break a sweat
You're not afraid
You're not afraid
I think I smell the sunset
Think I feel the close of day
Sheperd's staves are crooked
Leading every crooked way
People laughing at a funeral
People dancing at a wake