

Tom McRae, Lord, How Long

Silent, broken, bruised, and cloaked in this desert night,
I wait for you.

My eyes wide open, I face this moment and picture you,
by my side.

Funny how the things of this world quickly fall away.

And everything is equal to me in this final place.

So how long, lord, how long?

And how long, lord, how long?

Stars above me, the earth beneath me, and my sinner's place
in between.

My god my country, my blood, my enemy, my reasons
desert me now.

Funny how the things of this world quickly fall away.

And everything is equal to me in this final place.

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