

## More

Andrew Peterson

This is not the end here at this grave  
This is just a hole that someone made  
Every hole was made to fill  
And every heart can feel it still--  
Our nature hates a vacuum

This is not the hardest part of all  
This is just the seed that has to fall  
All our lives we till the ground  
Until we lay our sorrows down  
And watch the sky for rain

There is more  
More than all this pain  
More than all the falling down  
And the getting up again  
There is more  
More than we can see  
From our tiny vantage point  
In this vast eternity  
There is more

A thing resounds when it rings true  
Ringing all the bells inside of you  
Like a golden sky on a summer eve  
Your heart is tugging at your sleeve  
And you cannot say why  
There must be more

There is more  
More than we can stand  
Standing in the glory  
Of a love that never ends  
There is more  
More than we can guess  
More and more, forever more  
And not a second less

There is more than what the naked eye can see  
Clothing all our days with mystery  
Watching over everything  
Wilder than our wildest dreams  
Could ever dream to be  
There is more