

## Be My Covering

Bebo Norman

The sun gives to a darkened sky  
Blood red are the tears we cry  
So far from Your design  
Oh God, hear me tonight

Though the waters rise  
They will not pull me under  
When the mountain slides  
And crashes to the sea  
I will lift my eyes  
And call out to You, Father  
Be my covering

War-torn are the rags of every nation  
Fear lives in the heart of every home  
Louder than the groans of creation  
Oh, my God, be the voice of hope