

Signs

Michael W. Smith

You're weighed down with regret
You can't see the road ahead
Or the burden on your back
It seems the trek will never end
The winding paths that still descend
And up above the sky washed black
You just can't bear to look at that

Follow the signs, open your eyes
Read between the lines of what you see
Look into the soul of reality
Open your mind, look at the signs
Never look back at yesterday
Keep your gaze steady on the narrow way

Now you've found the sacred tree
You kneel upon the broken wheat
You watch your burden fall away
And all the things you once sought
Now are counted less than lost
For now you see the light of day
The signs were pointing all the way

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