

Lord, How Long

Tom McRae

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
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 reason desert me now
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
How long, Lord, how long