

# The Far Country

Andrew Peterson

Father Abraham  
Do you remember when  
You were called to a land  
And didn't know the way

'Cause we are wandering  
In a foreign land  
We are children of the  
Promise of the faith

And I long to find it  
Can you feel it, too?  
That the sun that's shining  
Is a shadow of the truth

This is a far country, a far country  
Not my home

In the dark of the night  
I can feel the shadows all around me  
Cold shadows in the corners of my heart

But the heart of the fight  
Is not in the flesh but in the spirit  
And the spirit's got me shaking in the dark

And I long to go there  
I can feel the truth  
I can hear the promise  
Of the angels of the moon

This is a far country, a far country  
Not my home

I can see in the strip malls and the phone calls  
The flaming swords of Eden  
In the fast cash and the news flash  
And the horn blast of war  
In the sin-fraught cities of the dying and the dead  
Like steel-wrought graveyards where the wicked never rest  
To the high and lonely mountain in the groaning wilderness  
We ache for what is lost  
As we wait for the holy God  
Of Father Abraham

I was made to go there  
Out of this far country  
To my home, to my home