

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