

Lead Me On

Bethany Dillon

Shoulder to the wheel
For someone else's selfish gain
Here there is no choosing
Working the clay
Wearing their anger like a ball and chain

Fire in the field
Underneath a blazing sun
Soon the sun was faded
And freedom was a song
I heard them singing when the day was done
Singing to the Holy One

Lead me on, lead me on
To a place where the river runs
Into Your keeping
Lead me on, lead me on
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking
Lead on

Bitter cold terrain
Echoes of a slamming door
Chambers made for sleeping forever
Voices like thunder
In a mighty roar
Crying to the Lord

Man hurts man
Time and time, time again
Though we drown in the wake of our power
Somebody tell me why

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