

Visions Of God

David Phelps

She gently falls asleep
Her head is laid upon my lap
The highway sings a lonesome lullaby

My daughter here beside me
My little boy is in my backseat
Outlined by the headlights from behind
And I ask the Lord to freeze us here in time
As my son stretches out his hand to mine

Silhouette sent from heaven
Paint a portrait of eternal things
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor
Bring remembrance of what is holy
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed
Come to me, sweet visions of God

I hear her whisper sweetly
"I made this for you, daddy"
A crayon masterpiece says, "I love you?"

At last a bedtime story
They rush to get beneath the sheets
For Peter Pan, Pinocchio, and Pooh
They cling to every word until the end
Then they close their eyes and drift to Never land

Silhouette sent from heaven
Paint a portrait of eternal things
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor
Bring remembrance of what is holy
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed
Come to me, sweet visions of God

So often I have missed him
Like a shadow in the night
A familiar face I fail to recognize
But he is there in pigtails
Peek-a-boo and piggyback rides
A kiss, a gentle touch, a baby's cry

And silhouette sent from heaven
Paint a portrait of eternal things
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor
Bring remembrance of what is holy
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed
Come to me, come to me, come to me
Sweet visions of God

A silhouette
Silhouette