

Exhibition

Falling Up

They, they come.
The fog it lifts, the shadows shift the wind.
Within the lanterns have been lit.
So slip the night.
So start the race, your nameless place is gone.
I know it's only flight.

I can feel this running close.
I can feel this sinking in.
Can you feel this moving in?
So I say..

While you're sleeping
You know I have escaped
While you're sleeping
You know I've been erased.

Feel this now.
This healing starts, the motion floods your hope.
Alone, you're moving past your home.
So lift your thoughts.
You're letting go of all you used to know.
And now His blood will flow.

It's the only way. it's the only way.
Feel it runaway, feel it runaway.

While you're sleeping, I can feel this sinking in.
While you're sleeping, can you feel this?

(1 Corinthians 1:28)