

## The Widowing Field

Jars of Clay

I'm sure that I could never  
Make it through the night without you here  
The fires in the sky  
Illuminate the demons closing in

Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last to go

As I crawl around these trails  
And fight upon this widowing field  
The ground below is bare and burned  
At the places I have learned to trust You

Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last to go  
I am not the last to go

When even silence sets my heart to racing  
I will lift my eyes to you  
Please, Father, find me

Have mercy on my soul...  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul  
If I am not the last to go