

## There Is a River

Jars of Clay

There is a river that washes you clean  
There is a tree that marks the places you've been  
Blood that was spilled, although not your own,  
For all of your tears, are the wages for things you have done

And all of those nights  
Spent alone in the darkness of your mind  
Give it up, Let go  
These are things you were never meant to shoulder

There is a river that washes you clean  
There is a tree that marks the places you've been  
Blood that was spilled, although not your own  
For all of those tears, love will atone

So, give up the right  
To control the waves that empty out your life  
Above wild skies  
Are the rays that break the shadows we design

Give it up, let go  
These are things you were never meant to shoulder  
Give it up, let go

There is a river that washes you clean  
There is a tree that marks the places you've been  
Blood that was spilled, although not your own  
For all of those things, love will atone

I know the world can turn in different ways  
Most of the time, we're simply hanging on  
And under the signs of how we all behave  
We might find the place that we belong

There is a river that washes you clean  
There is a tree that marks the places you've been  
Blood that was spilled, although not your own  
For all of these things, love will atone

For all of those nights, that you cried all alone  
All of your tears, love will atone