

# Daylight

John Mark McMillan

Daylight comes to meet you on the road  
Like a prodigal son, a prodigal hope  
That you gave up on when you were young  
Yeah, but daylight is coming on

We live on the edge  
On the edge of a darkness oh  
We live on the edge  
On the edge of a darkness oh

But daylight is coming on  
Heaven bends low for the naked and the poor  
To settle up a debt, to settle up the score  
To set up a table on the edge of a war

'Cause we've been bleeding on the edge of a sword  
We live on the edge  
On the edge of a darkness oh  
We live on the edge

On the edge of a darkness oh  
But daylight is coming on  
The boardwalk is painted red with the blood  
Of a thousand prospective heroes but one

Still cries out beyond all the grave and the flood  
Where the blackest abysses cannot overcome  
'Cause we live on the edge  
On the edge of a darkness oh

We live on the edge  
On the edge of a darkness oh  
But daylight is coming on