

I put my hope in you  
I lay my life in the palm of your hand  
I'm constantly drawn to you O Lord  
In ways I cannot comprehend

It's the creator calling the created  
The maker beckoning the made  
The bride finding what she's always waited for  
When we find ourselves that day

In you where the hungry feast at the table  
The blind frozen by colors in view  
The lame will dance, they'll dance for they are able  
And the weary find rest  
O the weary find rest in you

It's no secret that we don't belong here  
though set apart by the grace of you  
We look for the day when we go to a place  
Where the old becomes brand new

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O we will find rest in you