Angels Unaware

Michael W. Smith

Maybe there's a light in my soul Maybe it flickers like a neon sign Outside an abandoned hotel

Maybe there are things you just can't know But can you say there are no mysteries In that house you choose to dwell? Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Maybe there's a place where we will fly But some, say God is dead like Nietzsche said And faith has made me a fool

But maybe there is more than meets the eye Who's that stranger, there, beside you? Don't be smug and don't be cruel Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Battles of the heart and of the mind We stay caught in mental purgatory 'Til our existence can be defined

Meanwhile on the shores of parallel There may be a holy conference held somewhere Discussing all mankind Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

I say maybe we are entertaining angels unaware Angels unaware

Longing, reaching Searching, knowing Loving, caring

Let me take you by the hand Lead you to the Promised Land And trust Him with your heart He'll lead you home

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Soaring, somewhere Longing, reaching Searching, knowing Loving, caring

Soaring, somewhere