

Every Grain Of Sand

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In the time of my confession
In the hour of my deepest need
When the pool of tears beneath my feet
Flood every newborn seed
There's a dyin' voice within me
Reaching out somewhere
Toiling in the danger
And in the morals of despair

Don't have the inclination
To look back on any mistake
Like Cain, I now behold this chain
Of events that I must break
In the fury of the moment
I see the Master's hand
In every leaf that trembles
In every grain of sand

Oh, the flowers of indulgence
And the weeds of yesteryear
Like criminals, they have choked the breath
Of conscience and good cheer
The sun beat down upon the steps
Of time to light the way
To ease the pain of idleness
And the memory of decay

I gaze into the doorway
Of temptation's angry flame
And every time I pass that way
I always hear my name
Then onward in my journey
I come to understand
That every hair is numbered
Like every grain of sand

I have gone from rags to riches
In the sorrow of the night
In the violence of a summer's dream
In the chill of a wintry light
In the bitter dance of loneliness
Fading into space
In the broken mirror of innocence
On each forgotten face

I hear the ancient footsteps
Like the motion of the sea
Sometimes I turn there's someone there
Other times it's only me
I am hanging in the balance
Of a perfect finished plan
Like every sparrow falling
Like every grain of sand