

Dying Man

PFR

This was not my idea
No, I would not have thought of this
Though I admit there was evidence
Surely not enough to convict
That a man was not his own
And there was more than day to day
How there could be a promise of hope
And healing that the soul might live again
Never would've bought it
Never would've thought it could be
Never would've held it
Until it took hold of me, hold of me
Now, I've found freedom
Now mercy holds my hand
It took the grace of one living
To save this dying man
Now, as I look at these pages
I see a story told in whole
Not just segments or phrases
But a story of the soul
And now a man was not his own
And there was more than day to day
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Other Pfr songs