

## 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  
How there can be a promise of hope  
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Other Pfr songs