

Mystery

Sara Groves

I see my faith before me
It's always there before
And I can no more own it
Than I can own the road that I'm on
And I don't know where it leads me
I don't know where it leads me
Peace and resurrection
Suffering and dejection
I don't know

My body's tired from trying to bring you here
My brow is furrowed trying to see things clear
So I'll turn my back to the black
And fall
And wait for the mystery
To rise up and meet me

There are as many takers
As there are hearts to take it
There are so many fakers
I myself have faked it
I should know
Sometimes this has left me
Groping in the darkness
Hoping in the darkness
I will run into you again

My body's tired from trying to bring you here
My brow is furrowed trying to see things clear
So I'll turn my back to the black
And fall
And wait for the mystery
To rise up and meet me

My body's tired from trying to bring you here
My brow is furrowed trying to see things clear
So I'll turn my back to the black
And fall
Pray for the mystery
To rise up and meet me
Oh I'll wait for your mystery
To rise up and lead me home