

Work To Be Done

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She was older
Lost connection
Lost that light above her head in all directions
But she climbed that mountain
And cried aloud like a marching drum
Sound your horns and heed your calling

There is work to be done
There is work to be done
We're all just dust to glory
There is work to be done
There is work to be done
Bow your head to the mission story

He couldn't see it
But he heard it
She saw him struggling with the symbols
So she wrote it down
She looked right through him
And saw the shadows of the risen Son
Cast your nets unto the ocean

There is work to be done
There is work to be done
We're all just dust to glory
There is work to be done
There is work to be done
Bow your head to the mission story

I remember when I borrowed all my healing from a stranger
And I recall when I reached to the ocean like a soldier
And the burning sun just made me colder
And the hollow moon just made me older
So I reached out of my body and the stars became a story
And I bowed my head in glory
As the story ends in One