

Never Dim

The Waiting

I think I smell the sunset
Think I feel the close of day
Clean shaven correspondents
Are all crowded at the gate
Smell the oil from their torches
Their voices growing more irate
Shepherds' staves are crooked
Leading every crooked way
All the sheep block their doors
They're pulling down their shades
The faithful looking in their mirrors
The fateful growing old and gray

But I look at You
Your eyes are clear and bright
I see your face
It's an amazing sight
Your glory, Lord
Is still a burning light
The light that all our faithless hands
Could never dim

Think I feel the sunset
Think I smell the death of day
People laughing at a funeral
People dancing at a wake
And all the seasons blend together
This birds loosing feathers everyday

And everybody's tired and scared
And begging unbelief
But You have yet to break a sweat
No You're not afraid
You're not afraid
You're not afraid

Think I feel the sunset
Think I feel the close of day
Shepherds' staves are crooked
Leading every crooked way
People laughing at a funeral
And people dancing at a wake