

Written On The Wall

Todd Agnew

I heard stories about Moses in the desert
And I wondered if the years he'd spent there
Were anything like mine
'Cause he ran trying to escape
The consequences of mistakes he made
Never knew You loved him all the while

Then You called his name

And I wish You still spoke through burning bushes
And I wish You still wrote on blocks of stone
'Cause the sound of this world's deafening
And I'm having a hard time listening
And I wish Your will was still written on the wall

I heard of two Kings, Nebuchadnezzar and his son
You sent them dreams and visions
And Daniel to figure them out
They'd listen for a moment and obey for an instant
And then they'd go their own way
But I wouldn't know about that

And You wrote on the wall

And I wish You still spoke through burning bushes
And I wish You still wrote on blocks of stone
'Cause the sound of this world's deafening
And I'm having a hard time listening
And I wish Your will was still written on the wall

'Cause I can't seem to find You
I just need a little clue
It doesn't have to be a parting of the sea
If You'd just show me Your way

I know You still want to speak to me
Because I know Your love, it healed this heart of stone

But I wish You still spoke through burning bushes
And I wish You still wrote on blocks of stone
The sound of this world's deafening
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