

No Rival

Wolves At The Gate

Fight the good fight, (the) attempt for the brave
This trek for the lost has brought more than a grave
Bathed in the fire for you hope water's pure
The flames will grow higher it's taste is your cure

I do not fear the world's fire for it (only) burns for
a moment
And though it sears my skin I rest for it shall relent
With the world at your feet and the fire on your back
It has nothing to give me for You've claimed my soul
No sacrifice could be too great
Some think I've lost my mind abandoned sanity
To speak of truth to find a saving clarity

For it will cost my/your life
Forsaking comfort and ease to trade it all for a heart
with no rival
You will be met with strife
And make you fall to your knees we'll trade it all for
a heart with no rival

Throw all your hate and your wrath into the fire and
Cast all your pain and your fear unto the graces
Of our God and King for the evil will attack
Suffer for His love for it (only) burns for a moment
With the world at your feet and fire on your back
For the God above, for His grace will not relent
No sacrifice could be too great
Fight the good fight, you know you must be brave
This trek for the lost to save
Eighteen years I have served the Lord
And He has never let me down

For it will cost your life
Forsaking comfort and ease to trade it all for a heart
with no rival
You will be met with strife
And make you fall to your knees we'll trade it all for
a heart with no rival

Expect suffering and invite all the pain
Lord you have changed me and I am not the same