

I'm finding myself at a loss for words,
and the funny thing is, it's okay.
The last thing I need is to be heard,
but to hear what You would say.

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Word of God, speak.
Would You pour down like rain,
Washing my eyes to see
Your majesty, to be still and know that
You're in this place?
Please let me stay and rest In Your
holiness.
Word of God, speak.

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I'm finding myself in the midst of You,
beyond the music, beyond the noise.
All that I need is to be with You,
and in the quiet, hear Your voice.

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