

I put my hope in you
I lay my life in the palm of your hand
I'm constantly drawn to you O Lord
In ways I cannot comprehend

It's the creator calling the created
The maker beckoning the made
The bride finding what she's always waited for
When we find ourselves that day

In you where the hungry feast at the table
The blind frozen by colors in view
The lame will dance, they'll dance for they are able
And the weary find rest
O the weary find rest in you

It's no secret that we don't belong here
though set apart by the grace of you
We look for the day when we go to a place
Where the old becomes brand new

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O we will find rest in you