

# Smoke

Phil Keaggy

An offering  
A fragrant offering  
Let it rise  
Rise up on the wind  
Let it rise

Let it be  
Let it be my soul  
Flying to You  
My Lord, my love  
Flying to You

Like a bluebird  
Riding on the current  
The gust of this prayer  
The gust of this prayer  
Riding on the current  
Receive this offering of love, my Lord

This quiet place

This burst of flame  
This breath  
See it rise in the cold morning air

Like a sparrow  
Soaring on the wind  
Soaring on the wind  
The wind of my desire  
Soaring on the wind  
I desire to be with You, my Lord  
My Lord

Let it be  
Let it be my praise  
Floating to Your room  
Let it fill Your heart, my Lord