

## Your Light

Phil Keaggy

In the stillness of the morning  
I hear my children waking  
I hear my wife's sweet voice  
And all of this is Your light  
Comes from the unseen places

In the stillness of my soul  
I hear Your words of comfort  
I hear Your silence sure  
And all of this is Your light  
Comes from the unseen places

Your light comes all the way in  
To illumine this clay, this clay  
Your light comes all the way in  
To illumine this clay, this clay

This clay

In the stillness of the night  
I close my eyes  
I close my eyes  
I'll seek your face on my knees  
And all of this is Your light  
Comes from unseen places

Your light comes all the way in  
To illumine this clay, this clay  
Your light comes all the way in  
To illumine this clay, this clay

Your light comes all the way in  
To illumine this clay, this clay  
This clay