

He Is The Rock

Whitecross

It's a Friday night I'm ready to party
Getting' down with the guys 'til half past three
Crusin' for trouble, action for fun
But who's foolin' who we forget God's Son

There is way that seems right to a man
That many have traveled before
You must choose between the jaws of hell
Or find life through the narrow door

He is the rock
He is the rock
He is the rock
On which I stand

Losin' direction, you're a pawn of the night
Played with the darkness you hid from the light
You're searching for heaven but your body is sick
When will you realize you fell for the trick

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