

## Chris Rice "My Cathedral"

Visit "[My Cathedral](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Sweetest days of childhood,  
Stomping through the creek  
Playing in the deep woods,  
And feeling oh-so-much alive.  
We're camping in the forest,

We join the cricket chorus,  
Hum our songs of gratitude  
Around a crackling fire.

Out here in the stillness,  
I found my house of worship  
With column trees and canopy of stars,

Here in my cathedral.  
It was beneath the blue skies,  
I felt the river wash me clean  
I ran down to be baptized,

And dried beneath the sun.  
I'm wide awake or dreaming,  
To this day believing  
Scan the ancient sky  
And understand where I belong.

I find my house of worship  
Cause out here in the stillness,  
With column trees and canopy of stars,  
Here in my cathedral.

This is where I find my soul,  
Out where holy men of old  
First knelt in soil

Wrote the songs that filled the air,  
And thanked You for the rain.  
Out beneath  
Harold angels sang their prayer,  
Your darling constellations.

Robin song and thunder,  
Surrounding me with stained glass leaves

Let me off and wander,  
That change with every breeze.

Out here in the stillness,  
With column trees and canopy of stars,  
I find my house of worship  
Here in my cathedral.

Visit [Chris Rice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.