

Bethany Dillon

"Lead Me On"

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Shoulder to the wheel
For someone else's selfish gain
Here there is no choosing, working the clay
Wearing their anger like a ball and chain

Fire in the field underneath your blazing sun
Soon the sun was faded and freedom was a song
I heard them singing when the day was done
Singing to the Holy One

Lead me on, lead me on
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking
Lead on

Bitter cold terrain, echoes of a slamming door
Chambers made for sleeping forever
Voices like thunder in a mighty roar
Crying to the Lord

Lead me on, lead me on
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking

Man hurts man
Time and time, and time again
Though we drown in the wake of our power
Somebody tell me why

Lead me on, lead me on
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking

Lead me on, lead me on
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on
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