

Everman "Providence"

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I lift my head to find a view
Of the gloom brought on by the decadence I choose
I've peeled the sun from the sky
Stumbled through the darkness and wondered why
I've run so hard away from You
But I can't escape the memory of Your touch

Take my hand, make my way
It feels like Providence is coming for me
Angel wings brush my face

It feels like Providence is coming for me
And I'm waiting for You

Hold it up to the light
Watch the way it shimmers and it shines so bright
All these things have held my gaze
My simple mind is easily amazed
Your brilliance pierces pushing through
And all the glitter could not compare to You

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