

## Jars Of Clay "The Widowing Field"

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I'm sure that I could never make it  
Through a night without you here  
The fire in the skies  
Illuminates the demons closing in

Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go

As I crawl along these trails  
And fight upon this widowing field  
The ground below is bare and burned  
In the places I have learned to trust you

Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go

If I am not the last to go  
Believe in silence sets my heart to racing  
I will lift my eyes to you  
Please, Father, find me

Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last  
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go

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