

Joy Whitlock "In This Hour"

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Quietly You move around
Careful not to make a single sound
I hear You say
Bend Your ear and I will speak
Of inexpressible things
You must not repeat

To keep me from conceit
There was sent a messenger to torment me
Three times I plead, take this away
But I took my seat; I won't get burned
In the center of Your flame

In this hour
We share these sufferings

All my mind, all my strength
This love is balanced
On the brink of eternity
And it feels so close to me

All my heart, all my soul
I'm not letting go
It's so beautiful, beautiful
Beautiful to me

No confidence put in the flesh
That's not what I'm called to do
If it takes my whole life
If it takes my whole life
You can have this life
It's no good without You

Here's to the sorrow
A toast in your honor
What else can I do?
Cheers to the lonely road less traveled

I lift this glass to You
And all the temptations
In dangerous proportions
That we were destined for

In this hour
The light You bring
This dark hour
We share these sufferings

All this time I've been wasting
You're beautiful

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