

Michael W. Smith

"Trilogy: Angels Unaware"

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Maybe there's a light in my soul
Maybe it flickers like a neon sign outside an
abandoned hotel
Maybe there are things you just can't know
But can you say there are no mysteries
In the house you choose to dwell
Maybe we are entertaining Angels unaware

Maybe there's a place where we will fly
But some say God is dead like Nietzsche said
And faith has made me a fool
But maybe there is more than meets the eye
Who's that stranger there beside you?
Don't be smug and don't be cruel
Maybe we are entertaining Angels unaware

Battles of the heart and of the mind
We stay caught in mental purgatory 'til our existence
can be defined
Meanwhile on the shores of parallel
There may be a holy conference held somewhere
discussing all mankind
Maybe we are entertaining Angels unaware
I say, maybe we are entertaining Angels unaware,
Angels unaware

Soaring somewhere, longing, reaching
Searching, knowing, loving, caring

Let me take you by the hand
Lead you to the promised land
And trust Him with your heart
He'll lead you home

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