

Satellite Soul "These Fields"

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Mine eyes have often seen the glory
The presence of no ordinary man
My mouth can't help but tell the story
And try to help you understand

These fields they sing out to praise You
An offering of love upon the plains
The mountains, they will turn to face You
And tremble at the whisper of Your name
Your name

I saw him trampling on the vintage
Where the fruit of wrath had once been set apart
No matter how you guard the entrance
He's gonna steal into your heart

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An offering of love upon the plains
The mountains, they will turn to face You
And tremble at the whisper of Your name
Your name

I once was lost among the dancers
I was caught up in the Chorus of the song
Now I'm full in love with He who holds the answers
And His truth is marching on

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