

David Wilcox "Native Tongue"

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From Into The Mystery
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Truer words were never spoken
You picked them up when you were young
Maybe woven in a story
That goes back to where you're from
Truer words were never spoken
And for an audience of one
But where you're healed is where you're broken
And God knows your native tongue

So build a bridge with what's behind you
The scattered pieces of your past
Build it out over the chasm
To the promised land at last
Start a bridge with what's behind you
And God picks up where you've begun
?Cause where you look is where Love finds you
And God knows your native tongue

Spoken words in Aramaic
Sounds I wouldn't understand
In a local ancient dialect
For the people of that land

No little words can hold a candle
To the splendor of the sun
That can explain this world of wonder
And shine the same on everyone
But little words can hold a candle
All your own when darkness comes
They're just the size for us to handle
And God knows your native tongue

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