

## Waiting

### "Too Many Miles"

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I don't think You had in mind  
When You set my city on a hill  
For it's walls to be built up to keep the light in  
Brick on brick I'm building still  
But the moon still shines  
The stars seem brighter  
I see You through the haze  
So I remain unfazed

I don't think You were intending  
When You pitched this tent You call Your home  
For it to be a place always in need of mending  
With a bed as cold as stone

My roof caved in, the weight of unbelief and  
My eyes half closed, my vision getting weak and  
Still I see You  
I know You'll never fade  
So I am not afraid

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