

Peyoti For President

"Trials Turned To Gold"

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He's brought me here
Where things are clear
And trials turn to gold
He's shared with me
His victory
He won in days of old
Oh Lord, i don't deserve
The riches of Your world
But You changed my filthy rags
To linen white as snow

The view from here
Is nothing near
To what it is for You
I've tried to see
Your plan for me
But i only acted like i knew
Oh Lord, forgive the times
I've tried to read your mind
Cuase You said if i'd be still
Then i would hear Your voice

My Lord, my King
My urge to sing
And praise the things above
Now words could say
The glorious way
You've changed me with Your love
He's brought me here
Where things are clear
And trials turned to gold

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