

Half-Handed Cloud

"Praise awaits you"

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Praise awaits You up on Mt. Zion
To You who hears prayers all men will come
Overwhelmed by sins then you forgave
Buried transgressions in a grave

Blessed are the ones You choose to bring near You and
live
In Your courts and in Your temple be
Morning dawns and evening fades
You call forth songs of joy
Ends of earth and to the farthest sea

No one can compare with You our Lord
Every lost dream You restore

We can't get enough of You
We're full of answered prayer
Taking refuge in Your shadow's wings

Dressed in Holy majesty
From the womb of dawn
Finer than the finest of our kings

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