

Tom Mcrae

"Lord, How Long?"

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Silent, broken, bruised and cloaked in this desert night
I wait for you
My eyes wide open, I face this moment and picture you
By my side
Funny how the things of this world quickly fall away
And everything is equal to me in this final place

So how long, Lord how long
How long, Lord how long

The stars above me, the earth beneath me
And my sinner's place in between
My god my country, my blood my enemy
My reasons desert me now
Funny how the things of this world quickly fall away
And everything is equal to me in this final place

So how long, Lord how long?
How long, Lord how long?

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