

Reborn

Day of Fire

Reborn, a birth that comes through water
The fallen of the garden is drowning in the water
The water, the water I wait for you to carry me
Wake to the work in the fields, harvest has come
The sun is setting on the hill, day is soon done
Newborn through brokenness and calling
On hand and knees we're crawling
The Fathers voice is calling you
Wake to the work in the fields, harvest has come
The sun is setting on the hill, day is soon done
The servants at work by the will of He who returns
Wake to the work in the fields, harvest has come
I wait for you to carry me
Wake to the work in the fields, harvest has come
The sun is setting on the hill, day is soon done
The servants at work by the will of He who returns
Wake to the work in the fields, harvest has come

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