

The Widowing Field

Jars of Clay

Im sure that I could never make it
Through a night without you here
The fire in the skies
Illuminates the demons closing in
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go
As I crawl along these trails
And fight upon this widowing field
The ground below is bare and burned
In the places I have learned to trust you
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go
If I am not the last to go
Believe in silence sets my heart to racing
I will lift my eyes to you
Please, Father, find me
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul if I am not the last to go

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