

# In the Wilderness

Michael Card

In the wilderness  
In the wilderness  
He calls His sons and daughters  
To the wilderness But He gives grace sufficient  
To survive any test  
And that's the painful purpose  
Of the wilderness In the wilderness we wander  
In the wilderness we weep  
In the wasteland of our wanting  
Where the darkness seems so deep We search for the beginning  
For an exodus to hold  
We find that those who follow Him  
Must often walk alone In the wilderness  
In the wilderness  
He calls His sons and daughters  
To the wilderness But He gives grace sufficient  
To survive any test  
And that's the painful purpose  
Of the wilderness In the wilderness we're wondering  
For a way to understand  
In the wilderness there's not a way  
For the ways become a man And the man's become the exodus  
The way to holy ground  
Wandering in the wilderness  
Is the best way to be found In the wilderness  
In the wilderness  
He calls His sons and daughters  
In the wilderness But He gives grace sufficient  
To survive any test  
And that's the painful purpose  
Of the wilderness Groaning and growing  
Amidst the desert days  
The windy winter wilderness  
Can blow the self away In the wilderness  
In the wilderness  
He calls His sons and daughters  
To the wilderness But He gives grace sufficient  
To survive any test  
And that's the painful purpose

Of the wilderness And that's the painful promise  
Of the wilderness

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