

# Shifting Sand

## Caedmon's Call

Sometimes I believe all the lies  
So I can do the things I should despise  
And every day I am swayed  
By whatever is on my mind I hear, it all depends on my faith  
So I'm feeling precarious  
The only problem I have with these mysteries  
Is they're so mysterious And like a consumer I've been thinking  
If I could just get a bit more  
More than my 15 minutes of faith  
Then I'd be secure My faith is like shifting sand  
Changed by every wave  
My faith is like shifting sand  
So I stand on grace, stand on grace I've begged you for some proof  
For my Thomas eyes to see  
Slithering staff, a leprous hand  
And lions resting lazily A glimpse of your back-side glory  
And this soaked altar going ablaze  
But you know I've seen so much  
I explained it away My faith is like shifting sand  
Changed by every wave  
My faith is like shifting sand  
So I stand on grace Waters rose as my doubts reigned  
My sand-castle faith, it slipped away  
Found myself standing on your grace  
It'd been there all the time My faith is like shifting sand  
Changed by every wave  
My faith is like shifting sand  
So I stand on grace My faith is like shifting sand  
Changed by every wave  
My faith is like shifting sand  
So I stand on grace, stand on grace

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