Damascus Road

Rich Mullins

On the road to Damascus
I was hung in the ropes of success
When You stripped away the mask of life
They had placed upon the face of deathAnd I wanna thank You, Lord
More than all of my words can say
(I give my life)
And I give my life to sing Your praiseAnd all those fortunes I hoarded
They were the well from which my poverty sprang
Oh, they led me to no greater glory
And they left me with no less shameAnd I wanna thank You, Lord
More than all of my words can say
(I give my life)
So I give my life to sing Your praiseI say I wanna give You glory Lord, and I do
But everything that I could ever find to offer comes from You
But if my darkness can praise Your light
Give me breath, and I'll give my life to sing Your praiseOn the road to Damascus
I was hung in the ropes of success
When You stripped away the mask of life
They had placed upon the face of deathAnd I wanna thank You, Lord
More than all of my words can say
(I give my life)
And I give my life to sing Your praise(And beyond this I would not beg)
For anything except the grace
(To give my life to sing Your praise)
And beyond this I would not beg
(For anything except the grace)
To give my life to sing Your praise(And beyond this I would not beg)
For anything except the grace
(To give my life to sing Your praise)
And beyond this I would not beg
(For anything except the grace)
To give my life, I give my life
I give my life to sing Your praise

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