

# Right Behind You

## Tribal Ink

Passed by the door to get to Heaven  
Seven trumpets big and bright  
You hear it coming in the middle of the night  
A caution to the children, time to turn your crimson white  
We've all got reservations  
Trials will come suddenly and without explanation  
But you were born with goodness  
You were born with goodness wherever you go now  
I'm right behind you  
In the light of hope  
I'll be beside you  
On that dusty road  
And if you get blind, well that's alright  
Wicked winds blow with grace and might  
Cling to the ways of my name  
When you touch the stone  
Break your word over me  
Sinking in the quicksand  
Break your word, don't you see?  
You're breaking me down now  
I'm right behind you  
In the light of hope  
I'll be beside you  
On that dusty road  
When no one expects you to deny  
And no one accepts your reasons why  
You cling to the ways of my name  
When you touch the stone  
No one expects you to deny  
And no one accepts your reasons why  
You cling to the ways of my name  
When you touch the stone

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