

# This Mystery

## Nordeman, Nichole

Say goodnight to the light of the setting sun  
One more day, one more way  
For keeping track of all I've doneI run this race, keep this pace I'm doing fine  
And I won't stop until each box  
Gets checked a second timeAnd life becomes the round and round  
Revolving door that won't slow down  
It won't slow downDo You wish, do You want us to breathe again?  
Say goodbye to the lines that we've colored in  
Brown and gray from day to day  
Do You cry, do You hope for all things made new?  
Try and try to invoke us to live in You  
That we might be the hands and feet of this mysteryThis routine is nice and clean from dawn to dusk  
I rise and rest, I do my best  
When will it ever be enough?And life becomes the bigger noise  
Drowning out Your little voice  
Your little voice, JesusAnd do You wish, do You want us to breathe again?  
Say goodbye to the lines that we've colored in  
Brown and gray from day to day  
Do You cry, do You hope for all things made new?  
Try and try to invoke us to live in You  
That we might be the hands and feet of this mysteryWe take stock, and we punch the clock  
And we make sure all those zeros  
Have balanced in the endDo You wish, do You want us to breathe again?  
Say goodbye to the lines that we've colored in  
Brown and gray day after day after day  
Do You cry, do You hope for all things made new?  
Try and try to invoke us to live in You  
We might be the hands and feet of this mysteryWe'll be might be the hands and feet  
Then we might be the hands and feet of this mystery  
This mystery

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