

Look On

Fireflight

This morning I sat to read the paper,
the fog was lifting a little late.

Each day someone was dying,
and that's all I seem to notice.

Lord Separate me from this mess,
the world is dying its just that clear.

The separation of You from us,
its killing me, its killing us.

Chorus: Look on,
forward to the end.

Press on,
cause this time we wont be stopped.
Forgiveness in You is the next hardest thing,
then giving your life for strangers.
A lasting impression can fuel this move,
and love will always over come

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