

# Damascus Road

Richard Kiser

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 death And 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 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 shame And 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 praise I 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 praise 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 death And 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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