

C.S. Lewis Song

Brooke Fraser

If I find in myself desires
Nothing in this world can satisfy
I can only conclude that I
I was not made for here If the flesh that I fight is at best
Only light and momentary
Then of course Ill feel nude when to
Where Im destined, Im compared Speak to me in the light of the dawn
Mercy comes with the morning
I will sigh and with all creation groan
As I wait for hope to come for me Am I lost or just less found on the straight
Or on the roundabout of the wrong way?
Is this a soul that stirs in me?
Is it breaking free, wanting to come alive? Cause my comfort would prefer
For me to be numb
And avoid the impending birth
Of who I was born to become Speak to me in the light of the dawn
Mercy comes with the morning
I will sigh and with all creation groan
As I wait for hope to come for me For we, we are not long here
Our time is but a breath
So we better breathe it
And I, I was made to live
I was made to love
I was made to know you Hope is coming for me
Hope is coming for me
Hope is coming for me
Hope is coming for me Speak to me in the light of the dawn
Mercy comes with the morning, morning
I will sigh and with all creation groan
As I wait for hope to come for me
For me, for me, for me

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