

This Mystery

Pete Kruse

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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