

In You

Shane & Shane

I sing for joy and my remorse
A well within prosperity's curse
That drowns the mighty oak of pride
But feeds the root of God inside
In You I find my rest
In You I find my death
In You I find my all and my emptiness
Somehow it all makes sense
In You I'm rich when I've been made poor
Comfort found when I mourn
The prideful one, You see from afar
Drawing near to low broken hearts
In You I find my rest
In You I find my death
In You I find my all and my emptiness
But it all makes sense
In You I find my rest
In You I find my death
In You I find my all and my emptiness
But it all makes sense
In You I find my rest
In You I find my death
In You I find my all and my emptiness
Somehow it all makes sense in You

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