

There is a River

The longing of our hearts

the thirst of our soul

When we are forsaken

When our joy is taken

We feel lost in the desert of dashed dreams

There is a river.

Our peace is so fleeting amidst wars and struggles

The heat hangs in the air like a curtain of despair

Even then let me remind you

There is a river

When we look in the mirror and we see an aging soul

And life seems so brief

And knowing death comes like a thief.

We stare at gravestones and unscalable walls

And in our despair we lose sight of our dreams

We are tired, thirsty and fearing the enemies schemes

Our song is silenced. And we reach the end of our rope

No vision, no laughter, no hand and no hope

We hear the voice of life-giving savior

Who leads us to this river

He is the everlasting giver

And if we look beyond the horizon of our hopelessness, we will
see the river.

And we'll hear a Savior say "Come. Come take rest. Come and be
blest.

With all you are.

You emptiness,

your filth,

your doubts,

your despair

All things that have caught you unaware

Celebrate, reunite with the One who invites you.

Come...

