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…