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...

