

Waiting on the Night to Fall

Casting Crowns

There's an old man living in the back of your woods tonight
You forgot he was even there, but you've never slipped his mind
Hes living off of scraps of you you never knew you left behind
And as the sun goes down, he rises with a smile

Hes waiting on the night to fall
The old mans coming to call
You don't see the writing on the wall
Hell never step out in the light
No, hes just bidding time
And while you slumber, hes gonna come and take it all
Hes waiting on the night to fall
Hes waiting on the night to fall

He knows you have the answers, but Truth lies dusty on your shelf
And the sword that you could slay him with has become an ornament and nothing else
You could put him back down in his hole in the ground, but he knows you never will
Hes been around so long you got used to the smell

He knows hell never have your soul
But he will gladly rob you blind
While you're feasting at his table, hell tie your hands and numb your mind
Hell take you farther than you wanna go
Hell keep you longer than you wanna stay
And it will cost you more than you ever thought you'd pay

Hes waiting on the night
Hes waiting on the night to fall
The old mans coming to call
But you don't see, you don't see the writing on the wall
Hes waiting on the night
Hes waiting on the night to fall
Hes waiting on the night to fall