

In the Wilderness

Michael Card

In the wilderness
In the wilderness
He calls His sons and daughters
To the wilderness

But He gives grace sufficient
To survive any test
And that's the painful purpose
Of the wilderness

In the wilderness we wander
In the wilderness we weep
In the wasteland of our wanting
Where the darkness seems so deep

We search for the beginning
For an exodus to hold
We find that those who follow Him
Must often walk alone

In the wilderness
In the wilderness
He calls His sons and daughters
To the wilderness

But He gives grace sufficient
To survive any test
And that's the painful purpose
Of the wilderness

In the wilderness we're wondering
For a way to understand
In the wilderness there's not a way
For the ways become a man

And the man's become the exodus
The way to holy ground
Wandering in the wilderness
Is the best way to be found

In the wilderness
In the wilderness
He calls His sons and daughters
In the wilderness

But He gives grace sufficient
To survive any test
And that's the painful purpose
Of the wilderness

Groaning and growing
Amidst the desert days
The windy winter wilderness
Can blow the self away

In the wilderness
In the wilderness

He calls His sons and daughters
To the wilderness

But He gives grace sufficient
To survive any test
And that's the painful purpose
Of the wilderness

And that's the painful promise
Of the wilderness