

Smoke

Phil Keaggy

An offering
A fragrant offering
Let it rise
Rise up on the wind
Let it rise

Let it be
Let it be my soul
Flying to You
My Lord, my love
Flying to You

Like a bluebird
Riding on the current
The gust of this prayer
The gust of this prayer
Riding on the current
Receive this offering of love, my Lord

This quiet place

This burst of flame
This breath
See it rise in the cold morning air

Like a sparrow
Soaring on the wind
Soaring on the wind
The wind of my desire
Soaring on the wind
I desire to be with You, my Lord
My Lord

Let it be
Let it be my praise
Floating to Your room
Let it fill Your heart, my Lord