

Your Light

Phil Keaggy

In the stillness of the morning
I hear my children waking
I hear my wife's sweet voice
And all of this is Your light
Comes from the unseen places

In the stillness of my soul
I hear Your words of comfort
I hear Your silence sure
And all of this is Your light
Comes from the unseen places

Your light comes all the way in
To illumine this clay, this clay
Your light comes all the way in
To illumine this clay, this clay

This clay

In the stillness of the night
I close my eyes
I close my eyes
I'll seek your face on my knees
And all of this is Your light
Comes from unseen places

Your light comes all the way in
To illumine this clay, this clay
Your light comes all the way in
To illumine this clay, this clay

Your light comes all the way in
To illumine this clay, this clay
This clay