

Seasons

Benjamin William Hastings

Like the frost on a rose
Winter comes for us all
Oh, how nature acquaints us
With the nature of patience
So like a seed in the snow
I've been buried to grow
For Your promise is loyal
From seed to sequoia
I know

Though the winter is long, even richer
Is the harvest it brings
And though my waiting prolongs, even greater
Is Your promise for me, like a seed
I believe that my season will come

Mm-mm-mm-mm-mm-mm

So like the low winter sun
So it is with Your love
As I gaze, I am blinded
In the light of Your brightness
So like a fire to the snow
I'm renewed in Your warmth
Oh, melt the ice of this wild soul
Till the barren is beautiful
And I know

Though the winter is long, even richer
Is the harvest it brings
And though my waiting prolongs, even greater
Is Your promise for me, like a seed
I believe that my season will come

I can see the promise, I can see the future
You're the God of seasons, I'm just in the winter
If all I know of harvest is that it's worth my patience
Then if You're not done workin', God, I'm not done waiting
Well, You can see my promise even in the winter
'Cause You're the God of greatness, even in a manger
For all I know of seasons is that You take Your time
You could have saved us in a second, instead, You sent a child

Though the winter is long, even richer
Is the harvest it brings
And though my waiting prolongs, even greater
Is Your promise for me, like a seed
I believe that my season will come
For one day, I'll see my tree
'Cause I believe there's a season to come

Like a seed You were sown
For the sake of us all
And from Bethlehem's soil
Grew Calvary's sequoia, ooh-ooh-ooh