

Shifting Sand

Caedmon's Call

Sometimes I believe all the lies
So I can do the things I despise
And everyday I am swayed
By whatever is on my mind

I hear it all depends on my faith
So I'm feeling precarious
The only problem I have with these mysteries
Is they're so mysterious

And like a consumer I've been thinking
If I could just get a bit more
More than my fifteen minutes of faith
Then I'd be secure

My faith is like shifting sand
Changed by every wave
My faith is like shifting sand
So I stand on grace

Stand on grace

I've begged You for some proof
For my Thomas eyes to see
A slithering staff, a leprous hand
And lions resting lazily

A glimpse of Your back-side glory
And this soaked altar going ablaze
But you know I've seen so much
And I explained it away

My faith is like shifting sand
Changed by every wave
My faith is like shifting sand
So I stand on grace

Waters rose as my doubts resigned
My sand-castle faith, it slipped away
Found my self standing on Your grace
It'd been there all the time

My faith is like shifting sand
Changed by every wave
My faith is like shifting sand
So I stand on grace
(2x)

Stand on grace...