

Not Yet

Chris Renzema

Well I'm a son of coal, a daughter of tar
From the dust you came, from the dust you are
We're not beautiful, not yet, O young heart
Yeah, the rain has yet to fall and make mud of my scars

Well so soon my heart will know
You
Without a veil between us
I'll see Your face and become like You

Well I'm the son of a woman, the daughter of man
From the dust you came, from the dust I am
We're not home, not yet, O that distant land
Yeah, we've still a few roads left to travel without the sight
of Your hand

Yeah, so soon my heart will know
You
Without a veil between us
I'll see Your face and become like You, like You
I'll see Your face and become like You

Well I'm a son of the valley, the daughter of fear
From the dust we're raised and from the dust we're reared
We're not whole, not yet, O but we're drawing near
There's still a few hours left tonight before the sun dries our
tears
Yeah, there's still a few hours left tonight before the sun dries
our tears

So soon my heart will know
You
Without a veil between us
I'll see Your face and become like You