

Home

Dante Bowe

Wake up, attention
Daughters and sons
See that's what He's called you to be
When the music stops
And the song's no longer sung
In Him you'll find identity

No longer fighting for acceptance
We'll rest in Him and let the striving cease
Held within the arms of the Father's intimacy
This is where the sons and daughters will be

Whoa
Whoa
Whoa, oh
Whoa
Whoa
Whoa, oh

Beckoning the weary
Come and find your family
We're at the table waiting, come and feast
Well, you can let down your hand now
Kick up your feet now
There's plenty here to eat now, come and feast

No longer fighting for acceptance
We'll rest in Him and let the striving cease
Held within the arms of the Father's intimacy
This is where the sons and daughters will be

Whoa
Whoa
Whoa, oh
Whoa
Whoa
Whoa, oh

I've found hope
I've found peace
I've found life
This is life
I've found joy
And happiness
This is life
I've found life
And running wild in fields of green
Although no one hears me sing
I've found life
This is life
And after all is said and done
Hallelujah, glory comes
I've found life
This is life
Oh, I've found home
I've found home, mm
I've found home

I 've found home