Your Time Will Come

David Phelps

Life is but a vapor and before we know it's done
Brilliant plans can melt beneath an unforgiving sun
When the flame consumes it all but ashes and debris
Hope can blaze from embers of a dream

Can you hear, the beating of the drum
Lift your head my child, your time will come

Like sand through your fingers it can seem that all is lost
But a single grain of faith will hold like solid rock
Son I pray you'll know when to let go and when to fight
And that God will guide you with his light.

Can you hear, the beating of the drum
Lift your head my child, your time will come

When the dogs of sorrow bite and fail your stark like walls at night
Rest in the fathers plans for your tomorrow

Can you hear, the beating of the drum
Lift your head my child, your time has come

your time has come

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