When I wake up new mercies meet me Two hearses greet me They search me with an urgency We sea deep like seaweed Body bent like it's cursive This worship is rehearsal It's universal who you work through The churches purpose is to search you, mmm This verse's purpose is to lurk the murkin' purpose of the joy thief I seen it hidden Where the joy be? Inside the commands the plan B 'Destroy me' The part of me That can't enjoy Thee The ploy be deploy peace Two fingers like a 70's boy seen with some bell bottoms Hell always riding with objects They rejected better yet they forgotten the compass That the optics only option is spotting the Abba When adoption's got you, Gotham [?] is cropped from the topic It's a process when no watching or rockin' his promise Must be honest there's some blindness this time in my progress Um then I remember You make us happy when we look at you You make us happy when we look for you Satisfaction only happens to those Who were glad in you Glad in you I tried to find joy in everything Searched a couple mountains Even thought I could get it from two from fifteens That filled my lungs with something higher and inspire me like a sixteen or It didn't work But what did it was the finished work Brought me back to Himself Now I'm living in reverse Seeing good gifts as a glimpse of the giver Not the gifts as a giver Merry Christmas if the vision works If you seen him then you get it An image no sentence can keep out of a mental prison Our mental was limited with mention of His existence When it was finished, that was the beginning of all joy, all the attention If I'm happy in You I'm happy with You Attraction to You makes our drastic passions turn to ashes Grab the urn and burn it faster Then Jackie Turner satisfaction serving you I'm just happy learning you You make us happy when we look at you

You make us happy when we look for you Satisfaction only happens to those

Who were glad in you