

The Widowing Field

Jars of Clay

I'm sure that I could never
Make it through the night without you here
The fires in the sky
Illuminate the demons closing in

Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last to go

As I crawl around these trails
And fight upon this widowing field
The ground below is bare and burned
At the places I have learned to trust You

Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last to go
I am not the last to go

When even silence sets my heart to racing
I will lift my eyes to you
Please, Father, find me

Have mercy on my soul...
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last
Have mercy on my soul
If I am not the last to go