

Daylight

John Mark McMillan

Daylight comes to meet you on the road
Like a prodigal son, a prodigal hope
That you gave up on when you were young
Yeah, but daylight is coming on

We live on the edge
On the edge of a darkness oh
We live on the edge
On the edge of a darkness oh

But daylight is coming on
Heaven bends low for the naked and the poor
To settle up a debt, to settle up the score
To set up a table on the edge of a war

'Cause we've been bleeding on the edge of a sword
We live on the edge
On the edge of a darkness oh
We live on the edge

On the edge of a darkness oh
But daylight is coming on
The boardwalk is painted red with the blood
Of a thousand prospective heroes but one

Still cries out beyond all the grave and the flood
Where the blackest abysses cannot overcome
'Cause we live on the edge
On the edge of a darkness oh

We live on the edge
On the edge of a darkness oh
But daylight is coming on