

Future / Past

John Mark McMillan

You hold the reigns on the sun and the moon
Like horses driven by kings
You cover the mountains, the valleys below
With the breadth of your mighty wings

All treasures of wisdom
And things to be known
Are hidden inside your hand
And in this fortunate turn of events
You ask me to be your friend

And you
You are my first
You are my last
You are my future and my past

The constellations are swimming inside
The breadth of your desire
So where could I run, where could I hide
From your heart's jealous fire

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And things to be known
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And in this fortunate turn of events
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