The Quiet

Jonathan Thulin

In the quiet, I have found my peace,
I'm at rest but I know,
That on the inside silence is at best,
An excuse that I use.

So are you waiting,
For me to speak out loud,
To sing about the way you brought me from?
And are you longing,
For me to call your name,
Even though what I have is mundane?

You calm the storm, you bring me home,
All that I am is gasping for you.
Mighty to save, Jesus your grace,
All that I am is captured in all of you.

In the crowded room I found my soul,
It is sound but I know,
But on the outside feelings are at best,
A facade that I guard.

So are you waiting,
For me to come alive,
To speak about where you brought me to?
And are you singing,
To me, all the songs,
That my heart always counted as lost?

Yeah
You calm the storm, you bring me home,
All that I am is gasping for you.
Mighty to save, Jesus your grace,
All that I am is captured in all of you.
Of you, yeah.

In the quiet, I have found my peace,
In the quiet, I have found my peace.

You calm the storm, you bring me home,
All that I am is gasping for you.
Mighty to save, Jesus your grace,
All that I am is captured in all of you.

In the quiet, I have found my peace.

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