Diary

MercyMe

Day one, drifting out at sea
No sign of land, no sign of hope for me
Drifting to and fro by the waves of complacency
I'm just so tired of fighting to breathe
Day two or day six, day twenty, day fifty
They're all the same, nothing changes for me
When will I ever be rescued?
When will I ever be free?
Oh, God, someone hear me someone, please, yeah

But wait, oh, but wait, there's a man
Walking above all of this that surrounds me
He takes my hand, takes my heart, rips me free
Rips me free, rips me free, rips me free

How can I ever repay You, mister?
For setting my desperate soul on dry land
For sending those storms away with a whisper
For taking all of my burdens in Your hands
In Your hands, in Your hands

Today things have most certainly changed
All of my pain for all God's hope exchanged
When will I ever be rescued?
That was my desperate plea
And God, You heard me and set me free

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All of my burdens in Your hands

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