

# Angels Unaware

Michael W. Smith

Maybe there's a light in my soul  
Maybe it flickers like a neon sign  
Outside an abandoned hotel

Maybe there are things you just can't know  
But can you say there are no mysteries  
In that house you choose to dwell?  
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Maybe there's a place where we will fly  
But some, say God is dead like Nietzsche said  
And faith has made me a fool

But maybe there is more than meets the eye  
Who's that stranger, there, beside you?  
Don't be smug and don't be cruel  
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

Battles of the heart and of the mind  
We stay caught in mental purgatory  
'Til our existence can be defined

Meanwhile on the shores of parallel  
There may be a holy conference held somewhere  
Discussing all mankind  
Maybe we are entertaining angels unaware

I say maybe we are entertaining angels unaware  
Angels unaware

Longing, reaching  
Searching, knowing  
Loving, caring

Let me take you by the hand  
Lead you to the Promised Land  
And trust Him with your heart  
He'll lead you home

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Soaring, somewhere  
Longing, reaching  
Searching, knowing

Loving, caring

Soaring, somewhere