

Rest

The Gray Havens

Re-e-e-est
Re-e-e-est

Gotta rest, fill it up (Re-e-e-est)
Gotta rest, fill it up (Re-e-e-est)

Why's it so hard, so hard to slow it down?
Why's it so hard, so hard to remember how?
Supposed to be a bright spark in the dark, burning low
Been going so hard, so hard, I'm burning out

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Living in the world in the clutches of counterfeit crutches
Telling me you matter 'bout as much as you're doing today
Crippled held in the clutches of counterfeit crutches
Saying better hurry up and matter better rush it to counter the
claim
Let's pray

Singing: Father, bless Your name, let Your Kingdom come
Give me eyes, help me see and believe Your Son
Give me faith, let me rest in the work He's done
'Cause the work is done
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