

## No Rival

### Wolves At The Gate

Fight the good fight, (the) attempt for the brave  
This trek for the lost has brought more than a grave  
Bathed in the fire for you hope water's pure  
The flames will grow higher it's taste is your cure

I do not fear the world's fire for it (only) burns for  
a moment

And though it sears my skin I rest for it shall relent  
With the world at your feet and the fire on your back  
It has nothing to give me for You've claimed my soul  
No sacrifice could be too great  
Some think I've lost my mind abandoned sanity  
To speak of truth to find a saving clarity

For it will cost my/your life  
Forsaking comfort and ease to trade it all for a heart  
with no rival  
You will be met with strife  
And make you fall to your knees we'll trade it all for  
a heart with no rival

Throw all your hate and your wrath into the fire and  
Cast all your pain and your fear unto the graces  
Of our God and King for the evil will attack  
Suffer for His love for it (only) burns for a moment  
With the world at your feet and fire on your back  
For the God above, for His grace will not relent  
No sacrifice could be too great  
Fight the good fight, you know you must be brave  
This trek for the lost to save  
Eighteen years I have served the Lord  
And He has never let me down

For it will cost your life  
Forsaking comfort and ease to trade it all for a heart  
with no rival  
You will be met with strife  
And make you fall to your knees we'll trade it all for  
a heart with no rival

Expect suffering and invite all the pain  
Lord you have changed me and I am not the same