

13 Peniel

John Byron Shank

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I only saw Your burning feet,
And the line in the sand
Your wing feather made
When You turned and looked in me.

It was You who opened up
my book of vision,
It was You who poured
honey on my tongue,
It was You who sang
and called up the sun.

So vain, my introspective sight
Mirrors myself and what's behind,
While I stumble into the future, blind
Till the other side of Yours is mine.

Under the shadow of Your Hand
is no oppression,
Beneath the shadow of Your wings
I'll find my rest,
In the cool of Your shadow,
I know my soul is blessed.

I only saw Your burning feet,
And the line in the sand
Your wing feather made
When You turned and looked in me.