

To Pass the Spirit On

All my insecurities weigh
heavy on my mind,
like algae resting on a stagnant pool.
Searching for the answers,
knowing not what I might find;
seeking running waters clear and cool.

Refrain: From beyond the place where sunbeams sleep
the Spirit of the Lord
washes all the souls of those who seek;
setting rivers flowing where the
grace of God is stored.
Send it down to me. Set me free.

In the race for happiness
I'm slowly losing ground.
All the other runners pass me by.
Greater minds than mine are
searching for what must be found.
What chances then I ask have I? **Refrain**

Somewhere in the scheme of things
a place for me must lie.
where I have a role that I'm to play.
From my vantage point I can do
little more than try.
to turn the tide of emptiness away.

Within the seed of every living thing upon the earth.
the Spirit of the Lord has made Its home.
So on the way to death the living can create new birth
and pass the Spirit on...never gone.