

Post-Concussion

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A E
early on in the morning
F#m E
I wake up to the warning
A E F#m E
that there are angels standing by my side
A E
platinum clouds open up I
F#m E
see your face in the twilight
A E F#m E
peaceful glow in Your cosmic eyes
[A E F#m E A E F#m E]

then sometimes my desire
drags me into the fire
climbing higher in my sin
up at the top of my ladder
I just keep growing sadder
till you show me where I am

A E F#m E
sitting on the moon
A E F#m E
Your shooting stars find my heart
A E F#m E
when I wander from You
A E F#m E
Your face shows me the way home

I swim in a circle of souls
here in the body we know
You're revealing Your cosmic eyes
but twisted waves kill emotion
like a train in the ocean
straining against the pulling tide

closing in on the distance
on my track of resistance
I'm caught in Your galactic gaze
sin is like a concussion
satisfies you with nothing
then the Spirit reveals your haze