

## Morning Dew

If anything's left behind  
of this wretched life of mine,  
will you gather all the pieces,  
let the glowing embers shine?

I'm soon to meet you o' my King,  
leaving nothing much behind,  
taking with me nothing either.  
Oh, but abundance there to find.

For I am Thine.

It is for you,  
that I will sing when this is through.  
It is you,  
Who'll make my house of ashes new.  
With you  
I stand to never fall on morning dew.

And to those fields of rest and light  
I will reach when time is nigh.

If you will allot me time  
in this wretched house of clay,  
will you still have all my pieces,  
at the start of brand new day?

I need to be with you my King,  
at the end of everything.  
There is for me nothing better,  
for there is just no greater thing.

For I am Thine.

It is by you,  
that gates were opened for me too.  
It is you,  
Who knew me first. Who knows the truth.  
With you  
the waves of death are but some morning dew.

With you  
I stand to never fall on morning dew.