

# There is a face

There is a face I long to see  
In its gaze alone is life  
But I can't face it as I am  
To look on it would be to die

Towards my lips The flaming coal  
Burning 'til it finds the place The inner stain  
Upon my soul... We will be made clean

The darkened doors I've lingered in  
The dead-end roads down which I've run  
Will be revealed for what they've been  
Their power to tempt forever gone.

Every longing without name  
Will finally find its proper place.  
The host of fears that grip us now  
Will melt in fear before his face.

We'll wind our way to mountain heights  
And view the race already run  
And onward go, our way made bright  
By his face, shining like the sun