

I Believe

To live is Christ, to die is gain
Well I don't know about you but I don't feel like a saint
And sometimes I feel like letting go
It's the dull grey monotony
Of your Monday morning reality
And sometimes I feel like I'm made of stone

**Well I believe in the sun when it's not shining
I believe in love when feeling it not
I believe in God when He is silent
I believe, I believe in God**

The road to Heaven isn't paved with gold
It's thistles and thorns and it's bland and it's cold
It's hurting and dirty and carrying on through the storm
But the waves and wind still obey the sound
Of he who calmed them once with a single command
He's living and his love still thunders on

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Middle 8

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It's not all fire and thunder
And there's not much walking on water
It's brick after brick after brick after stone
And an endless horizon in colourless tones
It's carrying his pack for that long extra mile
It's trying to see through the eyes of a child
It's walking and talking and living as children of light
It's running the race and it's taking the pace
And keeping the faith and it's fighting the fight

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