

Light on the Darkest Line

Into Your heart I ride
With a trail of ashes by my side
Rain pours loud across this crowded street
Where I have lost the will to hide

**I will look up to the sky
Even in my darkest times
I will ramble with the poetry of war on sleeves of rhyme
Shine Your light on the darkest line**

Into Your hand I stray
No whispering thorns of yesterday
Can build a hedge around salvation's gate
You cast a windfall on my way

**I will look up to the sky
Even in my darkest times
I will ramble with the poetry of war on sleeves of rhyme
Shine Your light on the darkest line**

I have come home hungry, but Your grace becomes a feast
I have come home troubled, but Your wounds become my peace
Even with Your arms stretched out You run to welcome me
I will trade my poverty for whatever You bring

Into Your heart I ride
A stream of laughter from inside
Bleeds like diamonds on this dusty floor
Where I have lost the will to hide

**I will look up to the sky
Even in my darkest times
I will ramble with the poetry of war on sleeves of rhyme
Shine Your light on the darkest line**

Words and Music by Corey J. Doak
2006 Deep Roots Recordings

Both Sides of the River

I'm standing by the waters
That rush between eternities
Staring out at fault lines
And paths paved with amenities

I'm reaching for the Jordan
The daughter of the great divide
Lead this ocean heart
Beyond the shoreline to the other side

**So I rest upon Your promise
You will fulfill all Your plans for me, I know
I will trust Your lovingkindness
From bank to bank and through the rushing waters
On both sides of the river**

I've stumbled through the foreground
I've wrestled in the empty fields
The wind was my companion
Out on the autumn roads where I have kneeled

I've been as empty as the sunrise
I've fallen, but I won't back down
The deal You've made is set in stone
I will not wade these waters alone

**So I rest upon Your promise
You will fulfill all Your plans for me, I know
I will trust Your lovingkindness
From bank to bank and through the rushing waters
On both sides of the river**

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Anna Karenina

Why would you throw it all away?
Tell me, Anna Karenina, was it really worth it for the fall?
Why would you turn your face away?
Tell me, Anna Karenina, did you really think that it was all it could be?

**It's hard to cry
When something's died
And you know that you're to blame**

**Take your sin
To grace again
Leave behind the guilty shame**

Why would you walk the scarlet path?
Tell me, Anna Karenina, was it really worth the kiss of wrath?
Why would you close your lovely eyes?
Tell me, Anna Karenina, was it really worth a hopeless suicide?

**It's hard to cry
When something's died
And you know that you're to blame**

**Take your sin
To grace again
Leave behind the guilty shame**

Where is your husband?
Where is your son?
The only one
Who cries now is you
Tell me, Anna Karenina

**It's hard to cry
When something's died
And you know that you're to blame**

**Take your sin
To grace again
Leave behind the guilty shame**

Don't you throw it all away

Tell me, Anna Karenina, weren't you really bracing for the fall?

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The Builder

Unless the Lord builds the house
The laborers build in vain
Unless the Lord watches the city
The watchmen look out in vain

I don't want to spend my life on money
I don't want to build in vain
I don't want to spend my life on money
I don't want to build in vain

Don't wanna build on the sand
Or hang my head in the rain
Don't wanna crash in the torrent
Don't wanna walk the path of Cain

I don't want to spend my life on money
I don't want to build in vain
I don't want to spend my life on money
I don't want to build in vain

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Speak to Me

I can hear these words You speak
Just a stone's throw from my ear
And You whisper tunes to me
That no one else seems to hear

Speak to me
I am listening
Sing to me
From the heights
Reach for me
In the tumbling

**Speak to me
Words of life**

Yeshua

I can hear Your choirs sing
In the aching of the breeze
I can hear the hymns of joy
In the roaring of the seas

**Speak to me
I am listening
Sing to me
From the heights
Reach for me
In the tumbling
Speak to me
Words of life**

Yeshua

I can hear these words You speak
In my soul's true native tongue
So I lift this song of praise
For the great things You have done

**Speak to me
I am listening
Sing to me
From the heights
Reach for me
In the tumbling
Speak to me
Words of life**

Yeshua

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Windfall

This teardrop echoes through my mind
Like a coin spilled on a cathedral floor at dawn
It breeches the silence that seems to sometimes draw a tattered line between us
It serves as a reminder of Your love

I will gladly trade the death that is within me
To receive the promise of Your life
To hold the hand that has held my soul in mystery
To bathe my feet in steps of light

**Fire by night and cloud by day
Praise to the Keeper of the flame**

I've stumbled back many times from the land of the prodigal
And my faith bears scars quite unlike the ones on Your hands and feet
But I have met You as a Father and a King that leaves behind dignity and runs to greet
me
You clothe me with righteousness and invite me to a feast

**Fire by night and cloud by day
Praise to the Keeper of the flame**

**Blow like a windfall on my way
Praise to the Keeper of the flame**

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Lift Voice; Lift Soul

Who treads the clouds?
Who paints the morning?
Who tells the sun to go to bed and dream?

**I lift my voice, I lift my soul
I lift my voice, I lift my soul
I lift my voice, I lift my soul to You**

Who tells the night
“You can’t conceal your secrets”?
Who tells the day to come alive and sing?

**I lift my voice, I lift my soul
I lift my voice, I lift my soul
I lift my voice, I lift my soul to You**

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Odd Day's Plea

Should I wear my Sunday best?
Or should I come just as I am?
You felt the nail for every sin that I'd confess
When serpents led me from the Lamb

So I will come to You with a pocket full of truth,
A coat of many colors and a song stuck in my tooth
You will wrap me tight in the embrace of the light
And strip me of the vanities of youth

**You hear this midnight plea
You rejoice with singing over me**

Should I wear my finest shirt?
Or should I bring my filthy rags?
Sometimes I act like You formed me from the dirt
But still I wave this tattered flag

So I will sing the song of the homebound vagabond
This odyssey has led me to where the burning light has dawned
So make me more like Christ as I walk through this life
Turn my eyes to what lies just beyond

**You hear this midnight plea
You rejoice with singing over me**

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Heal Our Broken Land

Heal our broken land
Let Your tears pour down
Cleanse us from our sin
Let our wounds be bound

Hallelujah to the One who heals
Hallelujah, Prince of Peace
Hallelujah, Great Physician
Heal our brokenness

Heal our broken land
Let Your love pour down
Lift Your mighty hand
Let our wounds be bound

Hallelujah to the One who heals
Hallelujah, Prince of Peace
Hallelujah, Great Physician
Heal our brokenness

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1990

Listen up, y'all, I wanna take you back
To the days when Kevin Costner was daddy mack
And he danced with wolves; but we didn't understand

I was 6'1, a buck thirty
Turned on the VHS-we'd watch Dirty Dancing
Because we thought that Patrick Swayze was the man

Kriss Kross had me confused about my pants
I did the running man at a high school dance
And everybody said, "Yo, that kid's got some wicked moves"

I got a six string and hung out with my best friend Jon
He showed me the chords to a Poison song
I went down to the river with a bunch of older dudes

1990 was a very, very good year

Where'd ya go, Bel Biv Devoe?
Did you skip town, Digital Underground?
Where've you been, Boyz II Men?

You might say to me, "Hey, listen up, Sonny"
But back off, dude, I'm just trying to funny
And no one ever said that being funny was a sin

C&C Music Factory
Vanilla Ice was the one for me
I got a perm and shaved lines in my eyebrows

I got an earring, but didn't want my dad to see it
I was an honors kid, but didn't want to be it
My mom came home and had a couple cows

Don't ask me how, but

1990 was a very, very good year

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