THE QUIET *f*

Sitting in a lonely place to pray
We must chase the wild animals away
Holding all thoughts captive to the light
Into the Presence now, He does invite

CHORUS:
And we run to the quiet
And we run to the quiet

Choirs sing inside cathedral minds
Cloistered hearts transcend all space and time
So many voices now demand obey
But only One arises from the grave

Sitting in a holy place to pray
Velvet wings descending hear them say
Mercy of the ages take the hand
The kiss of God upon you now, Oh man