

WALKING TO THE CROSS

Howard James Fyvie © March 2019

There's a place in my heart, and it frightens me
It's a place where I go, when I don't believe
In who I am, and who you are and what's really true
It's the place where I go, when I try and forget you

There's a look in your eyes and it breaks me
It's the look where I find my identity
Of who I am and who you are and who I'm meant to be,
It's the look of a Father that believes in me

**You are faithful , you are kind
You the vision when I'm blind
And when we wandered: scared and lost
That's when you were walking to the cross**

There's a place where He went, and it frightened Him
In the dark, where He bent, and He cried to Him
In the garden the Begotten on the eve of Calvary
In the depths of the night He remembered, remembered me

**Who I am, is who you say
I'm a child of Grace
There is nothing more**

**Who You are is who you are
And that's enough
You're my father**