

NEW WINE

Lord do I believe
That you're building me a house full of pain
Father I do

Lord do I believe
That when I'm drowning you'll be sending me rain
Father I do

Lord do I believe
That you're pushing me harder than I've ever been pushed before
And that You're gonna be pushing me harder, and harder
Til' there's nothing to push any more
Father I do

Father I do
And the fresh new wine is so raw when it's young
Brings tears to the eyes
And it burns on the tongue
And it carries the cries of the grapes that were ripped from the
vine
And the flesh has been torn from my back and my bones
My hide has been cut, my hide has been sewn
For my father has need of a new skin, cause he's making new wine.

Lord do I believe
That you're carvin' out the heart of my heart
Father I do

Lord do I believe
That you're ever gonna break me apart
Father I do

Lord do I believe
That you're tearin' the things from my hands that I'm dying to
hold.
And you're pourin' me out til I'm empty, til I'm empty
And there's nothin' inside any more.
Father but you.

Father I do...

