

## Replaced

The sun's relentless  
On my skin as it rounds the dial  
It's a ball of a-bombs  
Silent as a sleeping child  
It alights my searching  
For meaning beyond your love  
Then I end up feeling  
Formless like an empty glove

But then the wind  
Reminds me how you enter in  
Your grace invades  
But heat and pain shall not be  
Replaced

By night I'm waiting  
For a message beyond your word  
The truth eludes me  
It's a story that's overheard  
I try narration  
Revisionist history  
But contemplation  
Just deepens the misery

The phone, a friend  
Is bringing me your voice again  
It soothes and saves  
But dark and sorrow are not  
Replaced

This time is growing  
It will be an era soon  
To be known and knowing  
For the suffering is all that's due

No place is safe  
Of entropy from our disgrace  
With love, your love  
The fear of the unknown is...

*(c) Words and Music by Josh Moore and Chris Goodwin*