

# Phil Wickham, Mystery

Here in the Quiet speak to me now  
My ears are open to  
Your gentle sweet whispering  
Break down the door, come inside  
Shine down Your bright light  
I need a lamp for my feet, I need a lamp for my feet

I want to hear the thunder of who You are  
To be captured inside the wonder of who You are  
I want to live I want to breathe  
To search out Your heart and all of Your mysteries

You were the first and You'll be the end  
Time cannot hold You down  
Why save a wretch like me?  
No eye has seen, no ear has heard  
No heart could fully know  
All of Your mystery

Your glory burns in the stars  
Shine down your light let it burn in my heart  
Bring me to glory, bring me to you  
Lord it's your heart that I will hold onto

Your glory burns in the stars  
Shine down Your light let me know who You are  
Jesus, Your glory burns in the stars  
Shine down Your light, let me see You, let me see You