

# Rich Mullins, Peace

Though we're strangers, still I love you  
I love you more than your mask  
And you know you have to trust this to be true  
And I know that's much to ask  
But lay down your fears, come and join this feast  
He has called us here, you and me

And may peace rain down from Heaven  
Like little pieces of the sky  
Little keepers of the promise  
Falling on these souls  
This drought has dried  
In His Blood and in His Body  
In the Bread and in this Wine  
Peace to you  
Peace of Christ to you

And though I love you, still we're strangers  
Prisoners in these lonely hearts  
And though our blindness separates us  
Still His light shines in the dark

And His outstretched arms are still strong enough to reach  
Behind these prison bars to set us free

So may peace rain down from Heaven  
Like little pieces of the sky  
Little keepers of the promise  
Falling on these souls the drought has dried  
In His Blood and in His Body  
In this Bread and in this Wine  
Peace to you  
Peace of Christ to you

And may peace rain down from Heaven  
Like little pieces of the sky  
Like those little keepers of the promise  
Falling on these souls the draught has dried  
In His Blood and in His Body  
In the Bread and in this Wine  
Peace to you  
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