

LIGHT THE FIRE AGAIN

by Brian Doerksen

Don't let my love grow cold, I'm calling out

Light the fire again

Don't let my vision die, I'm calling out

Light the fire again

You know my heart, my deeds, I'm calling out

Light the fire again

I need your discipline, I'm calling out

Light the fire again

I am here to buy gold refined in the fire

Naked and poor, wretched and blind I come

Clothe me in white so I won't be ashamed

Lord, light the fire again