

# Native Tongue

David Wilcox

from Into The Mystery  
...Truer words were never spoken  
You picked them up when you were young  
Maybe woven in a story  
That goes back to where you? re from  
Truer words were never spoken  
And for an audience of one  
But where you? re healed is where you? re broken  
And God knows your native tongue  
So build a bridge with what? s behind you  
The scattered pieces of your past  
Build it out over the chasm  
To the promised land at last  
Start a bridge with what? s behind you  
And God picks up where you? ve begun  
? Cause where you look is where Love finds you  
And God knows your native tongueSpoken words in Aramaic  
Sounds I wouldn? t understand  
In a local ancient dialect  
For the people of that land  
No little words can hold a candle  
To the splendor of the sun  
That can explain this world of wonder  
And shine the same on everyone  
But little words can hold a candle  
All your own when darkness comes  
They? re just the size for us to handle  
And God knows your native tongue...© David Wilcox, all rights reserved

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