

## BARTIMEUS

Opened my eyes on that first day  
And all I could see was darkness  
So they tell me  
Lost in a void of noise  
Couldn't tell the day from night  
Couldn't see the grass was greener on the other side

Travelled far the open road  
Staff in my hand  
Trusting my other senses  
Just to help me stand  
Couldn't tell the fire  
'Til I felt the flame  
Couldn't tell the storm  
Until I felt the rain

*Oh God listen to my prayer  
Let me see your sky  
Oh God listen to my plea for sight  
To see all those faces  
All those eyes  
And all those pretty butterflies  
I hear they're pretty fine today*

Travelled far the open road  
Staff in my hand  
Trusting my other senses  
Would lead me to the man  
Who could tell the fire  
To fan into a flame

Who could tell the dead to rise  
Live and breathe again

*Oh God don't leave me in despair  
Don't leave me sitting blind  
Just staring at the sun  
And only seeing night  
I'm stranded in the dark  
Just reaching for your day  
I'm calling to you God*

*Oh God listen to my prayer  
Let me see your sky  
Oh God listen to my plea  
And open up my eyes  
I want to see the man who stands on waves  
And calms the storm and heals the lame  
And calls the dead to come alive  
Turns water into blood red wine  
And see his face  
See his eyes  
And all those pretty butterflies  
I hear they're pretty fine today*

Opened my eyes on that first day  
And all I could see  
Was you