**EVERY GRAIN OF SAND (D)**

D GM7 D GM7

In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need

D GM7 A Asus4 A

When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed

There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,

Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

A7 D A

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,

A7 D A G

Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.

D GM7 D GM7

In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand

D GM7 A A9sus4 D

In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear,

Like criminals they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer

The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way

To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame

And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.

Then onward in my journey I come to understand

That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night

In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light,

In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space,

In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea

Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other times it's only me.

I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man

Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

original key: D