

Follow the fold
I always thought I was
A little boy to his father
What the shepherd says he does

You greeting me with comfort
You greeted me with love
A touch of pure redemption
Comes only from above
Comes only from above

CHORUS:
I want to follow you
I need to follow you
I want to follow you
I need to follow the fold

Walking the line
Falling out of place
Seven lights that guide me
To the hands of grace

Oh you never failed to notice
My lackluster claim to faith
Once shining and updated
I've let it go to waste
I've let it go to waste