

At The Lowest Point

Anathallo

Breath your love through my soul.
Hear the words of my broken praise.
I'm dying and You know it.
I'm so far away from You, from You.
Break through to me.
Surely no one lays a hand on a broken man crying out in distress all alone.
As the grass melts before the fire, may my wickedness perish before, before You.
In the time of Your favor and in Your great love rescue me with Your sure salvation.
Break through to me.
I am merely a man crying out in distress.
Scorn has hardened my heart and left me feeling empty, so alone
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It's fading, help my faith to remain.
It's fading, help my faith to remain.
It's fading, help my faith to remain.
It's fading, help my faith to remain.