

Unclaimed, Unloved

Fit for a King

Tell me:
How can we live when all they hear is,
"Useless, worthless, give up"?

Defeat, coursing through our shattered hearts
Will we ever find love again?

And then I heard Your voice

Time won't change the way I feel
Changes, they're telling us to trust what's real
Show us what is real

What's unclaimed, what's unloved
This is where we make our stand
Nothing can hold me back, oh!

I've met my Father
I've met my Maker

Left alone at birth
Wanting to feel something real
Burying the scars to show
that abandonment won't be a setting
He met his Father

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