

My Eyes Are Dry

Kristian Stanfill

My eyes are dry
My faith is old
My heart is hard
My prayers are cold
But I know how I ought to be
Alive to You and dead to me

But what can be done
For an old heart like mine
Please soften it up
With oil and wine
The oil is You, Your Spirit of love
Please wash me anew
With the wine of Your Blood

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