Tears Of The Saints

There are many prodigal sons
On our city streets they run
Searching for shelter
There are homes broken down
People's hopes have fallen to the ground
From failures

This is an emergency!

There are tears from the saints

For the lost and unsaved

We're crying for them come back home

We're crying for them come back home

And all your children will stretch out their hands

And pick up the crippled man

Father, we will lead them home

Father, we will lead them home

There are schools full of hatred Even churches have forsaken Love and mercy May we see this generation In it's state of desperation For Your glory

This is an emergency!

Sinner, reach out your hands! Children in Christ you stand! Sinner, reach out your hands! Children in Christ you stand!

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