Maranatha

Matt Maher

Come let us go to the house of the Lord
The Kingdom of God and the city of man
A place for all races a place where Your grace is
Dwell in our hearts in the works of our hands

Come again feed Your lambs
We are Your hands

And now we see eyes in the mirror
Reflections of You of what is to come
A glorious cloud a beauty profound
In the widow, the orphan, the lame and the poor

Come again feed Your lambs
We are Your hands
Come again feed Your lambs
We are Your hands

We are a broken world oh Lord
Made worthy for the call to love
We're healed by grace through faith in You
A people truly set apart
We are a broken world oh Lord
Unworthy to be set apart
We die unto our selfish ways
And go unto Your sacred heart

Come again feed Your lambs
We are Your hands
Come again feed Your lambs
We are Your hands

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