

Miracle

Michael W. Smith

A rebel heart
A restless soul
I lost my sight
I lost control
A cry for hope
Could I be saved
You found a way
You found a way

Your miracle is burning bright in me
I was a slave, and now I'm free
I'm lifting high these broken chains
You always find a way
I am a miracle
I am a miracle

Impossible
The war was lost
Before Your blood
Before the cross
My shame no more
My curse no more
You made a way, yeah
You made a way

Your miracle is burning bright in me
I was a slave, and now I'm free
I'm lifting high these broken chains
You always find a way
I am a miracle
I am a miracle

Amazing grace
How sweet the sound
I once was lost
But now I'm found

Your miracle is burning bright in me
I was a slave, and now I'm free
I'm lifting high these broken chains
You always find a way
I am a miracle
I am a miracle
I am a miracle
I am a miracle