

## Fringes

Shane & Shane

He stretches out the north over empty space  
And hangs the earth on nothing  
And how faint a word we even hear of Him  
And yet - our eyes and ears and minds get all the candy

I sing for grace  
For grace it lets me sing  
And all I've ever seen or heard  
Or haven't seen or heard  
It's His  
There is no other  
All of this is but the fringes

And these are but the fringes  
And all the world hinges  
On His grace and on His word  
It speaks things into being  
And the spoken things revealing  
The glory of our God and King

I'm stumbling upon things that aren't mine  
Things he spoke to life before time  
Name one thing that's not  
One law or thought  
He taught the clay  
Molded it  
Behold, He called the sheep  
That's why they came  
Sheep! Who by grace get a peep  
And make it cheap by calling it mine

"Behold, these are the fringes of His ways  
And how faint a word we hear of Him!  
But His mighty thunder, who can understand?"