

Returning

Starfield

God it seems that You are drawn to our weakness
That You are motivated by our tears
And it seems your're moved to mercy
through repentance
With no hesitation loocking past the wasted years

At the prodical's sheepish returning
Expecting rejection and rehearsing his lines
He is met with the cross
Met only with the mercy of God
As it's poured out before him

I love the way the Father waits
Though met by arrogance and hate
How fire does fall and quench their yearning
I love to watch the lost returning

Though we seem to always choose the hard way
And just keep wandering through the wilderness
outside the Promised Land
No amount of running from You
No height nor depth nor any power

Can ever seperate us

Among all of Your creation
Of all the beauty to behold
There is nothing more beautiful
Nothing more sacred
Then a broken man
That's poured out before You

I love the way the Father waits
Though met by arrogance and hate
How fire does fall and quench their yearning
I love to watch the lost returning
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I love to see the broken weeping
To see the dead awake from sleeping
How fire does fall and quench their yearning
I love to watch the lost returning

Where can we go from here?
Through so many miles and so many years
To the feet of Jesus
Where the wounded heart is found
There the grace of God abounds