

The Refiner's Fire

The Osmonds

There burns a fire with sacred heat
White hot with holy flame
And all who dare pass through its blaze
Will not emerge the same

Some as bronze, and some as silver
And some as gold, then with great skill
All are hammered by their sufferings
On the anvil of His will

The Refiner's fire
Has now become my soul desire
Purged and cleansed and purified
That the Lord be glorified

He is consuming my soul
Refining me, making me whole
No matter what I may lose
I choose the Refiner's fire

I'm learning now to trust His touch
To crave the fire's embrace
For though my past with sin was etched
His mercies did erase

Each time His purging cleanses deeper
I'm not sure that I'll survive
Yet the strength in growing weaker
Keeps my hungry soul alive

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