

Dust To Dust

Wolves At The Gate

What will you gain?
What will you earn?
What is your claim?
From dust we come
And dust we return.

If I loved wealth
I'd find the root of evil.
If I lust for power
I'd lose my soul.
If I sought fame
I'd be a thief
Of all Your Honor
Honor, Glory, and Praise.

Hollow and hopeless and cold
Is value in fame and in gold.
The truest of treasures
Is to be found within His fold.

Oh how lost I would be
If my faith unwound.
(And I lost the Lord)
Oh how empty my soul
Would ever be found.
(If I gained the world)

If you're seeking after treasures
Designed by human hands
You'll come and find to realize
Your soul it demands.

If I loved wealth
I'd find the root of evil.
If I lust for power
I'd lose my soul.
If I sought fame
I'd be a thief
Of all Your Honor
Honor, Glory, and Praise.

What is your wealth?
What is your fame?
What is your goal?
If you gain the world
But lose your soul?

Oh how lost I would be
If my faith unwound.
(And I lost the Lord)
Oh how empty my soul
Would ever be found.
(If I gained the world)

The joy in knowing
I'm blood bought by the King.
My truest treasure is

I'll know my King!
Know my King!