Larue, Like Clay

Like clay in the potter's hands
Mold me, mold me
Like a child in her father's arms
Hold me, hold me
Like a sparrow afraid to fly
Raise me, raise me
This is just between You and I
I love You, I love You

Let this song be an offering of my love for You
I lay myself down upon Your throne
For whatever You want me to do

For whatever it takes
And whatever the faith
I trust You
For whatever the cost
And whatever is lost
I love You
I love You, Lord

Like clay in the potter's hands
Mold me, mold me
Like a child in her father's arms
Hold me, hold me
Like a sparrow afraid to fly
Raise me, raise me
This is just between You and I
I love You, I love You

Let my life be an example of Your love for me
I give this world just to carry Your cross
And to be what You want me to be

For whatever it takes
And whatever the faith
I trust You
For whatever the cost
And whatever is lost
You know that I love You

If we call out Your name
We should see our face
If we sacrifice our lives
We will see that grace