

MercyMe, Stirring

There's a stirring deep within me;
Could it be my time has come?
When I'll see my gracious Savior
Face to face when all is done.

Is that his voice I am hearing?
"Come away my precious one."
Is he calling me?
Is he calling me?

I will rise up, rise up
And bow down, and lay my crown
At his wounded feet!

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