

# Starfield, Returning

Returning

God it seems that You are drawn to our weakness  
That You are motivated by our tears  
And it seems ou'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 by 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 in 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

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