

# Starfield, Unashamed

I have not much  
To offer You  
Not near what You deserve  
But still I come  
Because Your cross  
Has placed in me my worth  
Oh, Christ my King  
Of sympathy  
Whose wounds secure my peace  
Your grace extends  
To call me friend  
Your mercy sets me free  
And I know I'm weak  
I know I'm unworthy  
To call upon Your name  
But because of grace  
Because of Your mercy  
I stand here unashamed  
I can't explain  
This kind of love  
I'm humbled and amazed  
That You'd come down  
From heavens heights  
And greet me face to face  
Here I am at Your feet  
In my brokenness complete