

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