

# Tears of the Saints

## Leeland

There are many prodigal songs  
On our city streets they run, searching for shelter  
There are homes broken down  
People's hopes have fallen to the ground from failures  
This is an emergency  
There are tears from the saints  
For the lost and unsaved  
We're crying for them come back home  
We're crying for them come back home  
And all Your children will stretch out their hands  
And pick up the crippled man  
Father, we will lead them home  
Father, we will lead them home  
There are schools full of hatred  
Even churches have forsaken love and mercy  
May we see this generation  
In this state of desperation for Your glory  
This is an emergency  
Sinner, reach out your hands  
Children, in Christ you stand  
Sinner, reach out your hands  
Children, in Christ you stand  
And all Your children will stretch out their hands  
And pick up the crippled man  
Father, we will lead them home  
Father, we will lead them home

Lyrics provided by

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