River

Shakhan

We dwell in a river.
Of grace that's not felt or seen.
A river that's constantly makes us clean.
We're dry but shouldn't we be wet?
This wonderful current that takes our sin and debt.We live in a river.
Yet don't feel the push or pull.
To him alone we are so grateful.
We praise, praise the lamb who was slain.
This wonderful current takes our sin and shame.

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