

With His Love - Sing Holy

David Phelps

Who am I that the song of God would shine on me
And bring His light into my dark
Even though I'm a runner and I like to hide
He found His way into my heart So I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough
Glory to the King who captured my heart
With His love, with His love Now and then I forget that I belong to Him
And I strike out on my own
Faithful is the one who called me by my name
And gently leads me back home So I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough
Glory to the King who captured my heart
I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who makes me good enough
Glory to the King who captured my heart
With His love, with His love No matter where I go
And no matter what I do I know
I will never be too far away from You So I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough
Glory to the King who captured my heart
I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who makes me good enough
Glory to the King who captured my heart
With His love, with His love So I sing, so I sing holy
I sing holy, I sing holy

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