

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

Songwriters

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