Broken

Calee Reed

Broken clouds give rain,
Broken soil grows grain,
Broken bread feeds men for one more day.
Broken storms yields light,
The break of day heals night,
Broken pride turns blindness into sight!

Broken souls that need his mending,
Broken hearts and offerings,
Could it be that God loves broken things?

Broken chains set free,
Broken swords bring peace,
Broken walls make friends of you and me.
To break the ranks of sin,
To break the news of Him,
To put on Christ, 'till His name is broken in.

Broken souls that need his mending,
Broken hearts and offerings,
I believe that God love broken things

But oh our broken faith,
Our broken promises,
Sent love to the cross.
But still that broken flesh,
That broken heart of His,
Offers us Such grace and mercy,
Covers is with love undeserving.

Ohhh
Ohhh

This broken soul that Christ for mending,
This broken heart for offering,
I'm convinced that God loves broken me...
Praise His name, my God lives broken things!

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