

Tremble

Martine Mccutcheon

Shaking like a leaf
Afraid to lift my eyes
Afraid of all Your glory
Ashamed of all my pride Then You call me in
To Your holy place
I fall down
Down on my face And I beckon You for mercy
And I beckon You to forgive
Everything that I've ever done And I, I, I tremble
And I, I, I tremble I am just a man
Showered in Your grace
You're the holy God
Your glory fills this place And I beckon You for mercy
And I beckon You to forgive
Everything that I've ever done And I, I, I tremble
And I, I, I tremble
I tremble, I tremble And I, I, I tremble
And I, I, I tremble
I, I, I tremble
And I, I, I tremble And I, I, I tremble
And I, I, I tremble
I tremble, I tremble

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