Filthy

Stephen Speaks

filthy, dirty, something that I can't explain
I'm so unworthy, this gift You give me every day
and sometimes I just can't buy
the reason why You die
everyday to cleanse the dirt of me
and I try to get by without Your blood that covers me
and I sigh as I die with each breath eventually
and leaving no excape, I fall into Your waves
and drink the love that washes over me
how deep the flood, that washes me away
how pure the blood, I'm not filthy anymore.
and I cry oh my God what have I done
I have nailed all these nails into Your only son
and still You call me a precious lamb, a chosen one
I'm filthy and You make me clean

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