Fringes

Shane & Shane

He stretches out the north over empty space
And hangs the earth on nothing
And how faint a word we even hear of Him
And yet, our eyes and ears and minds get all the candyI sing for grace, for grace, it lets me sing
And all I've ever seen or heard
Or havent seen or heard, it's His
There is no other all of this is but the fringesAnd these are but the fringes
And all the world hinges
On His grace and on His word
It speaks things into being
And the spoken things revealing
The glory of our God and KingIm stumbling upon things that aren't mine
Things He spoke to life before time
Name one thing that's not one law or thought
He taught the clay molded itBehold, He called the sheep
Thats why they came
Sheep, who by grace get a peep
And make it cheap by calling it mineBehold, these are the fringes of His ways
And how faint a word we hear of Him
But His mighty thunder
Who can understand?

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