Welcome Home

Shaun Groves

Take, me, make me all You want me to be
That's all I'm asking, all I'm askingWelcome to this heart of mine I've buried under prideful vines
Grown to hide the mess I've made inside of me come decorate, Lord
And open up the creaking door and walk upon the dusty floor
Scrape away the guilty stains until no sin or shame remain
Spread Your love upon the walls and occupy the empty halls
Until the man I am has faded no more doors are barricadedCome inside this heart of mine
It's not my own, make it home
Come and take this heart and make it
All Your own welcome homeTake a seat, pull up a chair forgive me for the disrepair
And the souvenirs from floor to ceiling gathered on my search for meaning
And every closet's filled with clutter messes yet to be discovered
I'm overwhelmed, I can't understand, I can't make this place all that You canCome inside this heart of mine
It's not my own make it home
Come and take this heart and make it
All Your own welcomeI took the space that You placed in me
And redecorated in shades of greed
And I made sure every door stayed locked
Every window blocked, and still You knockedWhen You come inside this heart of mine it's not my own
Come and take this heart and make it
All Your own we welcome home, welcome homeCome inside this heart of mine
It's not my own make it home, make it home
Come and take this heart and make it
All Your own welcome, we welcome, we welcome homeTake me, make me all You want me to be
That's all I'm asking, all I'm asking

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