

Breathe on Me

Eddie James

In Your presence lay
The faithful potter's clay
With every part of Adam's being
He was crying and pleading Saying Lord, breathe on me
Breathe on me
Fill this place
With the breath of heaven Oh, breathe on me
With the breath... And when the day of Pentecost
Was fully come
They were all with one accord
Gathered in the upper room
And in Your presence lay
The faithful potter's clay
With every part of their being
They were crying and pleading Breathe on me
Breathe on me
Fill this place
With the breath of heaven Breathe on me
Breathe on me
Fill this place
With the breath of heaven And as it was at Pentecost
And on the sixth day
We are all in one accord
And we are gathered in one place
And in Your presence lay
You're the potter, we're the clay
And every part of our being
Is crying and pleading Breathe on me
Breathe on me
Fill this place
With the breath of heaven Breathe on me
Breathe on me
Fill this place
With the breath of heaven Rain on me
Rain on me
Fill this place
With the rain of heaven Rain on me
Rain on me
Fill this place

With the rain of heavenBurn in me
Burn in me
Fill this place
With the fire of heavenBurn in me
Burn in me
Fill this place
With the fire of heavenSend the fire
Send the fire
Send the fire
Send the fireBurn in me
Burn in me
Fill this place
With the fire of heavenBurn in me
Burn in me
Fill this place
With the fire of heavenBurn in me
Burn in me
Fill this place
With the fire

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