

Hands To the Heavens

Kari Jobe

We are your church
We are your sons and daughters
We've gathered here to meet with you We lift our eyes
We lay our hearts before you
Expectant here for you to move With our hands to the heaven alive
In your presence oh God
When you come
So pour out your spirit
We love to be near you oh God
When you come You are the way
The truth and the life we live for
Oh how we long to know you more Come like a rushing wind
Come light the fire again
Come like a burning flame
Have your way
Have your way

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