

# Pages

## Brokenkites

When I stand before God's throne  
Nothing hidden, nothing unknown  
Dead to my body, my old life He took  
Got a hold in His hands my days in a book  
When I kneel down that day  
Looking upon His holy face  
I remember with trembling  
Every single moment, every memory  
Who was I and where was I going?  
What kind of fruit were my actions growing?

Staring at the pages  
He'll be staring at the pages of my life  
Was my passion just to know Him?  
Did I really live it out and show Him?  
Staring at the pages  
He'll be staring at the pages of my life  
This house I'm building every day  
Silver and gold, straw and the hay  
Tried by fire will I stand  
When the flame gets higher or will I burn away?  
Who was I and where was I going?

What kind of fruit were my actions growing?  
Staring at the pages  
He'll be staring at the pages of my life  
Was my passion just to know Him?  
Did I really live it out and show Him?  
Staring at the pages  
He'll be staring at the pages  
In Your presence I belong and without You I am lost  
Come and change me from the inside  
In my weakness You are strong by the power of the cross  
Come and change me from the inside  
Who am I and where am I going?  
What kind of fruit are my actions growing?  
Staring at the pages  
You are staring at the pages of my life  
Is my passion just to know You?  
Am I living this life to show You?

Staring at the pages  
You are staring at the pages of my life  
Staring at the pages  
He'll be staring at the pages of my life

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