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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