

# Miracle

Michael W. Smith

A rebel heart  
A restless soul  
I lost my sight  
I lost control  
A cry for hope  
Could I be saved  
You found a way  
You found a way

Your miracle is burning bright in me  
I was a slave, and now I'm free  
I'm lifting high these broken chains  
You always find a way  
I am a miracle  
I am a miracle

Impossible  
The war was lost  
Before Your blood  
Before the cross  
My shame no more  
My curse no more  
You made a way, yeah  
You made a way

Your miracle is burning bright in me  
I was a slave, and now I'm free  
I'm lifting high these broken chains  
You always find a way  
I am a miracle  
I am a miracle

Amazing grace  
How sweet the sound  
I once was lost  
But now I'm found

Your miracle is burning bright in me  
I was a slave, and now I'm free  
I'm lifting high these broken chains  
You always find a way  
I am a miracle  
I am a miracle  
I am a miracle  
I am a miracle