

Jar Of Clay

Caedmon's Call

You have made me
As a jar of clay
And I may be hard pressed
But I am not dismayed

Begotten from the dust
I am dirty
And of these waters of life
I'm so unworthy

My ability
Won't get me very far
But my fragility
Is a testimony to who you are

Mold me, make me
Hold me,
Break me,
Hold me