

## Lesser Things

Jars of Clay

It looks a lot like givin' up  
Peace we bring is a bitter cup  
Set our bodies down like offerings  
While we pray to the god of lesser things

If the wind should shake this house apart  
The cradle hits the ground with a broken heart  
Will we say we never knew a thing?  
While we pray to the god of the lesser things

Is there grace for a wayward heart?  
Is there grace for a wayward heart?  
Grace, grace

Ash to ash and dust to dust  
Steel on steel or rain to rust  
What mortal breath blood money brings  
Forth from the altar of the lesser things