

When I stand before God's throne
Nothing hidden, nothing unknown
Dead to my body, my old life He took
God will hold in His hands my days in a book

When I kneel down that day
Looking upon His holy face
I will 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 let 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 it stand when the flame gets higher
Or will it burn away

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