

His Grace Is Sufficient

Richard Smallwood

I've exhausted every possible solution
I've tried every game there is to play
In this search for Christ-like perfection
I'm convinced I've only left my God ashamed
I cry, I wonder can He hear my despair
Afraid to lift my hands, afraid He doesn't care
And if He answers and I fall again
Can I still be His daughter
Can I still depend on Him
When I'm down I search every mistake
I'm looking for new regrets
Sometimes I forget, I forget
That His grace is sufficient for me
That it's deeper and wider than I can conceive
His grace is sufficient for me
My convictions seem to fade with desperation
My hope declines with each and every tear
My sin an anchor and this grace just an illusion
The gavel's heavy and justice is near
Up comes the light and finds the stains on my hands
Up comes my pride, I hide
I know He won't understand
Cause it's deeper than deep and it's wider than wide
Why did I ever doubt, now I'm dying inside
His grace is sufficient for me
His grace, His grace is sufficient