

# Filthy

Stephen Speaks

Filthy, dirty, something that I can't explain  
I'm so unworthy, this gift You give me every day  
and sometimes I just can't buy  
the reason why You die  
everyday to cleanse the dirt of me  
and I try to get by without Your blood that covers me  
and I sigh as I die with each breath eventually  
and leaving no escape, I fall into Your waves  
and drink the love that washes over me  
how deep the flood, that washes me away  
how pure the blood, I'm not filthy anymore.  
and I cry oh my God what have I done  
I have nailed all these nails into Your only son  
and still You call me a precious lamb, a chosen one  
I'm filthy and You make me clean