

# The Refiner's Fire

Steve Green

There burns a fire with sacred heat  
White hot with holy flame  
And all who dare pass through its blaze  
Will not emerge the same  
Some as bronze, and some as silver  
Some as gold, then with great skill  
All are hammered by their sufferings  
On the anvil of His will

The Refiner's fire  
Has now become my souls desire  
Purged and cleansed and purified  
That the Lord be glorified  
He is consuming my soul  
Refining me, making me whole  
No matter what I may lose  
I choose the Refiner's fire

I'm learning now to trust His touch  
To crave the fire's embrace  
For though my past with sin was etched  
His mercies did erase  
Each time His purging cleanses deeper  
I'm not sure that I'll survive  
Yet the strength in growing weaker  
Keeps my hungry soul alive

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