## Instead

## Waterdeep

The cosmic finger doesn't stir up rules just to ruin us But He also doesn't let us do just whatever we want. And the eyes of God can see the force that's doin' us. He's givin' out chances to escape the haunt.

Cause it's a touch of love that can free you of despair. And forgivness rolls.

Thank God He's so unfair...

'Cause I should've been dead for what's inside my head, but He killed His Son instead.

Obedience can sometimes be monotonous So we squander our hours in pettiness and lust But God did not put life down here so it could rot in us And there's a place we go after ashes and dust.

My Jesus, I love thee.
I know Thou art mine.
To Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My Gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou.
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.