

For Your Glory & My Good

All Sons & Daughters

I bring my every need
Confessing everything
Lord, I'm desperate
For Your healing

I'm broke in every part
My unbelieving heart
I need the faith
To even ask You

So I'm not bargaining
For nothing's hidden
From Your sight

I would be a fool
If I could be made new
Come ruin, come ridicule
Recklessly I come
I run to You

I come expectantly
Because You're calling me
There is no healing
But from Your hand

So whether suffering
Or free from laboring
It's for Your glory and my good

I would be a fool
If I could be made new
Come ruin, come ridicule
Recklessly I come
I run to You
I run to You

I would be a fool
If I could be made new
Come ruin, come ridicule

I would be a fool
If I could be made new
Come ruin, come ridicule
Recklessly I come
I run to You
Recklessly I come
I run to You

So whether suffering
Or free from laboring
It's for Your glory and my good