

# Unclaimed, Unloved

Fit for a King

Tell me:  
How can we live when all they hear is,  
"Useless, worthless, give up"?

Defeat, coursing through our shattered hearts  
Will we ever find love again?

And then I heard Your voice

Time won't change the way I feel  
Changes, they're telling us to trust what's real  
Show us what is real

What's unclaimed, what's unloved  
This is where we make our stand  
Nothing can hold me back, oh!

I've met my Father  
I've met my Maker

Left alone at birth  
Wanting to feel something real  
Burying the scars to show  
that abandonment won't be a setting  
He met his Father

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