

Worship from a Wretch

Front Porch Step

Teach me how to worship you for who you are
Not for the feelings that I claim are in my heart
No flashing lights. No attractive schemes
Your beauty stretches out beyond my wildest dreams

Teach me how to worship you with all my soul
Not to impress in fear that I'll look like a fool
If I lift my hands, or if I'm on my knees
Help me make your praises be the only words I speak

No repetitious lines that claim a love for the divine
Then change my mind when I walk out the door
Jesus, help me find the plank to pull out of my eye
So I can do the work you built me for

Jesus, help me worship you because you are
Teach me discipline and let it steer my heart
If someone next to me, can't even sing on key
Let my heart be joyful that they're singing to my king

Lord, I'm a wretched man, that should take all the pain
But you let them murder you so I'd become a saint
Forgive me for my trespasses, forgive me for my sins
Teach me how to die each day so I can truly live

No search for hope in vain in these self help books that can't
help a thing
Cause you're the only thing worth living for
So break this wretch apart. Create in me a cleanly heart
And kill the awful man I was before

Teach me how to love a soul while hating sin
And praise your name until my flesh is dust again
Make me a faithful servant and a joyful slave
Help me give my life to serve the one who's life you gave