

As Bold As Lions "Face Of Reality"

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What am I holding on to?
So tightly I can't let go
Reaction to Your words they sends me fleeing
Complacency is a deadly foe

The fiction of reality I thought I wanted
I'm made a parody of a once faithful man

In christ alone my hope is found
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace
Yet scorned by the ones, He came to Save
No guilt in life, No fear in death
This is the power of Christ in me

I will fight my flaws and I will speak Your words
And learn to forget the way I used to think
The life You give is so much greater, so much fuller
Give me Your mind, protect my thoughts

What am I holding onto?
This world has nothing to offer me
It takes away, never giving quarter
In Christ alone, my hope is found

From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from his hand
Till He returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand
'Till He returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

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