

News At Eleven **"Fill My Soul"**

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In my life, I ramble restlessly
Far afield and far within, never finding answers
Finding only empty promises
My heart it seeks, but finds no peace
And then

His mercy falls like rain
And I become what the lost became
And I am His servant
I am His instrument

CHORUS

Fill my soul with goodness and light
Help my eyes keep your love in sight
Then my feet will walk in your footsteps
Follow your path, O Lord

Even though the Lord is calling me
Still I wander all alone, only finding hunger
Seeking bread that cannot satisfy
My heart I fill with stone, and still
I pray

Let mercy fall like rain
Let me become what the lost became
And I'll be your servant
I'll be your instrument

(repeat chorus)

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