

**ZinG****"Cry At Your Name"**

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Hook:

I'm thankful I can cry at your name, upon reflection of  
the cross and you  
Defying the grave. I'm thankful I can cry at your name,  
the world can try  
And they can pry they'll never take that away.

V1: The ember burns, I bow to your splendor. White  
flag drawn, yes now I  
Surrender. Remember you're mending, defending the  
weak, you tend to your  
Sheep, God sent the elite. You came here to reap from  
the seeds of the  
Earth. Displaced out of Eden, defeating the curse.  
Leading the church, your  
Bride awaits, I'm reading the Word, you abide with  
Grace. The wages are  
Death, how high the stakes. No condemnation for my  
mistakes, so I apply  
The brakes, take the wheel. You hold the scrolls and  
you break the seals. I  
Marvel, you took what was carnal and made, anew by  
your blood, now I'm  
Pardoned and saved. The harvest came, my hearts a  
slave, to the Light of  
The world by darkness slain.

Hook:

V2: You're beautiful, it's unusual, no word's I find hold  
suitable. When I  
Attempt to define or describe your nature. Lord I  
lament, you would die, My  
Saviour! Crucified, but you would rise, you became  
what you despised (sin).  
I scrutinize my foolish pride, my human eyes look to  
the skies. God who am  
I? That you'd supply, your grace that I be purified, so  
you decide, my  
Lifes direction. These tears I cry show my affection.  
Cuz ain't such thing

As a lukewarm faith. The scripture it hits and it rudely  
awakes. The end is  
Near, no time to fake it, I'm pitiful, poor, blind and  
naked.

Hook:

V3: The truth is I'm hopin', the youth will be broken, and  
soak in the  
Words they have heard of you spoken. Open their  
hearts so that my  
Generation will cry at your name in divine revelation. To  
know Him and grow  
In the grace he has showed them. They didn't choose  
you, you that have  
Chose them. So then, I'm loathin, the sin that was  
holdin, me captive I'm  
Back and it's time to get active. Robes of white with a  
crimson stain, I'm  
Thankful that I can cry at your name. Cuz the cross is  
the cost and his  
Loss is our profit, how often are coffins defying the  
grave? So I'm  
Thankful I cry, that you grip my emotions, the winds  
and the oceans obey  
And here. They could take my possessions, take my life,  
but they'll never  
Ever take my tears.

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