

Sienna Skies

"Tearing Down The Temple"

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Every time I looked into a mirror on the wall
I began to make a list of every tiny flaw
"Mirror, mirror on the wall
Change the shape I see"
But every time that I went back
I saw the same old me
So I began
Tearing down the temple
That He formed for me
I never stopped to think about
The hurting it would bring
I was tearing down the temple
To meet my selfish need
Trying hard to find a way
To create a perfect me
By tearing down the temple
I carried all the guilt and shame of what I had begun
It frightened me to think about what I might become
I wore a mask of bravery and carried on my scheme
Day by day destroying what God had given me
I was
And even though it hurts me now
To think of how I lived
It serves as a reminder
Of how merciful God is

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