

Tim Be Told

"All Of Me"

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I am reckless with my soul
Broken and defeated by the things I can't control
I have given up so many things for a hope when I die
That these heaven-seeking promises weren't lies

Oh, God of Mercy, You have told me I could put it in
Your hands
Do you really think I can?

And if I had everything I want, would I keep falling
down?
Would I keep falling down?
So here I am learning to cast aside all of my desires, all
of my desires

I am restless in my soul
Stealing their affections, tryin' to fill an endless hole
I have cried alone so many times
'Cause I can't feel your love
I remember when you used to be enough

Oh, God of Mercy, so they tell me I can put it in Your
hands
Do you really think I can?

So are You even real
Or am I afraid to feel scared of what I'll find?
That when I cried to you, called it true
In the end will it be that I wasted all my time?
But with all these doubts I'm offering to leave it all
behind

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