

Spitalfield

"Render, Quench, Create"

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What is it worth when all my life's possessions are
worthless?
You quench the thirst of every living beast
Oh lord, you know my heart's desire
Please don't let what i didn't render stand in the way
Why do i beat myself up about it all
My hiding place was never a secret held from you
(a secret held from you)
You don't know what you mean to me
You took all my sin and made me clean
You must come back
We must come back
The smallest you defend and still you walk on the
wings of the wind
(the wings of the wind)
You made all my dreams and still you walk on the
wings of the wind

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