

The Parchment

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Pastor Howard Chang
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Falling Down

We fall down

It feels like I'm slipping and tripping
Stuck on the ground

We lay our crowns

Wishing I had something to offer
Not just these trinkets

At the feet of Jesus

I want to come before Him now
But I feel so unworthy

The greatness of mercy and love

I know He asks me to come
In all brokenness and pain

At the feet of Jesus

I want to come before Him now
But I feel so unworthy

And we cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy"

I am made from dust to dust
You are Eternal

And we cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy"

I am weak in my flesh
You are Strong

And we cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy"

I am lost and frightened
You are Emmanuel

Is the Lamb

You pick me up
I cry...

"Holy, Holy, Holy"

Falling Down