

At Your Feet

Nathan Zwald

Who could keep their feet
At the glory of Your mercy seat
For who could hope to stand
At the power of your mighty hand

At your feet I will fall down
On your knee I will rest my weary head
At your feet I will lay down
My crown and fall down

On my face is where I'll be
When my legs give out from under me
For my knees beg to bend
When I hear your son call me as his friend