

Your Grace Astounds Me

In the still of this sanctuary,
Lord, Your light is more than I can bear.
I must come in the way You require,
Holy and pure.

I am humbled, for I am just mortal,
And there's nothing in me that is good.
Yet You cover me with Your perfection -
With Your own blood.

**You have done all that Your law demands,
With Your outstretched arms,
You have stayed Your own hand.
So I stand, safe on this holy ground,
God, Your grace astounds me,
God, Your grace astounds me!**

I am blessed with the greatest of privilege,
Justified in the presence of God.
If I strived all my days to attain it,
I could not.
(chorus)