

In Your Liberty

Each man has the right to choose his own master
Is yours money or self or God alone?
You can search for the truth or flirt with disaster
Seek a moment of fame or serve the Throne

All of this knowledge, power and freedom
Placed in our dirty little hands
New children of faith, they watch us build kingdoms
They may not hear our words,
But believe me, they understand

In Your liberty, love is calling me
To put the needs of them before my own
In Your liberty, love is all I see
A softened heart can break the stumbling stone

So who will decide the future we fashion
Which rules are right and which rites are wrong
Seduced by our pride, or ruled by compassion
When we lift up the weak, in mercy, then we are
strong

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To put the needs of them before my own
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When the party s over, and the thrill is gone
What will you leave them, to carry on...

In Your liberty, love is calling me
To put the needs of them before my own
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repeat