

8. Compared to Knowing Jesus

Nothing I can offer to heaven
Nothing I can bring to make peace
Nothing in the way that I sing his songs
Nothing in the way that I pray,

Though I can say that I love him
Though I can lift up my hands
Though I have actions and words of grace
Though I hold my head up high,

There's nothing in the world or in my life
That doesn't disappear or fade away
Everything I've come to know I count as loss
Compared to knowing Jesus, my Lord.

If I am right with my maker
It is through faith in my Lord
If I have goodness it comes from him
If I am pure I give thanks.

I want to know Jesus my saviour
I want to know his power to rise (from the dead)
I want to have fellowship in his grief
I want to be raised up with him!