

## 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!