

Through it all 2 12 13

I enter the throne room of my creator trembling on my knees
In awe of your beauty and a recipient of your mercy
I worship at your feet the one who is supreme
I have never felt so honored to serve the one who died
May my life bring you the honor you deserve,
Humble me so that I can worship you with every breath
I long to be less so you can be more
Empty me along with my selfish desires
Fill me up with a love so real it is overflowing
May my life be a representation of the one who gave me life
I admit I am not there yet, but I will continue striving
I enter the throne room and when you see me at the door
You summon me to come, just like the king summoned
Esther, You welcomed me in and invited me to feast
and dine with you at your banquet table
You wrapped me up in love like a newborn in a blanket
You have prepared a meal for me in the presence of my enemies
That I may praise you even more and that I may proclaim
your name until the day I live no more