

Beautiful Things (by Lisa and Michael Gungor)

All this pain  
I wonder if I'll ever find my way  
I wonder if my life could really change, at all

All this earth  
Could all that is lost ever be found?  
Could a garden come out from this ground, at all?

You make beautiful things  
You make beautiful things out of the dust  
You make beautiful things  
You make beautiful things out of us

All around,  
Hope is springing up from this old ground  
Out of chaos life is being found, in you

You make beautiful things  
You make beautiful things out of the dust  
You make beautiful things  
You make beautiful things out of us

You make me new,  
You are making me new  
You make me new,  
You are making me new