

Matt Papa - His Mercy Is More

Tom: A

What love could remember no wrongs we have done
 Omniscient, all knowing, he counts not their sum
 Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more

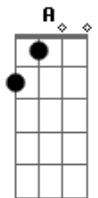
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Praise the Lord
 His mercy is more
 Stronger than darkness, new every morn

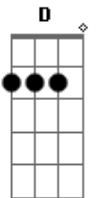
Our sins they are many, his mercy is more
 What patience would wait as we constantly roam
 What father, so tender, is calling us home
 He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more

What riches of kindness he lavished on us
 His blood was the payment, his life was the cost
 We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford
 Our sins they are many, his mercy is more

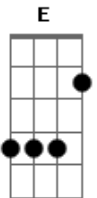
Acordes



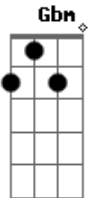
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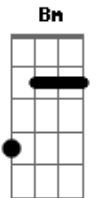
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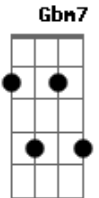
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