

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

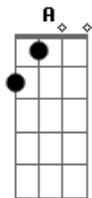
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Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness, new every morn

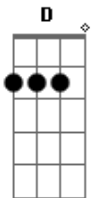
Our sins they are many, his mercy is more
What patience would wait as we constantly roam
What father, so tender, is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor
Our sins they are many, his mercy is more

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

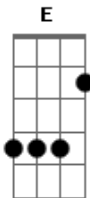
Acordes



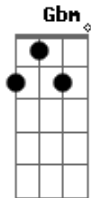
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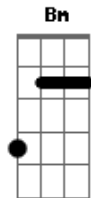
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