

## **Song written by Spencer MacLeod**

This is a message to my heavenly Father  
Who picked me up when I was helpless, broken, I needed shelter  
Lost in this cold world, like the winter I can remember,  
Winter'96, last week of December  
I received an invitation, I accepted and You entered  
And all my past sins, plus the dirt I did  
I even cursed Your name, how could You forgive?  
How could You live in my heart where all the evil is?  
He said "It's easy, I died for you, all you got to do is believe  
And receive life eternally."  
You took me from the bondage of alcohol addiction  
Set free with the blood shed by Your crucifixion  
You clothed me in heavenly robes, refinin' my heart, pure as gold.  
Was one who committed blasphemy, I thought my soul was sold,  
But in the midst of tragedy, my heart began to shape and mold  
And now a heart that was once cold  
Surrounded by love and consoled,  
Was bounded by drugs,  
Surrounded by thugs,  
Tryin' to escape in a world with no love, where there's no way out  
Except God's Son  
Eventually your life gets played out,  
Then you got nowhere to run.

Jesus You are the one and only, I'm sick of friends that's phony  
Out to get money  
But the price was paid on Calvary  
Jesus Christ Your life can't be bought by salary  
Opened my eyes and changed my whole mentality  
You are my refuge, I am Your refugee,  
You are the potter  
Who got His hands on me  
A lamb for slaughter,  
I couldn't stand to see  
You on the cross, nails through Your hands and feet  
Your life was lost but not eternally  
Far from beyond the clouds I hear You calling me  
But not out loud. You waited patiently for me to smile,  
And for my eyes to shine again like when I was a child.  
Now You got me open, here's Your chance  
Your work was done in advance  
2,000 years ago You had a plan  
Your Holy Spirit gives me strength to stand  
Now my request is at best, I'm asking You to make me a man  
Sick of adolescent games  
No more scramblin' for change  
I lived my life in the fast lane  
What a tragedy  
I nearly lost my brain

On top of that was the pain I caused my family  
Felt like leavin' the state, changin' my name  
All the insanity  
But that's the game  
And that's the wages of tryin' to make a name  
The wages of sin is death, but don't forget the guilt and shame.  
I got a lot to lose but I got a lot more to gain.  
I got to slow down, I know it takes time to change.  
I'm tryin' to filter all this pain,  
But I can't do it on my own  
And so I call on Your Holy name.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I won't fear  
Because Jesus promised that He would wipe away my tears,  
Never leave me, never departed,  
Because He's the healer of the broken-hearted.  
I took Him by the hand and He brought me out of darkness  
Then He changed my heart, yo, that was the hardest.  
But through it all I'd like to make one thing clear-  
If you accept Him I promise He'll make Himself real  
But don't reject Him cuz you ain't promised next year...

Make the selection, receive the promise of the resurrection  
I can't force you, it's something you got to do.  
What'll it be-

Hell's fiery brimstone or Heaven's skies that's blue-

Life of sin and shame or a life that's made brand new?

The choice is up to you-

Take some time to think it through, what'll you do...