LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

Dust and Breath

Asa Cole · Stones of Help

VERSE 1

I was red clay in the potter's hand
Shaped for glory, made to stand
But I reached for the fruit with a fist of pride
And I've been tasting the dust since the day I died
I wore my Sunday clothes like a cover-up
Sang every hymn with an empty cup
Dead in my sin, Ephesians two
A walking grave in a wooden pew

PRE-CHORUS

Can these bones live?
Lord, You know
I got nothing to give
And nowhere to go

CHORUS

But You breathed on the dust and the dust stood up
You spoke to the dead and the dead woke up
Now every breath I've got is a borrowed song
Raised by grace and running home
Oh, I was dust, now I'm breath
Called by name out of death
I'll spend it all till my last breath is gone
Raised by grace and running home

VERSE 2

There's a hill outside the city wall
Where the Righteous One took the sinner's fall
Every nail that I earned went into His hands
He became my sin so I could stand
Three days dark in a borrowed tomb
Then the stone rolled back like a door to a room
And the voice that hollered "Lazarus, come"
Said my name like He'd already won

PRE-CHORUS

Can these bones live?
Now I know
It's the cross where He gives
What I could never owe

CHORUS

'Cause You breathed on the dust and the dust stood up
You spoke to the dead and the dead woke up
Now every breath I've got is a borrowed song
Raised by grace and running home
Oh, I was dust, now I'm breath
Called by name out of death
I'll spend it all till my last breath is gone
Raised by grace and running home

BRIDGE

Where's your sting, O death
Where's your win, O grave
He walked right out with the keys
And He took my chains
Rattle in the valley
Bone to bone
Sinew and skin
Wind blowing in
Where's your sting, O death
Where's your win, O grave
I was a dead man walking
Now I'm walking with the One who saves

FINAL CHORUS

You breathed on the dust and the dust stood up
You spoke to the dead and the dead woke up
Now every breath I've got is a borrowed song
Raised by grace and running home
Oh, I was dust, now I'm breath
Called by name out of death
I'll spend it all till my last breath is gone
Raised by grace and running home

OUTRO

Dust and breath
Dust and breath
Raised by grace
Running home

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