

Vessels of Honor

2 Timothy 2:21

Track 03 · Love Not This World · Lambelujah

Verse 1

Search me, O God — is there any pride in me?
Lord, re-make this clay!
Lord, the first to fall fell far — he was lifted, then laid low;
"I will climb above the stars" — and pride went on before the throw.
For pride goes before destruction, and a haughty heart, a fall —
so I bring You mine, my Father; I have wanted to be tall.

Pre-Chorus

So humble us, O Lord, beneath Your mighty hand;
break the proud thing in me — so that I may stand.

Chorus

In a great house there are vessels — some for honor, some for shame;
Lord, I've been of dishonor... by Your Word, may I turn in Your name.
Make me clean, holy, special for the Master to choose —
take this marred proud-clay heart — re-make, renew this refuse.
Your Word re-shape me on this wheel, yes for You can —
make us vessels of honor, Lord; hold us in Your hand.

Verse 2

This was Sodom's secret sin, Lord — not the fruit we rush to name:
she was proud and full of bread, oh her idle days were tame;
she had plenty in her hand yet never reached the poor man's door —
empty our gross fatness, Father; let us not grow proud and sure.
So break our careless ease, and turn our hearts to share;
humbly gospel, then bread, Lord — for the hungry there.

Verse 3

They bowed to the creation and they would not bow to You,
till their thinking grew so empty and the wise grew foolish too;
and because they would not love the truth, a lie was given them to keep —
oh, don't give us over, Father... wake us from that sleep.

Bridge

For a vessel fit for dishonor is a vessel fit to burn —
but the Potter loves the clay, as He waits for it to turn.
Jesus, You went down to lift us — You were lowest of them all,
so the proud could be made humble, and the fallen be made whole.

Final Chorus

In a great house there are vessels, and You're calling me by name;
I was once a child of dishonor — Lord, You took away my shame.
Make me clean, make me holy, fit and ready for what is good —
You have purged me, You have prized me, You have bought me with Your blood.
to justify the unworthy, only You can —
make us vessels of honor, Lord; we are Yours; those of the lamb.

Outro

We are clay, and You are Potter — re-make us on the wheel...
...a vessel of honor.