

# Tears of the Saints

## Leeland

There are many prodigal sons  
On our city streets they run  
Searching for shelter  
There are homes broken down  
People's hopes have fallen to the ground  
From failures

This is an emergency!

There are tears from the saints  
For the lost and unsaved  
We're crying for them come back home  
We're crying for them come back home  
And all your children will stretch out their hands  
And pick up the crippled man  
Father, we will lead them home  
Father, we will lead them home

There are schools full of hatred  
Even churches have forsaken  
Love and mercy  
May we see this generation  
In it's state of desperation  
For Your glory

This is an emergency!

Sinner, reach out your hands!  
Children in Christ you stand!  
Sinner, reach out your hands!  
Children in Christ you stand!

And all Your children will stretch out their hands  
And pick up the crippled man  
Father, we will lead them home

Father, we will lead them home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>