

In Death We Rise

Tourniquet

Fear not, the grave has no power
For you will be with Me this hour
Through myriad eons of lost time
In sea of coal black sin
I was there - I am now
I have been there - I have been there
Through dark medieval ages, and biblical invasions
The lonely sea - tranquility
The still reflection stares at me
Is broken by the sullen tears of loss and grief
Or loss and grief
Come to Me, who are weary
And I will give you rest for your soul
My yoke and burden are light
To free you from your own plight
The sea of grace will separate your sin from Me
Your sin, your sin, from Me

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