

The Father's Bargain (feat. Zach Bolen)

Wolves At The Gate

"What kind of love is this, friends? What kind of love is that is so big, so without bounds, that He would come, He would want, He would want to do so much to rescue people who wanted nothing to do with Him? Who fought Him even when He came to cleave us from hell?

What kind of love is it that sees us in our filth, comes to rescue us, sees us resist that rescue, but continues to rescue us anyway? What foolishness is this? That He would come offer us rescue and we would say, "No!"

Why? What are we gaining by our resistance? Oh, how glorious He is, that He saw you like that and didn't give up!"Oh, now my Son,

Here is a company of miserable souls

Cold and undone,

Searing their conscience with hearts black as coals.

Here now they lie

Objects of justice, deserving of wrath.

Speak Your reply.

What shall be done for them? Draw out your path.No one can contain the power and depths
Of My abundant love.Father, I say, such is My love and my pity for all.

There is a way for no condemnation on men to befall.Whoa, such is my love and pity for all.

Whoa, no man can pay, I'll make a way.

Whoa, such is my love and pity for all.

Whoa, no man can pay, I'll make a way.No man can pay;

Utterly broke and poor to settle their debt.

Though all've gone their way,

I'll yield a way for their sins to forget.

Sins to forget.Bring in all their sins.

Lay it all on Me.

Bring in all their sins.

Lay it all on Me.Bring in all their sins.

Every last bill that they owe.

Lay it all on Me.

For what they reap I will sow.

Bring in all their sins.

Every last bill that they owe.

Lay it all on Me.The place these souls have found themselves
Is one of great distress.

For even all their righteousness is just a filthy mess.

O My Son, You must understand.

That if I show mercy,

You must reckon to pay

The last bit of My rage.

For justice reigns upon this throne;

Perfection without flaw.
How can the wicked find their peace
And still have broken every law?Let it be so,
Charge it on me.

For I can bear the weight of sin
So all would be free.Bring in all their sins.
Every last bill that they owe.
Lay it all on Me.

For what they reap I will sow.
Bring in all their sins.
Lay it all on Me.Bluish O man, let shame hide your face.
For one of infinite worth
Has left His throne for His death
Which proves for our salvation.Oh people hear my cries,
With all our lusts and all our lies.
When the truth's come face to face,
Did we earn such love and grace?
No we haven't earned a thing,
And there is nothing we can bring.
To settle this age old rift
And receive this perfect gift.If only you knew of the grace
And love that Our God has for all,
You'd turn and look into the face
Of Jesus the Savior Who calls.Oh people hear my cries,
With all our lusts and all our lies.
When the truth's come face to face,
Did we earn such love and grace?
Oh we couldn't earn a thing,
And there is nothing we can bring.
So receive this love and grace,
Believe His love and grace!

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