

Healed

Nichole Nordeman

We stutter and we stammer 'til You say us
A symphony of chaos 'til You play us
Phrases on the pages of unknown
'Til You read us into poetry and prose We are kept and we are captive 'til You free us
Vaguely unimagined 'til You dream us
Aimlessly unguided 'til You lead us home And by Your voice, we speak
And by Your strength, no longer weak
We are no longer weak And by Your wounds we are healed
And by Your wounds we are healed Passed over and passed by until You claim us
Orphaned and abandoned 'til You name us
Hidden and disclosed 'til You expose our hearts And by Your death we live
It is by Your gift that we might give
That we might give And by Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me what kind of love is this)
And by Your wounds we are healed What kind of love would take Your shame
And spill His blood for you
And save us by His wounds And by Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me what kind of love is this)
And by Your wounds we are healed (What kind of love)
And by Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me what kind of love is this)
And by Your wounds we are healed, healed

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