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 proseWe are kept and we are captive 'til You free us
Vaguely unimagined 'til You dream us
Aimlessly unguided 'til You lead us homeAnd by Your voice, we speak
And by Your strength, no longer weak
We are no longer weakAnd by Your wounds we are healed
And by Your wounds we are healedPassed over and passed by until You claim us
Orphaned and abandoned 'til You name us
Hidden and disclosed 'til You expose our heartsAnd by Your death we live
It is by Your gift that we might give
That we might giveAnd by Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me what kind of love is this)
And by Your wounds we are healedWhat kind of love would take Your shame
And spill His blood for you
And save us by His woundsAnd 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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