

# God Who Saves

## Caedmon's Call

There is life in the blood of the lamb who was slain  
There is power, there is power in His name  
There is love pouring out of the wounds that were made  
Pouring out, pouring over our shame So praise the God who saves  
Praise the God who bled  
Praise the God who was nailed to a tree  
And wore our sins upon His head There is truth in His body, raised that third day  
There is joy in a stone rolled away  
There is hope pouring out of the tomb where He lay  
Pouring out, pouring over the grave So praise the God who saves  
Praise the God who bled  
Praise the God who was nailed to a tree  
And wore our sins upon His head For He lives that we too might live  
And He loves that we might also love  
And know the glory of God above There is life in the blood of the lamb who was slain  
There is power, there is power in His name So praise the God who saves  
Praise the God who bled  
Praise the God who was nailed to a tree  
And wore our sins So praise the God who saves  
And praise the God who bled  
Praise the God who was nailed to a tree  
And wore our sins upon His head

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