The Problem of Pain

Attalus

Man:
The blood, the tears, the sweat; why does it feel so wrong
Disaster, pain and death; oh God, where have you gone
The world was in your hands, but you let it fall headlong
So either youâ€™re not good, or youâ€™re just not that strong

The problem of pain is a problem we all go through
It turns us away from all we once saw in you
Itâ€™s not just an intellectual question; itâ€™s the cry of a heart thatâ€™s breaking in two
Pain is the place where you fall from grace

God:
The blood, the tears, the sweat; I died to right your wrong
Disaster, pain and death; oh man, where have you gone
The world was falling fast; I cast myself headlong
To save your rebel souls; to prove my love is strong

The problem of pain is a problem I too went through
I shouldered your hell and emptied myself for you
Itâ€™s not just an intellectual question; itâ€™s the sound of a veil dividing in two
Pain is the place where I give you grace

Man:
The problem of pain is a bridge between God and men
In the shape of a cross it ushers us back to him
We donâ€™t need an intellectual answer; we just need more strength to reach the end
Pain is the place where healing awaitsâ€¦
Pain is the place where our hearts learn faith again.

Lyrics submitted by Attalus.

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