

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 you're not good, or you'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
It's not just an intellectual question; it's the cry of a heart that'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
It's not just an intellectual question; it'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 don't need an intellectual answer; we just need more strength to reach the end
Pain is the place where healing awaits
Pain is the place where our hearts learn faith again.

Lyrics submitted by Attalus.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>