

Wounded Hands

Gordon Mote

V1

With hopes and dreams, completely crumbled.
My life was built, on sinking sand.
Bound beneath, the weight of sorrow.
Til I was touched, by wounded hands.

Chorus:

Wounded hands, of the savior.
Gently took, this shattered heart.
And every broken piece was mended.
By the hands that held the scars.

V2

Darkness felt the cross of suffering.
Where grace would answer sins command.
My account completely settled.
The price was paid by wounded hands.

Lyrics submitted by Shane.

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