

# In Your Wake

Skiba, Matt

A selfish man, a wretch I do stand, just as you we are the same  
But how is it that justice follows in Your wake and grace remains?  
And grace remains? Your grace remains! Still grace remains! This is justice for my wickedness with your Son  
descending  
Onto this world bearing our sin  
We're helpless in need of Your grace  
This freedom is not in our hands  
Still Your grace remains It was not nails that kept You there on that tree  
It was not thorns that caused You your pain (fully)  
For it was my sin, it was Your burden  
It was my sin, it was Your love for me  
It was not nails that kept You there on that tree  
It was not thorns that caused You your pain (fully)  
For it was my sin, it was Your burden  
It was my sin, it was Your love for me Then at the cross You bore my sin  
And as You bled You thought of me  
And still these bones will cry  
Who am I that you would give Your life and die for me? Not just a myth and not just a story  
Becoming my sin and all for His glory  
Not just a martyr, not just a saint  
He's risen, alive  
Death had no restraint! Bride, arise! And lift up His holy name  
Oh yea bride, arise! And life up His name  
It was not nails that kept You there on that tree  
It was not thorns that caused You your pain (fully)  
For it was my sin, it was Your burden  
It was my sin, it was Your love for me Then at the cross You bore my sin  
And as You bled You thought of me  
And still these bones will cry  
Who am I that you would give Your life and die for me?

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