

Relief

Wolves At the Gate

All who are burdened and seeking respite
All of the hopeless, wretched, and desperate
All who are worn out and feeling oppressed
Come in and find your rest
We've seen your scars
As it has captured like
Like prison bars
Bitter and sharp it runs down
Runs down your skin
It doesn't ease it hides
Hides wounds within
We aren't deaf we've heard
We've heard your plight
As dark as night
In pain you've cried
That "hope has died"
I know that you're guarded, I've been there before
Sin is crouched at your door
Come find your rest
I've traded all of my sin I once counted worth
For healed wounds and rebirth
Come find your rest
Come in and trade your tears
All worry and ease your fears
Your burden is not unknown
Don't run friend you're not alone
For all confined come be set free
For all the blind that long to see
Come and receive the perfect relief
Come and believe He bore your grief
Rise up as the war has ceased
No bondage you have been released
Come all you weak and contrite
He'll strengthen and clothe you in white

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