

Majesty in Misery

Wolves At the Gate

Though all of us have gone our own way
Though all of us have left and gone astrayThe Savior restrained
The King He was chained
For a people of unclean lips with our hands blood stained
For the sake of His glory and love His power abstainedNo rebellious cries with only love in His eyes
He knew our sin meant His demise
And as He walked in such grace, in grief He fell on His face
In light of all that He would embraceDistressed
Until it was complete
Distressed till death had met defeatWhile never calling retreat or even signaled defeat
This work was not yet complete
Despite the pain that'd ensue, and of the torment He knew
His face was set to see it throughCast down by wicked plans
Tortured by our own hands
Despised, deformed, disgraced
Forgiving all He facedHe was distressed until it finished
The pain endured was not diminished
Until the vict'ry's sound and was won
"Not My will but Yours be done" He drank it all, the cup of God's wrath
He drank it down
To the end
He drank it down to the bitter endYou laid our wickedness on His head
For all we've done and all that we've said
He was crushed for our transgression
For He was pierced for all our sinsHow could Your death mean that I live?
When it's my life that brought You death?
Oh God I truly give
My beating heart and living breath

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