

# Majesty in Misery

## Wolves At the Gate

Though all of us have gone our own way  
Though all of us have left and gone astray  
The 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 abstained  
No 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 embrace  
Distressed  
Until it was complete  
Distressed till death had met defeat  
While 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 through  
Cast down by wicked plans  
Tortured by our own hands  
Despised, deformed, disgraced  
Forgiving all He faced  
He 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 end  
You 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 sins  
How 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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