

Digitalism

"The Suffering Servant"

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But how, oh few believe it, who will listen?
To whom will God reveal His saving power?
It was the will of the Lord that His servant
Should grow like a plant, taking root in dry ground

He had no beauty or majesty to make us notice Him
He wasn't attractive and nothing would draw us to Him
We ignored Him that He was nothing

He is the suffering servant, he is the son of God

It was our grief He bore
Our sorrows, that weighed Him down
And we thought His troubles
Were a punishment from God
But He was wounded and beaten for our sins
He was chastised that we might have peace
He was lashed, and we were healed

We are the ones
Who strayed away like sheep without shephard
We who left God's path to follow our own
God laid on Him guilt and sins of everyone of us

He was oppressed, and He was afflicted
He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter
But He opened not His mouth
He's the servant who is love
He's the servant who set us free
He is the suffering servant, the Son of God

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