

Nicholas Tse

"Healed"

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We stutter and we stammer till You say us
A symphony of chaos till You play us
Phrases on the pages of unknown
Till You read us into poetry and prose

We are kept and we are captive till You free us
Vaguely unimagined till You dream us
Aimlessly unguided till You lead us home
By Your voice, we speak
By Your strength, no longer weak
We are no longer weak

By Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me, what kind of love is this...)
By Your wounds we are healed

Passed over and passed by until You claim us
Orphaned and abandoned till You name us
Hidden and undisclosed till You expose our hearts
By Your death we live
It is by Your gift that we might give
That we might give

By Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me, what kind of love is this...)
By Your wounds we are healed

What kind of love would take your shame
And spill His blood for you
And save us by His wounds?

By Your wounds we are healed
(Tell me, what kind of love is this...)
By Your wounds we are healed
What kind of love is this?
(Tell me, what kind of love is this...)
(By Your wounds we are healed)
Tell me, what kind of love is this?

