

Overcome

"Travail"

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My hands are bloodied, my skin is calloused
I've labored and I've toiled
This yoke upon my neck, the restraints on my wrists
Were placed by my own hands
This stone I've carried, that I have burdened for
Was lifted from my arms

You have circumcised my heart
You have refused my bribery

What is offered cannot be procured
It is the free gift of God

For I have become like one who is unclean, in my travail
And all my righteous deeds are like filthy rags
And I will wither like the autumn leaf
My iniquities, like the wind, will cast me away

Come to me all ye weary and heavy laden
And I will give you rest
I'll give you rest

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