

Mortification

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Weeks of hideous pain struck me down.
Doctor gave me aspirin to ease the pain.
Soon a blood test revealed the brutal force,
I had been inflicted with the worst,
Leukaemia.

Chemotherapy began the process off.
Powerful but destructive drugs infused into my blood.
The only way out, but hideous pain,
Cry out to God in the night.
He blesses His children with sleep

But little did I know that the real pain was coming.
What is known as a bone marrow transplant, was my
only chance they said.
Chemotherapy was just a 1% chance.

But if I could find a donor with identicle stem cells,
I could have a 25 - 40% chance of cure, survival

78% of sufferers never find the donor.
But something intersting was there in my case.
God had given me my father's stem cells, perfect for
the transplant.

God doesn't work by percentages.

We trusted God with all our heart, my dad had skin
cancer.
Any remaining melanoma would surely have taken my
life.
The immense suffering of a bone marrow transplant
can not be put into words.
As I lay in my living nightmare
I cried out to God, Who is always there.

Two days had gone past the limit to produce the blood
for me
To survive
Doctors with empty faces entered the room to share
the devastating news.
I needed a second transplant or I would surely die.

We were told a 2nd transplant usually didn't work.
But was my only hope.

We needed a miracle from God.

We felt His power fill the room

Peace overcame fear
As we gave our control
To the Almighty

Astonishment, joy and disbelief was felt by family.
Medical staff and doctors were shocked with the
realization.
That the original stem cells had began to work.
God performed a miracle and the blood began its
count.

Soon the graft had taken I was on the road home.
As I was discharged we prayed that all would work.
Weeks of pain followed as my body fought to live.
The devastating pain was a real sick affair.
I forced myself on walks and to eat each day.
But the immense pain was more than I can say
Was more than I can say...

As I struggled to live on and fight the sickness war
We were told by doctors that the cancer were returned.
Two weeks I was given, but we had had enough.
We were ready to hand all
To God.

'No more treatment' I announced to the cancer doctors.
Standing there I was in God's hands.

Then suddenly one day a double seizure struck me
down.
Family gathered round to see my final hours.
Countless damage had racked my body leaving me
half dead

I couldn't walk, I couldn't see, my insides were badly
hurt.
It seemed it was the end for me.

Warrior upon warrior around our distant globe
Kept the vital fight of prayers of power that can't be
stopped
And as the folks cried out to God He heard them and I
live to stand for Him
A lot more special days

God has given me peace and comfort all along.
As I have cried out to His grace
The joy is overwhelming.
He has the power to heal.
He has the power to save,
As we trust in His mercy
we know that we are safe

I know that I am healed!

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