

## **Nichole Nordeman**

### **"Healed"**

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

We are kept and we are captive 'til You free us  
Vaguely unimagined 'til You dream us  
Aimlessly unguided 'til You lead us home

And by Your voice, we speak  
And by Your strength, no longer weak  
We are no longer weak

And by Your wounds we are healed  
And by Your wounds we are healed

Passed over and passed by until You claim us  
Orphaned and abandoned 'til You name us  
Hidden and disclosed 'til You expose our hearts

And by Your death we live  
It is by Your gift that we might give  
That we might give

And by Your wounds we are healed  
(Tell me what kind of love is this)  
And 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

And by Your wounds we are healed  
(Tell me what kind of love is this)  
And by Your wounds we are healed

(What kind of love)  
And by Your wounds we are healed  
(Tell me what kind of love is this)  
And by Your wounds we are healed, healed

