

## **Anita Jarrell-Robertson**

### **"Even Me"**

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Here are my wounds and

Here are my fractures.

I lay them down at

The Cross.

For You were wounded

For my transgressions.

Your blood was shed for

My loss.

So I pour my soul out

To You

And You pour Your soul out

To me.

The exchange at the Cross,

I believe

Is mighty to save, even me.

You are mighty to save, even me.

Sometimes my pain is

Greater than I can

Fathom or even express.

Please hear my heart cry.

Save and deliver

Me from myself.

Give me rest.

So I pour my soul out

To You

And You pour Your soul out

To me.

The exchange at the Cross,

I believe

Is mighty to save, even me.

You are mighty to save, even me.

You will pour water

On the soul who is thirsty,

Flood upon

The dry ground

And Youâ€™ll pour Your Spirit

On the seed of the righteous.

Your blessings are flowing now.

So I pour my soul out

To You

And You pour Your soul out

To me.

The exchange at the Cross,

I believe

Is mighty to save, even me.

You are mighty to save, even me.

Here are my wounds and

Here are my fractures.  
I see them healed at  
The Cross.  
For You were wounded  
For my transgressions.  
Your blood was shed for  
My loss.  
So I pour my soul out  
To You  
And You pour Your soul out  
To me.  
The exchange at the Cross,  
I believe  
Is mighty to save, even me.  
You are mighty to save, even me.

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