

Andrew Peterson

"Deliver Us"

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Our enemy, our captor is no pharaoh on the Nile
Our toil is neither mud nor brick nor sand
Our ankles bear no calluses from chains, yet Lord,
we're bound
Imprisoned here, we dwell in our own land

Deliver us, deliver us
Oh Yahweh, hear our cry
And gather us beneath your wings tonight

Our sins they are more numerous than all the lambs we
slay

These shackles they were made with our own hands
Our toil is our atonement and our freedom yours to
give
So Yahweh, break your silence if you can

Chorus

'Jerusalem, Jerusalem
How often I have longed
To gather you beneath my gentle wings'

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