

## Deliver Us

Andrew Peterson

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'