

A Violent Grace

Michael Card

A mural of memories moves by in a blur
His prayers all seem unanswered and unheard
His pleading petitions, his loud cries and tears
A last reprieve will simply not appear

So ruthless He loves us, So reckless His embrace
To show relentless kindness to a hardened human race
The joy that was before Him
On the Man of Sorrow's face
And by His blood He bought a violent grace

Most willing of victims, And with His final breath
Destroyed the one who holds the power of death
The hate heaped upon Him, scorning all the shame
But all for love He died and overcame

In all of time no one had ever heard
And to the world the thought seemed so absurd
Beyond their wildest dreams no one could ever tell
Of a high priest who would sacrifice Himself

And by His blood He bought a violent grace
A violent grace