

He Holds The Keys

Steve Green

Death rides blackened clouds across the sky
The Son of man lays down to die
With every pounding blow upon the nail
Thunder rumbles all through hell
And from death's barren womb the captives cry
Who is there to free us should He die

His grave becomes a door, He enters in
To face the author of all sin
Defying death and the grave He takes their keys
And with them every captive frees
And from death's barren womb the captives cry
Arise for our redemption draweth nigh

For He holds the keys
He holds the keys
And though we've been held captive
At long last we are free
For He holds the keys

Against the gates of hell I now resist
For the shackles that had torn my wrists
Lay before me now upon the ground
To sin I am no longer bound
For from death's barren womb
He heard my cry
And loosed the chains that bound me to a lie

For He holds the keys
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And though we've been held captive
At long last we are free
For He holds the keys

And to all the things that have kept you away
That keep you defeated day after day after day
The heartache that nobody sees
That eats at your soul like a cruel disease
He who set the captives free
It is He, it is He who holds your keys

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