

Carry the Wounded

Tourniquet

We all have known someone
Whose life has come undone
But be careful lest you fall
For help you will call.
The Word was my desire
To calm the raging fire
Within me burning
And solace I did find
My wounds he did bind.

The trials were sent in love
To make me rise above
And like the prodigal son
Thy will be done.

It's been some years I fear
Since I to Him drew near
I feel no pain inside.

The trials were sent in love
To make me rise above
And like the prodigal son
Thy will be done.

Will I ever feel Your love again
And is this empty heart something You'll mend
Carry the wounded
Can my mind and will on you depend
Or will I fade into oblivion
Carry the wounded, carry the wounded
You are the lost sheep I long to find
My love for you the unconditional kind
Carry the wounded
The plans I have for you are not to harm
But you must listen, this is your alarm.