

## In Death We Rise

Tourniquet

Fear not, the grave has no power  
For you will be with Me this hour  
Through myriad eons of lost time  
In sea of coal black sin  
I was there - I am now -  
I have been there - I have been there

Through dark medieval ages, and biblical invasions  
The lonely sea - tranquility  
The still reflection stares at me  
Is broken by the sullen tears of loss and grief  
Of loss and grief

Come to Me, all who are weary  
And I will give you rest for you soul  
My yoke and burden are light  
To free you from your own plight  
The sea of grace will separate your sin from Me  
Your sin, your sin, from Me...