

Majesty In Misery

Wolves At The Gate

Thoughts all of us have gone our own way.
Thoughts all of us have left and gone astray.
Left and gone astray.

The Savior restrained.
The King He was chained.
For a people of unclean lips
With our hands blood stained.
For the sake of His glory and love His power abstained

No rebellious cries with only love in His eyes.
He knew our sin meant His demise.
And as he walked in such grace,
In grief He fell on His face.
In light of all that He would embrace.

Distressed.
Until it was complete.
Distressed.
Till death had met defeat.

While never calling retreat
Or even signaled defeat
This work was not yet complete.
Despite the pain that'd ensue,
And of the torment He knew.
His face was set to see it through.
(Set to see it through)

The Savior restrained.
The King He was chained.
For a people of unclean lips
With our hands blood stained.
The Savior restrained.
The King He was chained.
For the sake of His glory and love.

Though all of us have gone our own way.
Though all of us have left and gone astray.

Cast down by wicked plans.
Tortured by our own hands.
Despised, deformed, disgraced.
Forgiving all He faced.

He was distressed until it finished.
The pain endured was not diminished.
Until the victory sound and was won.