

Preparing for Worship

Lyrics

8.15.10

Death in his Grave

Dry Bones	Beautiful Things	Though the Earth Cried out for blood	Help My Unbelief	Overcome	My God, My Father
my soul cries out my soul cries out for you	All this pain I wonder if I'll ever find my way I wonder if my life could really change at all	Satisfied her hunger was Her billows calmed on raging seas for the souls on men she craved	I know the Lord is nigh, And would but cannot pray, For Satan meets me when I try, And frights my soul away. And frights my soul away.	Seated above, enthroned in the Father's love Destined to die, poured out for all mankind God's only son perfect and spotless one	My God, my Father! while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, Oh! teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!
these bones cry out these dry bones cry for you to live and move only You can raise the dead lift my head up	All this earth Could all that is lost ever be found Could a garden come up from this ground at all	Sun and moon from balcony Turned their head in disbelief Their precious Love would taste the sting disfigured and disdained	I would but can't repent, Though I endeavor oft; This stony heart can ne'er relent Till Jesus makes it soft. Till Jesus make it soft.	He never sinned, but suffered as if he did	Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me "be still," and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, Thy will be done!
Jesus, You're the one who saves us Constantly creates us into something new	You make beautiful things You make beautiful things out of the dust You make beautiful things You make beautiful things out of us	On Friday a thief On Sunday a King Laid down in grief But awoke with keys Of Hell on that day The first born of the slain The Man Jesus Christ Laid death in his grave	Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief. Help my unbelief.	All authority, every victo-ry is Yours All authority, every victory is Yours	But if my fainting heart be blessed With the Holy Spirit for its guest, My God! to Thee I leave the rest-- Thy will be done!
Jesus You're the one who finds us Surely our Messiah will make all things new	All around Hope is springing up from this old ground Out of chaos life is being found in You	The Man Jesus Christ Laid death in his grave	My help must come from Thee. I would but cannot love, Though wooed by love divine; No arguments have power to move A soul as base as mine. A soul so base as mine.	Savior, worthy of honor and glory, worthy of all our praise, You overcame Jesus, awesome in power forever, awesome and great is Your name, You overcame	Thee I leave the rest-- Thy will be done!
	You make me new, You are making me new	So three days in darkness slept The Morning Sun of righteousness But rose to shame the throes of death And over turn his rule Now daughters and the sons of men Would pay not their dues again The debt of blood they owed was rent When the day rolled a new	I would but cannot rest, In God's most holy will; I know what He appoints is best, And murmur at it still. I murmur at it still.	Power in hand speaking the Father's plan You're sending us out, light in this broken land	If Thou should call me to resign What most I prize, never was mine; I only yield Thee what is Thine; Thy will be done!
		He has cheated Hell and seated Us above the fall In desperate places He paid our wages One time once and for all		We will overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony, everyone overcome	

If you have any questions or comments, please email me at
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