

Faithful Wounds

Cory Asbury

God I'm wrestling with the waiting again, again
My impatience, a disease, in this cage for mice and men
They say "Boy you better keep running" but this pace I can't sustain
My head knows to trust You but the heart of me is slain

Faithful are the wounds of a Friend
Faithful, Lord, the dealings of Your hand
The troubles and the trials like the gold refined in fire
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend

God these questions, they just won't leave me alone, alone, alone
Will this crushing ever end or is this ache now my home?
Am I a prisoner of hope or just the warden of my pain?
My head knows to trust You but the heart of me is slain

Faithful are the wounds of a Friend
Faithful, Lord, the dealings of Your hand
The troubles and the trials like the gold refined in fire
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend

And faithful are the wounds of a Friend
Faithful like the tides pulled by Your hand
I've learned to kiss the waves that push my soul into the caves
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend