

# A Violent Grace

Michael Card

A mural of memories moves by in a blur  
His prayers all seem unanswered and unheard  
His pleading petitions, his loud cries and tears  
A last reprieve will simply not appear

So ruthless, He loves us, So reckless His embrace  
To show relentless kindness, To a hardened human race  
The joy that was before Him  
On the Man of Sorrows face  
And by His blood He bought a violent grace

Most willing of victims, And with His final breath  
Destroyed the one who holds the power of death  
The hate heaped upon Him, scorning all the shame  
But all for love He died and overcame

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In all of time no one had ever heard  
And to the world the thought seemed so absurd  
Beyond their wildest dreams no one could ever tell  
Of a high priest who would sacrifice Himself

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And by His blood He bought a violent grace 2x