

Know Death; Know Forever

Phinehas

I had to be broken
To be pieced back together
I had to know death to know forever
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To be pieced back together
I had to know death to know forever

An angel hiding in the heart of a stone
And the sculptors patient means
Cutting through rubble to the bone
To cover her into being the unsung and lonely orphan
And the namer of names
A refuge and Father given
Granting title, will, and claim
Broken; pieced back together
Know death; know forever!

When sorrows rise
The thorns in my side make me alive
I wear my scars like a crown
I had to be lost to be found
When sorrows rise
The thorns in my side make me alive
I wear my scars like a crown
I had to be lost to be found

Oh, captive wearer of chains
And the holder of keys
Deliver ankles and wrists from pain
To abound as eternally free
Broken to be pieced back together
I had to know death to know forever

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Broken before the maker
All death will know forever
Will know forever
I wear my scars like a crown
I had to be lost to be found
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