

Lowly

Wolves At The Gate

Prisoned am I to this shell of the dust
It speaks of only fiction that I could never trust
Captured alive in this sinful estate
Vexed am I to see I do the things that I hate
Rip out the framework leave no stone unturned
Until my heart forgets all that my flesh ever learned
Tear down the structure till nothing is left
God deliver me from this body of death

O wretched man, wretched man that I am
Lowly man, who can save such a wretch that I am?
Who can save such a man?
O wretched man, wretched man that I am
Lowly man, who can save such a wretch that I am?
Who can save such a man?

In light of this truth: "There is no good in me"
It causes all my soul to long for liberty
Be freed from my lies of death, spared from the shame
No more this sinner's breath forsaking your name

I will be free
I will be free
I will, I will be free

Freed from my lies of death, spared from the shame
No more this sinner's breath forsaking your name

Woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah

O blessed man, blessed man that I am
Lowly man! You have saved such a wretch that I am
Blessed man that I am, lowly man!
You have saved such a man!