

WHERE THE CHAINS OF SIN DON'T BIND

**I grow so weary of this life,
This Flesh of Sin, this War of Strife.
My own prison alone I devised,
For the sins and the curse they are mine.**

**Death's darkness and Sin over-shadow me.
Good works and my tears can't erase,
All the evil I have done in my life,
Nor remedy my Disgrace.**

**Oh, where shall I go for Rest?
Where may I Just Solace find?
This earth it seems has no place,
Where the Chains of Sin don't bind.**

**All 'round me the Word of Truth
Is twisted and thus made to sway
Build a "church" to satisfy men's bellies,
And lead straight to hell, in their way.**

**I cry out for someone to save me,
From such wickedness, me to preserve.
To sanctify and wholly keep me,
My sinful flesh no more to serve.**

**Oh where shall I find such Rest?
Where may I Just Solace find?
This earth it seems has no place,
Where the Chains of Sin don't bind.**

**So weary in my despair, I groan
And then to my knees down I fall
In repentance and called by God's Grace Alone,
In Faith at Christ's Cross, I leave All.**