

Holy Land of the Broken Heart

Words & music by Michael Kelly Blanchard

from the CD - Mercy in the Maze

Jesus, in this life of mine, more and more Your grace I find
In the kingdoms I decline... in the battles lost.

All that I would hold on to... hide away and keep from you
Fade like diamonds made of dew... underneath Your cross.

All the useless ways of my will, claiming peace while peaceless still...
all the dreams so unfulfilled, bitter empty air.

Hollow brag... ambition's boast, haunt the heart like tired ghosts...
leave their lessons and their yokes, and their cold despair.

Chorus:

**JESUS, LORD OF ALL I AM, HOLD ME WITH YOUR WOUNDED HANDS.
KEEP ME IN THE HOLY LAND, OF THE BROKEN HEART.**

Victory's an empty word, success simply seems absurd
When compared with You my Lord, and Your hope that heals.

No conditions but the truth, all the shackled shame let loose.
Forgiveness is the living proof... that Your love is real.

Oh the eyes of human kind, show the pain that numbs the mind,
search the sorrow for a sign of mercy in the maze.

Then there in tears of our sin confessed, wrapped in humble blessedness,
Lord You live the honoured guest, of your people's praise.

Repeat Chorus:

And when my dance of days is through, when my oldest hour seems brand new,
when all desires are for You... may my story be.

That my treasures weren't of gold, that my pride lost all its control...
to You, oh lover of my soul... Jesus all to Thee.

Repeat Chorus:

http://www.michaelkellyblanchard.com/writings/lyrics_mercy.htm