

## Faithful Wounds

Cory Asbury

God I'm wrestling with the waiting again, again  
My impatience, a disease, in this cage for mice and men  
They say "Boy you better keep running" but this pace I can't sustain  
My head knows to trust You but the heart of me is slain

Faithful are the wounds of a Friend  
Faithful, Lord, the dealings of Your hand  
The troubles and the trials like the gold refined in fire  
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend

God these questions, they just won't leave me alone, alone, alone  
Will this crushing ever end or is this ache now my home?  
Am I a prisoner of hope or just the warden of my pain?  
My head knows to trust You but the heart of me is slain

Faithful are the wounds of a Friend  
Faithful, Lord, the dealings of Your hand  
The troubles and the trials like the gold refined in fire  
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend

And faithful are the wounds of a Friend  
Faithful like the tides pulled by Your hand  
I've learned to kiss the waves that push my soul into the caves  
Faithful are the wounds of a Friend