

# The Land of the Living



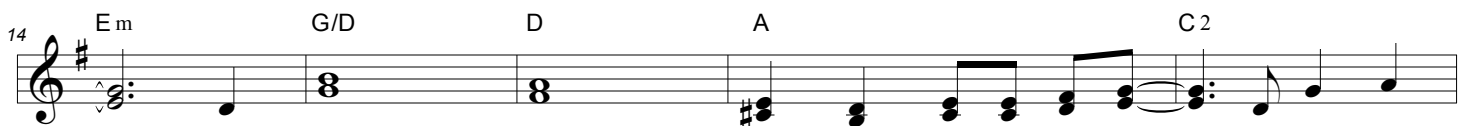
1. I was sink-ing down in the cold ground of death I was slip - ping.  
2. Death is a cruel judge: there's no re - lease and no more for - give - ness.  
3. Tan - gled in de - ceit, my spir - it weak, from fight - ing the fet - ters.



You lift - ed me out; your hand of love reached down and re - deemed me.  
There can be no praise from the grave. God, save me, save me!  
God bent down to me, God heard my plea, and God has de - liv - ered.



You have dried my eyes from cry - - ing. You have kept my feet  
Save me from this si - lence and sor - - - row. Save me, O my God  
How can I re - pay your kind - ness? You have pit - ied, saved,



— from slip - - - ping. You have giv - en me days to sing your  
— for your glo - - - ry. Show your grace a - gain, my lips will  
— re - newed me. All the days that you give me I will



praise and walk your ways in the land of the liv - - - ing.  
praise you with - out end in the land of the liv - - - ing.  
fill with songs of praise in the land of the liv - - - ing.