dm gm

I am like Jerusalem…

 C dm – am – dm

 A city with no walls and burnt stones

dm C

I am like Jerusalem…

 Gm dm – am – dm

 Ashes and rubble and broken bones

A dm A dm – am – dm

Hurts prevail, passion dies… I lift my eyes to darkened skies

 F#M bm F#M bm C A

 Hope lays down and despair stands up. I am drinking from the wrong cup.

 D G

Here is this valley of dry bones

 D G

 Here is a grave wherein lies the burnt stones…

 D G D G - em C - am

Can these bones live… can these stones give Him a house… give Him a home?
 am dm

 Where does hope dwell?

 G am

 In the marrow and clay,

am dm E am

Where does faith live? in darkness of Christ’s own grave.

 3/3 3/2 3/3 3/2 E A

*We choose His death, we embrace His grave, and this hope with maketh us not ashamed.*