

# The War

Brooks Ritter and Neil Robins

**Dm**

The world a desert burns my soul  
I swelter in the heat  
It forces wearies fists to fall

**F G F-Dm**

To beg for some relief

Dip your finger, cool my tongue  
A drop to quench my grief  
Grant this stray to have the crumbs  
Fallen at Your feet

## Chorus

**G/D**

Though the scars of my sin run deep

**Dm**

There washed in the flood brought from Calvary

**G/D**

Remind me oh Lord in my hour of need

**C G F-Dm**

The war won the redeemed

My enemies that curse Your name  
Have hands around my throat  
Speak fire to the wicked men  
That they too may turn with hope

When still the strong of Satan's words  
Breaths death and hopes do flee  
Hear my plea my boast alone  
The cross of victory

