

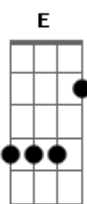
# Grupo Logos - José de Arimatéia

Tom: G

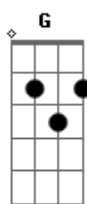
Senhor, teu corpo tão machucado moido e desfigurado  
 Que dolorosa e triste visão  
 Teu sangue correndo por entre os dedos coagulando em segredos  
 E ainda se vais pelo chão  
 Quero te perfumar, e em linho te enrolar, e te encerrar na rocha tosca prisão  
 E então poder parar, e em tudo meditar no

meu coração  
 Senhor que grande amor é o teu na morte que se abateu como pior deste mundo  
 Em dores como o profeta escreveu, aflito, ferido de Deus em sofrimento profundo  
 Sê propício a mim, eu pecador ruim e nem mereço o teu perdão  
 Mas tua graça excede e amando me concede a salvação  
 Senhor que grande amor.....

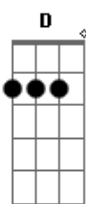
## Acordes



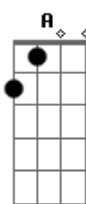
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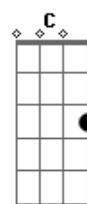
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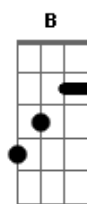
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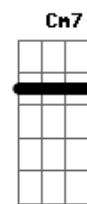
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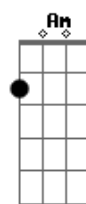
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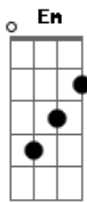
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