

The Cross

I see You hanging there
Nailed to a splintered wooden beam
Drinking pain and sorrows, breathing agony
And in those dark, dark hours
As life drained from Your flesh and bones
I know my life had its beginning at Your cross
And I thank You

*For the cross where You bled
For the cross where You died
For the cross where You've broken Satan's back
For the cross where You won
For the cross of victory
For the cross where You paid the price for me*

You were my substitute
In laying down Your life for mine
Being cursed and bearing God's wrath for me
You were crushed by my sin
Your punishment has brought me peace
And by the wounds You suffered I'm alive and healed
And I thank You

Two days in the grave
Then You rose up from the dead
Now You reign in glory, rule in righteousness
And I was raised up with You
Free at last from all my sin
Safe forever in the home of my King
And I thank You

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