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What do I think of when I think about the cross where You died
What do I think of when I think about the sword in Your side
What do I think of when I think about the last words You cried
What do I think of when I think about the nails in Your hands
What do I think of when I think about Your blood in the sand
What do I think of when I think about it, I don't understand
I think about love
I think about grace
I think about You standing in my place
And I'm amazed
What do I think of when I think about the scorns from the crowd
What do I think of when I think about them cursing out loud
I think of how their knees will one day bow
What do I think of when I think about You coming back down
What do I think of when I think about me wearing that crown
What do I think of when I think about that trumpet sound
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