

Nothing But The Blood

Jars of Clay

What can wash away my sin
What can make me whole again
For my pardon this I see
For my cleansing this my plea

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus

Nothing can for sin atone
Not of good that I have done
This is all my hope and peace
This is all my righteousness

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
And no other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus

Now by this I'll overcome
Now by this I'll reach my home
Glory, glory, this I see
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus