

Death In His Grave

John Mark McMillan

Though the earth cried out for blood
satisfied her hunger was
Billows calmed on raging seas
for the souls of men she craved

Sun and moon from balcony
turned their head in disbelief
Their precious love would taste the sting
disfigured and disdained

On friday a thief
on sunday a King
Laid down in grief
but woke with the keys
of hell on that day
The first born of the slain
the man Jesus Christ
laid death in his grave

So three days in darkness slept
the morning sun of righteousness
but rose to shame the throws of death
and overturn his rule

Now daughters and the sons of men
would pay not their dues again
The debt of blood they owned was rent
when the day rolled anew

On friday a thief
on sunday a King
Laid down in grief
but woke with the keys
of hell on that day
The first born of the slain
the man Jesus Christ
laid death in his grave

He has cheated hell
and seated us above the fall
in desperate places
He paid our wages
one time once and for all