

## Sins Are Stones

John Mark McMillan

All our sins are stones  
At the bottom of your oceans  
And all our filthy stains  
Have been washed away

By the blood of a son  
I have overcome the grave  
By the blood of a son  
I have overcome the grave

The grave  
Recompense is made for  
The guilty and the shamed  
For eternity is gained

In the arms of the slain  
By the blood of a son  
I have overcome the grave  
By the blood of a son

I have overcome the grave  
The grave  
Oh my soul  
Praise him

Oh my soul  
By the blood of a son  
I have overcome the grave  
By the blood of a son

I have overcome the grave  
The grave  
Oh my soul  
Praise him

Oh my soul