

Marks Of The Cross

Petra

These days shallow and feeble resolve abound
And true devotion and passionate fervor are seldom found
But there are those who often feel they're all alone
Those of whose identities are known
By the mark of the crucified Son

Praying, caring, loving, sharing
These are the marks of the cross, ohh
Giving, bearing, feeling, daring
To lay down your life on the line
Forgetting what you leave behind
And willing to suffer the loss
Of the marks of the cross

These days the search for detachment and solitude
Lead to retreating to fortresses no one would dare intrude
Then there are those whose restless burdens start to show
Those who unmistakably must know
There's no crown 'til we suffer the cross

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These are the marks of the cross, ohh
Giving, bearing, feeling, daring
To lay down your life on the line
Forgetting what you leave behind
And willing to suffer the loss
Of the marks of the cross

All our identity rest in the knowledge
Of who we're created to be
We are His workmanship, made in His image
For all of creation to see
The marks of His pain and His glory

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And the marks of the cross
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