

The Cross

Phatfish

I see you hanging there,
Nailed to a splintered wooden beam,
Drinking pain and sorrows,
Breathing agony.
And in those dark, dark hours,
As life drained from Your flesh and bones,
I know my life had its beginning at Your cross.
And I thank You, thank You:

For the cross, where You bled,
For the cross, where You died,
For the cross,
Where You've broken satan's back.
For the cross, where You won,
For the cross of victory,
For the cross,
Where You paid the price for me.

You were my substitute
In laying down Your life for mine,
Being cursed and bearing
The wrath of God for me.
You were crushed by sin,
Your punishment has brought me peace,
And by the wounds You suffered
I'm alive and healed.
And I thank You, thank You:

Two days in the grave,
Then You rose up from the dead -
Now You reign in glory,
Rule in righteousness.
And I was raised with You,
Free at last from all my sin,
Safe forever in the shelter of my King.
And I thank You, thank You: