

A Child was born on Christmas Day  
Born to save the world  
But long before the world began  
He knew His death was sure  
The pain and strife secured

Mystery, how He came to be a man  
But greater still  
How His death was in His plan  
God predestined that His Son would die  
And He still created man  
Oh, what love is this  
That His death was in His hands

The Christmas trees, they glow so bright  
With presents all around  
But Christmas brought a tree of life  
With blood that sacrificed  
The greatest gift in life

Mystery, how He came to be a man  
But greater still  
How His death was in His plan  
God predestined that His Son would die  
And He still created man  
Oh, what love is this  
That His death was in His hands

I am just a man and can't begin to comprehend  
When You look into these traitor's eyes,  
What do You see that justifies the Lamb

God predestined that His Son would die  
And He still created man  
Oh, what love is this  
That His death was in His hands  
Mystery, mystery