

Taken in the night from a prayer with his father  
He didn't even fight, no didn't even bother  
Betrayed and denied by the ones He loved  
But He knew this was the reason He was sent from above  
He was the King, The Christ, the Spotless Lamb  
But in our eyes He was nothing but a sham  
His love, the drive -- His life, the price  
To become the sinner's sacrifice Beaten and whipped, garments s  
tained  
blood red  
Had a crown of thorns pressed upon his head  
And the people all laughed as they mocked his name  
But all that could be heard were his screams of pain  
Brought before Pilate to recieve his sentence  
And to think this was all for my repentance  
Pilate pointed to the people, "Let them decide!"  
And we all screamed, "We want him crusified!"  
Tree on his back as he marched from the city  
They yelle, they spat, the sight wasn't pretty  
Led to the hill where His death He'd meet  
Then they drove the nails into His hand and feet  
Suffocating deat was now all he felt  
While in the crowd some wept and knelt  
It's our sin that this man dies  
Jesus took a deep breath, and closed his eyes...