

# Blood On My Hands

Todd Agnew

Each crack of that whip was for my mistakes  
Blood is on my hands  
Each stumble up that hill was my step to take  
Blood is on my hands

And how do I say thanks for this?

In the cross, in the cross  
Be my glory ever  
Until my ransomed soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river

Each tear that flowed was by my sorrow sown  
Blood is on my hands  
Each drop that was spilled, my debt fulfilled  
His blood is on my hands

How can I say thanks for this?

In the cross, in the cross  
Be my glory ever  
Until my ransomed soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river

Jesus keep me near the cross  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all, a healing stream  
Flows from Calvary's mountain

In the cross, in the cross  
Be my glory ever  
Until my ransomed soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river