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 handsAnd 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 riverEach 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 handsHow 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 riverJesus keep me near the cross
There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountainIn the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever
Until my ransomed soul shall find
Rest beyond the river

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