

Passion

Kutless

Within my mind's eye
Flickering from the past
Come images that terrify and calm
A paradox in me Nail pierced hands they run with blood
A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain
Yet it's comforting to me He chose to give it all
Jesus endured the pain
Paying a debt I owed and created
A paradox in me Nail pierced hands they run with blood
A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain
Yet it's comforting to me And in my heart I know that You're the only one
Who could of came and died, a sacrifice
As your God's only son Nail pierced hands they run with blood
A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain
Yet it's comforting to me Nail pierced hands they run with blood
A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain
Yet it's comforting to me

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