

King's Ransom

Petra

It's such a paradox
It's such a mystery
Why a King would leave His throne
To save humanity
They could not have known
When they mocked Him in disgrace
They could not have known
When they spit upon His face
The Rose of Sharon wore a crown of thorns that day
The carpenter had a nail right through His hand
The Master of the earth became a servant of no worth
And paid a King's ransom for my soul
He paid a King's ransom for my soul
Creator of the earth
Name above all names
Some just stood in unbelief
When listening to His claims
They could not have known
When they hit Him with their fists
They could not have known
When they nailed His feet and wrists
The ransom that He paid
Was the sacrifice He made
The life of a King in place of me
The shame that He bore
For the rich and for the poor
Changed His crown of thorns into Glory

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