

Child of God

Octappella

Child of God Your life laid down, crucified.

 Your arms stretched out and open wide.

To rescue me so I can be a child of God. From nail pierced hands and thorn pierced brow
 Your blood flows down to me somehow.

It cleanses me so I can be a child of God. Praise to the lamb that was slain

Praise to the Father who gave His son away The proof of love, the price of grace
 You traded all to take my place

And died for me so I can be a child of God Praise to the lamb that was slain
 Praise to the Father who gave His son away

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