

Crown of Thorns

For Today

We crown him with the crown of thorns. This is the end of a life that's been poured out for all mankind.

In suffering, manifest glory has come at the fullness of time.

King of kings, beaten and broken down,

Why would He live like a servant?

King of kings, descending lower now.

Why should He die like a slave? The proud will be humbled, the meek will inherit the earth.

The last will be first do inherit the earth.

I know down is the way up, so master, show me how to serve.

The last will be first do inherit the earth. It should have been me

With the nails through my hand and feet,

Facing the wrath of God.

It should have been me,

Left to pay for my sin, forsaken.

But in the blood, I stand here. Born to die,

He bore the fire of God's holy wrath on his shoulders.

Born to die,

I watched him pour out his life as a ransom for all. And as he carried his cross on his back, beaten and bloody, I saw myself there, too; because I've been broken by a world that hates me.

But I'm not alone anymore.

No one could take his life - he laid it down for me.

That twisted wreath of thorns, he took that crown for me; then after three days, out of the ground for me, he overcame it all!

Now I live to serve him. With stripes on his back, betrayed by the ones that he'd loved so perfectly, we spit in his face and we crowned him... We crown him with the crown of thorns

Songwriters

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