Child of God

Tim Timmons

Child of GodYour 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 awayThe 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 GodPraise to the lamb that was slain
Praise to the Father who gave His son away

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