At The Cross

Pocket Full Of Rocks

Dark was the stain of my sin
Evermore guilty within
Searching for rescue when none could be found
Until from that hill I heard the sound
Until from that hill I heard the soundAt the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally freeAt the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the crossOh, what a glorious plan
God reaching down to fallen men
To all of us broken, lost and undone
Here now as heaven bids us come
Here now as heaven bids us comeAt the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally freeAt the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the crossA way seems truly yours hold and touch me
And grace of [Incomprehensible] cradled and sing [Incomprehensible]
A way seems truly yours hold and touch, warm embrace
Is greater than my sinAt the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally freeAt the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the cross, at the crossAt the cross, at the cross
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At the cross, at the cross

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