

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 sound At the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally free At the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the cross Oh, 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 come At the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally free At the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the cross A 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 sin At the cross, at the cross
Where there's room for me
At the cross, at the cross
I am finally free At the cross, at the cross
Burdens thrown away
At the cross, at the cross At the cross, at the cross
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At the cross, at the cross
At the cross, at the cross

Songwriters

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