

My Beautiful Robe

Skillet

I want pleasure in your sight
And I want to subscribe to your delight
So hold on and see what I do for you
Oh by the way, did you see me dressed in my, my beautiful robe?
My head was bleeding so red
But of all the thorns in my crown, the roses blend instead
With my beautiful robe carries on, I'll carry on
I cut down a tree, said, "Man, would you look at me
I stuck my head in a thorn bush, man, I was deceived"
Oh my brother, your hands are full of sores
But God bless you brother, my nails are longer than yours
I was crucified with Christ but how come I'm not dead?
God gave me a cross but I made my own instead
My beautiful cross carries on, I'll carry on
I cut down a tree, I nailed myself to the wood
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I screamed in agony
'Cause the glory wasn't so good
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I fell to my knees and I remember
The words of god pierced so hard, "Your righteousness is like filthy rags
And I fell to my knees and said, "God, my filthy robe
My filthy robe, my filthy robe, my filthy robe"
I cut down a tree and I nailed myself to the wood
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I screamed in agony
'Cause the glory wasn't so good
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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