Scorn

Ultimatum

Acidic words and words of hate
"Can't save himself, what a waste!"
Salt of scorn on open wounds hurled at Christ before the tomb.
Verbal stones increase the pain, words pound the nails deep in his veins.
What kind of person would mock the man on his death bed, blood stained hands.
Forgiving words and words of life.
Paint on the canvas of sacrifice.
A prayer of forgiveness he said for me,
while his blood spilled out to set us free.
Broke his body, couldn't kill his soul.
"Into you hands I let my spirit go."
Three days later he rose again.
Christ resurrected from the dead!
Mocked Whipped Scorn Death
Solo-Robert
In his pain no anger did he vent.
This is why he came, why he was sent,
to give his life on Calvary to save a little wretch like me.
Broke his body, couldn't kill his soul.
"Into you hands I let my spirit go."
Three days later he rose again.
Christ resurrected from the dead!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/