

# Passion

## Kutless

Within my mind's eye  
Flickering from the past  
Come images that terrify and calm  
A paradox in meNail pierced hands they run with blood  
A splitting brow forced by the thorns  
His face is writhing with the pain  
Yet it's comforting to meHe chose to give it all  
Jesus endured the pain  
Paying a debt I owed and created  
A paradox in meNail pierced hands they run with blood  
A splitting brow forced by the thorns  
His face is writhing with the pain  
Yet it's comforting to meAnd in my heart I know that You're the only one  
Who could of came and died, a sacrifice  
As your God's only sonNail pierced hands they run with blood  
A splitting brow forced by the thorns  
His face is writhing with the pain  
Yet it's comforting to meNail pierced hands they run with blood  
A splitting brow forced by the thorns  
His face is writhing with the pain  
Yet it's comforting to me

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