

Death in His Grave

Audrey Assad

Though the earth cried out for blood
Satisfied her hunger was
Her billows calmed on raging seas
For the souls of men she craved Sun and moon from balcony
They turned their head in disbelief
Their precious love would taste the sting
Disfigured and disdained On Friday a thief
On Sunday a king
Laid down in grief
Awoke with the keys
Of hell on that day
First born of the slain
The man Jesus Christ
Laid death in his grave So three days in darkness slept
The morning sun of righteousness
But rose to shame the throes of death
And overturn his rule Now daughters and the sons of men
Would pay not their dues again
The debt of blood they owned was rent
When the day rolled a new On Friday a thief
On Sunday a king
Laid down in grief
Awoke with the keys
Of hell on that day
First born of the slain
The man Jesus Christ
Laid death in his grave On Friday a thief
On Sunday a king
Laid down in grief
Awoke with the keys
Of hell on that day
First born of the slain
The man Jesus Christ
Laid death in his grave He has cheated
Hell and seated
Us above the fall
In desperate places
He paid our wages
One time once and for all

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