

A crown of thorns You're wearing

Verse

A crown of thorns You're wearing. The guilt of all You're bearing,
You take our sins for us.
The God of all creation takes on His Law's damnation.
The Holy for the unrighteous.

Verse

The nails, scoffing, and mocking, the abuse and the talking,
You take it all in stride;
being despised, rejected, with grief you are acquainted,
even going as far to die.

Verse

As You're lifted on the cross, You look down at all the lost
as we all dance and sing;
Up there You still intercede, "Father forgive them for Me,
they know not what they are doing."

Verse

"My God, why have you left Me?" Your soul cries in agony.
Hell itself placed on You.
The High Priest, the Lamb offering, the Promised Prophet, Crowned King;
faces all this to make us new.

Verse

"It is finished!" You proclaim. Redemption shines from Your name.
You take the drink bitter.
To the Father Your soul flies to declare us justified,
while we mourn here with Your mother.

Verse

It should have been me up there, my consequences to bear.
I am the guilty one.
You were wounded for our sins, bruised for wickedness we did,
but we are healed by what You've done.

Verse

At Your cross I am weeping. Your memory I'm keeping:
How You won us new life,
how You took our rightful place that we may be saved by grace
and live with You in Paradise. Amen.