

The Passion

The feast of the Passover, was swiftly drawing near
The self-righteous ones planned to kill Him, for Him they truly feared
Judas allowed Satan to enter, for this evil plot to unfold
He betrayed him for silver, instead his soul was sold

He wanted to break bread once more with them, so He chose the upper room
When they were all seated at the table, He described His coming doom
He told them HE would suffer greatly, and not eat or drink with them again
Until God's kingdom was fulfilled, and forgiveness found all men

He said His body would be given up and His blood would soon be shed
He explained, they too must drink of this new covenant, and share His body in the bread
He told them He must return to His Father, and there for them, prepare a place
He promised to send the Spirit of Truth, so they could live in love and grace

While in the garden He prayed for strength and courage, He wept alone without a friend
The hour was surely coming, and He felt the sorrow, this cross for Him would send
His human nature still clung to life, hoping this cup would somehow pass
Yet His divinity accepted His Father's will, for perfect love at last
He tried three times to wake them, but they were all dead in fearful sleep
While in Spirit they truly loved Him, but alas the flesh is weak

So the one called the betrayer, gave Him away with a fatal kiss
Watching Him seized, His followers ran, not wanting a part in this
He could have called upon His heavenly legions, with a gesture from His hand
He was born to fulfill scripture, now He chose to be It's Lamb

Now arrested and accused, with false testimony, that did not agree
He, the Son of Man, the Voice of Truth, the Father's Prophecy
While He was standing in judgment, defenseless, Peter tried to hide
Denying Him, Denying Him, Denying Him, the cock crowed and He cried

Pilate found no fault in Him, so he washed his hands in dread
Of this Author of Life, of this King of Kings, of this First Born of the Dead
He had Him flogged, His flesh was ripped and torn, He never cried out in pain
Then he crowned Him king with thorns of hate that pushed down into His brain

Pilate wanted to release Him, hold another, but the people started to cry
Crucify Him, Crucify Him, Crucify Him, so he gave Him up to die
So they made Him carry His cross, heavy with the weight of sin that cannot hide
They nailed His feet, they pierced His side, they nailed His hands out wide

From the cross, He called out to His Father, forgive them for they know not what they do
I offer My body, for the love of them, so they may be reconciled to you
When they come in repentance Father, let the blood I shed wash away their sin
So they may rise with me on Easter, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, to be born again.

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