

Crown Of Thorns

The Advent

In loving kindness. Compassionate and gracious. You reached out Your hand to me. Dragged in the streets by mockers, by scoffers and thieves. Each to their own death they spit in Your face. You wept tears of forgiveness in loving and humble grace... He wept tears of grace, thinking of me still in my grave. Reached down His hand in Redeeming Grace. The stench of death hung over me. Reached down to say: "Son, you are free from this death you face!" "I'll pay the price, I'll give my life, I'll lead the way." "Son, you must turn and must follow me!" Humble King. "Follow me." Humble King. "Follow me." Humble King. "Son, you are free from this death you face!" My heart breaks. My heart breaks. My heart breaks. My heart breaks. I see them shove it down... shove it down. Crown of Thorns. Crown of Thorns. Crown of Thorns. Crown of Thorns.