

## Carman

### "This blood is for you"

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Violently they grabbed His arms as they tightly  
strapped each wrist.  
With the hellish looks that a strong-armed soldier whip  
clenched in his fist  
Laced with chips of bone they beat Him hard from His  
shoulders to His feet,  
And it sliced right through His olive skin just like razors  
though a sheet.  
Countless times the blood splattered as each inhuman  
lash was given  
Several times His knees gave way as His flesh just  
hung like ribbons.  
Then surprisingly He turned His head though the words  
He used were few,  
The soldiers face turned pale when He said, This blood  
is for you.

Uncaringly they tossed a garment across His  
weakened form,  
And His blood pressure fell deathly low as the crowds  
began to swarm.  
They forced Him to carry His cross uphill as His face  
they punched and smacked,  
As the splinters from the crisscrossed beam dug deep  
into His back.  
Through lack of sleep and dehydration His tongue  
began to swell,  
And weakened by His loss of blood, this Prophet,  
Teacher, fell.  
When He did some blood splattered on a man named  
Simons shoe,  
And as He bent to wipe it off, the Prophet said, Simon,  
this blood is for you.

Chorus

And this blood can save the soul, heal the sick, mend  
the heart,  
This blood can give you access, to the very throne of  
God.  
And it still can go the distance, from the pain to where  
you are,

This blood is for you, the blood of the lamb.

Then they pounded a spike through the bones in His  
wrist, bursting arteries and veins,  
As they dropped the cross in the hole they dug, His  
body convulsed with pain.  
Through an agony and torment that never a soul shall  
find,  
He tilts His face toward heaven with full control of His  
mind.  
With more love than any human heard before that time  
or since,  
He made a statement that to this day makes the str

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