

Wolves at the Gate "Man of Sorrows"

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Blistered feet, bloodied alone
Walked the streets a man unknown
Battered face as He adorns
A mocker's robe, a crown of thorns
A tree designed for His demise
Cursed, maligned by guilty cries
The nails and hammer they did meet
Two in the hands, one in the feet
Risen up, put on display
For a guilty mob to scream and say
"Crucify! Crucify!"
The people yelled to crucify
"He must die! He must die!"
Without a fight He did comply

I do not know the pain you felt
Or lowly service as You knelt
Down before such lowly men You served (and washed
their feet)
Who is this man they sent to die?
Many still could not reply
Betrayed and sold by His very own (with a kiss)
He met the needs of thousands fed
Healed the sick and raised the dead
"My God! My God!" The man did say
"Have you forsaken me this day?"
Bleeding, dying; words were few
"Forgive them Lord for what they do"
Gasping breath they heard Him say
"It is finished!"

Laid below the ground You knew it couldn't hold You
They thought that You were bound by nature's laws
He is risen! He is risen!
For the veil that was torn in two and the darkness that
would ensue
A symbol alas that the debt was finally paid
When the stone it was rolled away, He was no longer
where He lay
Surely our King had risen from the dead

On and on and on we're singing

Singing out for all to hear us

This is not a simple story
Our lives are for Your glory
Beyond my words and written pages
Your song across the ages

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