

## **Pocket Full Of Rocks "At The Cross"**

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Dark was the stain of my sin  
Evermore guilty within  
Searching for rescue when none could be found  
Until from that hill I heard the sound  
Until from that hill I heard the sound

At the cross, at the cross  
Where there's room for me  
At the cross, at the cross  
I am finally free

At the cross, at the cross  
Burdens thrown away  
At the cross

Oh, what a glorious plan  
God reaching down to fallen men  
To all of us broken, lost and undone  
Here now as heaven bids us come  
Here now as heaven bids us come

At the cross, at the cross  
Where there's room for me  
At the cross, at the cross  
I am finally free

At the cross, at the cross  
Burdens thrown away  
At the cross

A way seems truly yours hold and touch me  
And grace of [Incomprehensible] cradled and sing  
[Incomprehensible]  
A way seems truly yours hold and touch, warm  
embrace  
Is greater than my sin

At the cross, at the cross  
Where there's room for me  
At the cross, at the cross  
I am finally free

At the cross, at the cross  
Burdens thrown away  
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