

Spoken Word:

As the Son entered into His creation an eternal plan began to unfold
Each step down from His throne was the restoration of a long-lost hope
Fusing Himself to flesh this God-man became part of what He made
Taking up every last piece of what desperately needed to be saved
While He lived He only loved but still found Himself betrayed
Yet He understood that to bring life for all His death was the only way
With every thorn that pierced His head my fears lost hope and began to run
Because in a just a few short hours every last ounce of their power would forever be undone
As the sweat ran down my Savior's cheek He was still carefully knitting me in the womb
Desiring to give me a life that isn't confined to a tomb
And the holes pierced into His body now close the holes inside my heart
As the enemy's greatest triumph is turned into a heavenly work of art
Every breath of His life was a brushstroke painting over our mistakes
But this final breath this finished canvas now opens wide heaven's gates
The seemingly unbreakable chains of sin had imprisoned the will
That is now set free as our chains are melted by the Holy blood that is spilled
Aged from the beginning this new wine runs out from His side
He drank His cup in the garden now at the cross He pours me mine
The death that began with a tree now was destroyed on two pieces of wood
The two goats found in one man accomplishing what our sacrifices never could
His last words on that tree spoke a new reality into existence
As our high priest now intercedes for His people with divine persistence
You see before He ever breathed into the dust
The Creator humbly said Yes to the Cross
A love that's simply unconcerned with a price tag or a cost
So praise the Father praise the Spirit and praise the Son
Together in the beginning together on the cross together forever
It is done.