

## Man Of Sorrows

## Wolves At The Gate

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