

Passion

Kutless

Within my mind's eye
Flickering from the past
Come images that terrify and calm
A paradox in me

Nail pierced hands they run with blood
A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain yet it's comforting to me

He chose to give it all
Jesus endured the pain
Paying a debt I owed and created a paradox in me

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A splitting brow forced by the thorns
His face is writhing with the pain yet it's comforting to me

And in my heart I know that you're the only one
Who could of came and died, a sacrifice
As your God's only son

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