

## This Must Be The Lamb

Michael Card

On a gray April morning as a chilling wind blew  
A thousand dark promises were about to come true  
As Satan stood trembling, knowing now he had lost  
As the Lamb took his first step on the way to the cross

This must be the Lamb  
The fulfillment of all God had spoken  
This must be the Lamb  
Not a single bone will be broken  
Like a sheep to the slaughter  
So silently still  
This must be the Lamb  
They mocked his true calling and laughed at His fate  
So glad to see the Gentle One consumed by their hate  
Unaware of the wind and the darkening sky  
So blind to the fact that it was God limping by

The poor women weeping at what seemed a great loss  
Trembling in fear there at the foot of the cross  
Tormented by memories that came like a flood  
Unaware that their pardon  
Must be bought with His blood