

Crimson Dust

Michael W. Smith

Morning rush, rising heat
Crowded road, shuffling feet
Suddenly, there's a chill
Hammer rings from a hill

Violent scene, angry words
He gets what he deserves
Crushed and marred, middle man
Mercy flows from His hands
Mercy flows from His hands

I see heaven touching earth
Every drop of matchless worth
Redeeming love
What gain, what loss
Crimson dust beneath the cross
Crimson dust beneath the cross

Day so dark, pain so real
Tender flesh, torn by steel
History turns around
Holy blood falling down
Holy blood falling down

I see heaven touching earth
Every drop of matchless worth
Redeeming love
What gain, what loss
Crimson dust beneath the cross
Crimson dust beneath the cross

Holy, holy, holy
Jesus, lamb of God
You are holy, holy, holy
Jesus, lamb of God

You are holy, holy, holy
Jesus, lamb of God
You are holy, holy, holy
Jesus, lamb of God

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