

Washed Away

Michael W. Smith

Guilty, I'm guilty
It was all that I could say
Mercy, Your mercy
Crashed in like the waves

And all my sin was washed away, washed away
You took them all, there's not a trace
I stand here free, with every stain
Forever washed away

Spotless, spotless
Whiter than the snow
Your blood, Your blood
Covers me, I'm whole

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Forever washed away
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Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
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