

The Hammer

Ray Boltz

I was in the crowd the day that Jesus died
And as he hung upon the cross, his mother cried
I saw the crown of thorns he wore, the stripe upon his back
And as the water and the blood ran out, then the sky turned black
My mind was filled with anger, my heart was filled with shame
This man brought only healing, who could bring him pain?
Why does it seem the strong always victimize the weak?
Suddenly I found myself, standing to my feet

And I cried
"Who nailed him there? This child of peace and mercy?"
"Who nailed him there? Come and face me like a man"
"Who nailed him there?" Then the crowd began to mock me
I cried "Oh my God, I just don't understand!"
Then I turned and saw the hammer in my hand

I am just a Roman soldier, an ordinary man
I love my wife and children, I do the best I can
How can I have killed him? There must be someone else
There's got to be an answer. I just can't blame myself

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"Who nailed him there? Come and face me like a man"
"Who nailed him there?" Then the crowd began to mock me
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Then I turned and saw the hammer in my hand

"I nailed him there! This child of peace and mercy!"
"I nailed him there! I am the guilty man!"
"I nailed him there, with my sins and my transgressions!"
I cried "O my God, now I understand!"
When I turned and saw the hammer in my hand

(Surely this man was the Son of God)