

Sacrifice

The Insyderz

Taken in the night from a prayer with his father
He didn't even fight, no didn't even bother
Betrayed and denied by the ones He loved
But He knew this was the reason He was sent from above
He was the King, The Christ, the Spotless Lamb
But in our eyes He was nothing but a sham
His love, the drive -- His life, the price
To become the sinner's sacrifice Beaten and whipped, garments s
tained
blood red
Had a crown of thorns pressed upon his head
And the people all laughed as they mocked his name
But all that could be heard were his screams of pain
Brought before Pilate to recieve his sentence
And to think this was all for my repentance
Pilate pointed to the people, "Let them decide!"
And we all screamed, "We want him crusified!"
Tree on his back as he marched from the city
They yelle, they spat, the sight wasn't pretty
Led to the hill where His death He'd meet
Then they drove the nails into His hand and feet
Suffocating deat was now all he felt
While in the crowd some wept and knelt
It's our sin that this man dies
Jesus took a deep breath, and closed his eyes...