

The Sacrifice

Wayne Watson

In the land of God's first heartache
When our line of sin began
And the eyes of man were opened
To the evil there at hand
The creator heard the footsteps
But He did not see the man
And God called out for an answer
But He turned away and ran
An attempt in desperation
To be hid from holly eyes
Was to fashion out a garment
That could hide him in disguise
But the Father bled compassion
And with a fast forgiving hand
Took the life of one yet blameless
And made a covering for the man
Offer up the sacrifice
Creation set forth the call
One Holy sacrifice
One life to pay for the fall
Offer up the sacrifice
The innocent one must be slain
Someone to pay the price
And bring man back to God again
On a hill outside Jerusalem
Where the sin had took its toll
Hung the life of one as blameless
As the garden beast of old
And He bled with God's compassion
For the evil man had done
And the heart that cried forgiven
Was the heart of God's own son
The broken heart of God's own son
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