

Lash Upon Lash

With Blood Comes Cleansing

Forsaken by His closest friends, treated like a thief.
See them draw their weapons; see them draw their swords.
See them draw their weapons; they draw their swords.
He was taken like a criminal, His innocence among the thieves.
Liars, false witnesses, scourged to please the crowd.
With each lash the skin is torn. Lash upon lash, ripping flesh
from the bone.
He took our sickness; He took our sorrow. By His stripes we are
healed.