



Bloodstains

Mocked and flogged while Your blood stained the ground.

“Crucify, crucify!”, such an unholy sound.

Grace and truth You brought, rejection You received.

Many people used You, but few truly believed.

To think, that I would be one of the Pharisees.

To know, that I would have done the same.

To see, that I can be grateful on my knees.

To understand, I am free from blame.

Your blood stains my life.

It cleanses me: Your bloodstains revive.

Scourged and insulted while you didn't speak.

“Look at Him, He is not the Messiah, He is weak!”

Suffering on the cross, You forgave the ignorance of the mind.

Clothes divided, scoffed at: You knew we were blind.

To think, You endured all these pains.

To know, You saved me from eternal hell.

To see, You did it to set me free from chains.

To understand, in Your grace I can dwell.

Eternal bloodstains cover me, bloodstains from the One.

Yoke of sin to death is broken: it is gone.