

# For the crucified one

The wise misunderstand you  
The strong think they've put you down  
The simple can discern you  
And blind men have seen your crown.

Your father has disowned you  
And left you upon this tree.  
Your friends have all abandoned you  
Do not depend on me.

In chaos doubt his wisdom  
In danger doubt his power  
But will you doubt his love for you  
At this, his bloody hour?  
At this his lonely hour

You are like no other  
Your ways are not our ways  
If this your shame is glory  
May I not be ashamed.  
Your precious flesh unites us  
Your blood is like melted gold  
With nothing it can't purchase  
Burning and taking hold.

O Lord of all the universe King of wood and nail;  
In weakness, love revealing, In failure you prevail.