

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.