

Think of it now, the pain and the toil,
The suffering saviour whose blood was so royal;
But here in today with life all so free,
Thanks to the cross and the focus on thee.

Agony is not something we think when we hurt,
It just happens to be because the earth's full of dirt;
To focus on the cross is what we need to endure,
Seemingly easier than for Christ to look down on the floor.

He was up on that cross to suffer our sin,
That the children of God could have heaven and win;
Such amazing love and oh what a sacrifice,
Makes us want to focus on the cross so beautifully nice.

I couldn't have done it myself on my own,
But he did it for me so that I'm not alone;
Its hard things to do to think back two thousand years go,
But its worth all the while to see and the know.

So when we focus on the cross now let's shed a tear,
For Christ in his youth only in his thirty third year;
So profound to profane that there's life still to tell,
He rose on the third day to go into eternity well.

But there on the hill the cross still stands tall,
In the minds of the men who stumble and fall;
To look back on it now seems it's little and small,
But it paid a price for once and for all.

Signed,

I can still see it