

Your Blood on My Head

I kneel at the foot of your cross
me in my sin, fault and weakness
your child who was wandering and lost
in the world's anger and bleakness.

Allow me my sweet, loving Lord,
to suffer like you did and still do.
I don't ask from pain to be barred
for it is my honor to suffer with you.

But grant me the power we saw
as you hung there in sorrow and pain
the power of love, a new kind of law
that counts loss as gain.

Give us strength of body and soul
to stand under you and in your stead
make the lack and void in our selves whole
that your light and loving power be spread.

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