

FINAL MOMENTS

Steadily his life ebbs away
His breathing grows laboured
Agony is etched on his face
The face of a Saviour

The crowd have their way
Their quarry is caught
Their blood-lust is sated
The Sanhedrin laugh
This gullible crowd's
Been manipulated

And what was his crime?
For what was he sentenced?
What heinous offence could justify this
This gross act of violence?

His crime was to love
His crime was to care
For lost sheep and sinners
He paid with his life
And that seems to me
A high price to win us

..... (Instrumental)

Suddenly the sky turns to black
The thunder clouds clatter
The temple shakes, the curtain is torn
The crowd panics and scatters

But back on the cross
The Saviour cries out
With the last breath within him
"They don't understand
What they have just done –
Please, Father, forgive them".

..... (Instrumental)

It is finished

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