

# Crimson Thorn, Blood Letting

You say you come to me  
Because of the blood I shed  
But deep down inside it was  
Of circumstances instead

Because of this bleeding you let  
This hopeless cadaver of flesh  
You would not forget  
Redeemed, purified while justified

Blood is the only covering to atone  
Your life link found in His blood  
Not from circumstances along  
From death freedom gained eternally

There is no answer to this cancer  
And smell of rotting flesh  
Only pure blood will heal the wounds  
And embalms Christ within

The Prince of Peace given in carnage butchery  
Bloodstained and broken for you  
Let Him spill that precious flow  
All over to make us whole