

# Skillet, How Deep The Fathers Love For Us

How deep the Father's love for us,  
How vast beyond all measure  
That He should give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure

How great the pain of searing loss,  
The Father turns His face away  
As wounds which mar the chosen One,  
Bring many sons to glory

Behold the Man upon a cross,  
My sin upon His shoulders  
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice,  
Call out among the scoffers

It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished  
His dying breath has brought me life  
I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ  
His death and resurrection

Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer  
But this I know with all my heart  
His wounds have paid my ransom