

Spark, Believe

How can I explain something not of this world
A man hung between two thieves
Blood dripping from His hands and brow
Pulling with His nailed wrists for each breath
People spit on Him and mocked His name
This was a man that came to die for me

(chorus)

You can believe it or not
You can say that it's a myth
You can trust and obey or
You can say He doesn't exist

But I know He came and died and shed His blood on a tree
And three days later He arose and set me free

Three crosses on a hill, dark clouds in the sky
Tear falls to the ground from His mother's eye
Hanging in innocence as His Father watched Him die
Three days later the stone was rolled away
Breath came to His words as He arose alive
The sinner's debt did He pay with His death
After His truth was told it wasn't the same
Jesus Christ was this Lamb's name