

Todd Agnew, Blood On My Hands

Each crack of that whip was for my mistakes
Blood is on my hands
Each stumble up that hill was my step to take
Blood is on my hands
How do I say thanks for this

CHORUS:

In the cross, In the cross, be my glory ever
Till my ransomed soul shall find rest beyond the river

Each tear that flowed was by my sorrow sown
Blood is on my hands
Each drop that was spilled, my debt fulfilled
Blood is on my hands
How can I say thanks for this

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Jesus keep me near the cross
There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream flows
From Calvary's mountain