

Crimson Thorn, Crimson Thorn

The red blood of a king, poured upon the ground
A crown of thorns, wedged into his skull
The weight and burden of sin, too heavy for a man to hold
Sliced into pieces, death upon a wooden cross
Death for your infirmities, by his stripes we are healed
The suffering humiliation, for us to escape the gates of hell
Blood to wash you clean, forgive you from sin
Death to this world, life for his acceptance
Crimson thorn