

Pantokrator, Via Dolorosa

As foretold by the prophet
He approached on the back of a donkey
The humble king
Messiah the promised one
Singing and praising ascending to the sky
A joyful crowd...
Hosanna, Hosanna hail to the king!
But He knew this would all
Change sudden as the wind
He knew his mission
Take the blows for their transgressions
Sink to the place where they belong
Preach for those who wait to burn
Crush the snake and then return
Via Dolorosa
The price YOU could not pay
Immanuel, Messiah the one God choose to slay
Deeply distressed
And sorrowful unto death
He fell on his face and prayed:
"Father if it is your will
Remove this cup from me
Nevertheless not my will
But yours be done."
In his agony He prayed more earnestly
And his sweat become like blood
Falling to the ground
(Hunted down Son of God!)
Brought to trial, for that He had not done
Killed for the crime of being their saviour
He was sacrificed for you and me
He had to carry his own cross
To the hill of sacrifice
Stumbling feet, fading eyes
They pierced his flesh
He was nailed to the cross
"ELI! ELI! LEMA SABACHTHANI"
Why have you forsaken me?
Father forgive them
For they know not what they do!
The mocking crowd insulting their God:
"Get down from your cross, help yourself helper!"
The sky turned dark
Then its creator was about to give up his breath
"Father, in your hands I commit my spirit
It is finished!"
But after three days in the grave He saw the sun
The deal was done, the fight was won
In death He overcame
Go out and preach his name, He is God!!!!
Glorious! Risen! KING!