

# 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!