

Ultimatum, Crosshope

Hanging from the cross the greatest claim of man,
a carpenter who is God in the form of man.
We've turned it upside down, burned and mocked it too.
Can't deny it or prove that you're a fool.
History revolves around this one event.
One man changed the world, killed for our sins.
You can't ignore the lumber that suspends the greatest truth,
wood splintered by the nails that split the flesh in two.
Hang it from our necks without a thought of why.
Vicious form of slaughter, innocence on trial.
It's tragedy attracts the sufferers and the shamed,
it's hope pulls in the searchers, the sick and the lame.
The cross the center point on which our faith must rest.
Christ crucified and risen, the firstfruits from the dead.
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Cross Hope Cross Hope
From death comes life
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