

Love

by Una Clarke

Tabernacled in this tent
His body
He walked this earth
For a season
A child born
A son sent

Bruised
Marred beyond recognition
His bones all out of joint
His blood poured out
Whipped mocked scourged

He was led like a lamb to the slaughter
He didn't open His mouth
He didn't open His mouth
Son of God

He didn't open His mouth
He decreed
It is finished
The veil ripped
The curtain of separation torn

Love
Though our sin be as red as scarlet
He will make us whiter than snow
Sin and guilt
Washed in His blood

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