

# *Death in His Grave*

*John Mark McMillan*

D A Bm7 G  
Though the Earth Cried out for blood Satisfied her hunger was  
D A Bm7 G  
Her billows calmed on raging seas for the souls on men she craved  
D A Bm7 G  
Sun and moon from balcony turned their head in disbelief  
D A Bm7 G  
Their precious Love would taste the sting disfigured and disdained

D A G D  
On Friday a thief. On Sunday a King  
D A G D  
Laid down in grief but woke with the keys  
Bm7 A G D  
To Hell on that day The first born of the slain  
Bm7 A G D-A-Bm7-G(2x)  
The Man Jesus Christ Laid death in his grave

D A Bm7 G  
So three days in darkness slept The Morning Sun of righteousness  
D A Bm7 G  
But rose to shame the throes of death And over turn his rule  
D A Bm7 G  
Now daughters and the sons of men Would pay not their dues again  
D A Bm7 G  
The debt of blood they owed was rent When the day rolled a new

*(Bridge)*

Gma7 A/G Gma7 A/G Bm7 A/B Bm7 A/B Asus A G/A A Gma7  
He has cheat--ed hell and seat--ed us a--bove the fall  
Gma7 A/G Gma7 A/G Bm7 A/B Bm7-A/B  
In des-perate plac-----es He paid our wag--es  
Asus A G/A A Gma7  
One time once and for all

