

Death In His Grave [Lyrics]

John Mark McMillan

Verse 1

Although the earth cried out for blood
Satisfied her hunger was
Billows calmed on raging seas
For the souls of men she craved
Sun and moon from balcony
Turned their head in disbelief
Precious Love would taste the sting
Disfigured and disdained

Chorus 1

On Friday a thief on Sunday a King
Laid down in grief but woke with the keys
Of hell on that day first born of the slain
The Man Jesus Christ laid death in His grave

Verse 2

So three days in darkness slept
The Morning Son of righteousness
But rose to shame the throws of death
And overturn His rule
Now daughters and the sons of men
Would pay not their dues again
The debt of blood they owed was rent
When the day He rolled a new

BRIDGE

He has cheated hell and seated us above the fall
In desperate places He paid our wages
One time once and for all