

Murdered Son

John Mark McMillan

You set us up above all the stars
You set us on a high place by where you are
While we were dead you made us your friends
And scattered our debt upon the wind

Glory to One
God's murdered son
Who paid for my resurrection
Once from the dust, once from the grave
Daughters and sons from the ashes you've raised
And hidden our faults even from your own face
And scattered our debt upon the waves

Glory to one
God's murdered son
Who paid for my resurrection
Glory to One
God's murdered son
Who paid for my resurrection

Glory to the one who
Who overcame in death
Glory to the one
Who paid for my offenses
Glory to the one

Once from the dust
Once from the grave
Daughters and sons
From the ashes you've raised
And hidden our faults
Even from your own face
And scattered our debt upon the waves
And scattered our debt upon the waves