

Sins Are Stones

John Mark McMillan

All our sins are stones
At the bottom of your oceans
And all our filthy stains
Have been washed away

By the blood of a son
I have overcome the grave
By the blood of a son
I have overcome the grave

The grave
Recompense is made for
The guilty and the shamed
For eternity is gained

In the arms of the slain
By the blood of a son
I have overcome the grave
By the blood of a son

I have overcome the grave
The grave
Oh my soul
Praise him

Oh my soul
By the blood of a son
I have overcome the grave
By the blood of a son

I have overcome the grave
The grave
Oh my soul
Praise him

Oh my soul