

# I WEAR YOUR CROSS

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Lyrics: Phil Thomson

No covering wings, no gentle breath, no hosts above us all.  
Through a burning sky and clouds of steel the tears of angels fall.  
I can taste their salt upon my cheeks as I search to find a prayer,  
And look to see the face of God is bleeding with despair.

All this for me, yet I wear Your cross.  
All this for me, yet I wear Your cross.  
It decorates my life, I wear Your cross  
I wear Your cross.

The cowering heads, the hidden hearts, the rocks crying out in pain.  
When will they dance the Father's dance that wipes away the stain?  
No jewelled dove, no dawning sky can turn this hell to God.  
The suffering Lamb, my perfect love, hangs soaking in my blood.

All this for me, yet I wear Your cross.  
All this for me, yet I wear Your cross.  
It decorates my life, I wear Your cross  
I wear Your cross.

You can see where I wear Your cross,  
When I wear Your cross, why I wear Your cross,  
I can taste the tears. I can taste the tears. I can taste the tears.