

The Cross Has Made A Way For Me

As I recall my guilt and shame,
The sin that scars my soul today,
My hands grow weak, my lips turn pale,
Before the Lord, so pure, so great.

On that last day, when all's laid bare,
When secret thoughts rise in the air,
No plea remains, no place to flee—
But Christ will stand and speak for me.

His wounds declare my debt is paid,
His blood, the price my hands betrayed.
No wrath remains, no fear I keep,
For mercy bought what justice steeped.

So let me walk this narrow road,
With eyes on Christ, my hands betrayed.
No wrath remains, no fear I keep,
For mercy bought what justice steeped.

So let me walk this narrow road,
With eyes on Christ, my only hope.
When I fall short, still let me see,
The cross has made a way for me.

My sins are vast; I cannot pay,

No work of mine can clear the way.

But all my hope, my only plea,

Is Jesus slain at Calvary.

His wounds declare my debt is paid,

His blood, the price my hands betrayed.

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