

The Blood

By Craig Michael Aven

It takes our shame away, it heals our deepest pain
It has the power to remove our guilty stains
It mends our broken hearts, renewing all our thoughts
It bought our freedom so we would not have to pay

Chorus

The blood, the blood
The precious blood of Jesus
The only thing that frees us
The blood, the blood
We thank You Jesus for Your blood

It makes the darkness flee, protects us when we're weak
No force can stand against the blood that covers me
You gave us everything, that day on Calvary
We become victorious the day that we receive

Pure is the crimson flow, that washes white as snow
Death lost its sting when we were cleansed from all our sins
And now the spotless Lamb, who sits at God's right hand
Lives to intercede and make us holy just like Him

Bridge

Let it wash, let it wash
White as snow, baptize my soul
Wash me clean, soak in deep
Let it cleanse and heal my heart and soul

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