

Never was there's such a man as he,
As mighty as God who died on a tree;
He lived he died and rose again,
Like ink comes out from the gravity of a pen.

He taught of beauty and parables so clever,
With power and authority that now reigns forever;
But try as you can to prove him wrong,
He was as perfect reflection of God right along.

So now comes the time to question our faith,
Do we believe in his words or become a lost wraith;
To enter his kingdom all we need do is to accept,
For when Christ died for freedom on the cross all wept.

For now I stand here and repent with my heart,
The sin I've committed to win and impart.