

Black Turned to White by the Red
(A song for Holy Week)

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Son of the Maker of the world
You were waiting in anticipation
Of punishment undeserved
Assaulted by your own creation
By human justice, and its rationalizations
Royal blood to pay a price
In ransom for my life
And today, we remember

The black is turned to white by the red
His blood is now the wine
His body now the bread
We remember the words he said
And the black is turned to white by the red

I, a child of the Maker of the world
Waiting in anticipation
Of punishment deserved
Every sin and fault my heart knows
Humbled even more, each time the cock crows
No human could ever rest
Could ever pass any heavenly test
And today, we remember

awake my heart
your savior has washed you
with wave after wave of grace
your debt is paid
your sins forgiven
by the lamb who took your place
it is time to adjust how we are living
to be acting like we are forgiven
we are forgiven

The black is turned to white by the red
His blood is now the wine
His body now the bread
We remember the words he said
And the black is turned to white
Easter is both the dark and the light
He turned the black into white
by the red