

I AM THE WAY

Twelve men eating,
One spotless Lamb.
A greedy liar,
Betrays great I AM.

Prayers of anguish
Pierce the heart.
One ear severed,
Eleven depart.

Slaps on cheeks,
Pulling out hair.
Spittle on face,
Naked and bare.

Shackles and chains,
Frozen breath.
Ice cold prison cell,
Stench of death.

Laughter of Romans,
Thorns on brow.
Shards of glass,
Ripping flesh now.

False accusations,
Deceitful plots.
A house divided,
Soldiers cast lots.

Cries of angry mob,
Tongues of Jews.
Shrouded in robes,
But has no shoes.

Hunger in belly,
Bruises on feet.
"Crucify! Crucify!"
Rocks in street.

Splinters and mud,
Gaping sores.
Carries a cross,
Mine and yours.

Hands and feet,
With nails are torn.
Earth is shaken,
A thief reborn.

Shunned by Father,
A mother's woes.
Pierced in His side,
Pure water flows.

My shame taken,
By Him that day.
Forever thankful
He made THE WAY.