

Scars

©Written by Becky Corbin Nixon, January 30, 1998

We should all know the story of how our Savior bled and died.
For our sins and our healing He suffered and He cried.
The stripes on His back; the thorns on His head;
To save a world lost and dying His blood He would shed.

As they fought for the robe He wore they knew not what they'd done.
They laughed and they mocked God's only begotten son.
He cried, "Father, forgive them," as He bowed His head to pray.
Will we ever know the sacrifice He made that day?

To feel the scars in His side from where He bled and died.
To touch the prints in His hands, my soul's salvation was His plan.
I want to thank Him for Calvary and the pain that He felt.
But in Heaven there'll be no scars left.

Repeat Chorus

Tag:

But in Heaven (but in Heaven) there'll be no scars left (no scars left).