

The Roman Guard

I saw a man get killed today
Like many times before
Upon the hill called Calvary
As is the Roman law

But this was different and I'll tell you how
This man, He was a King
He had a crown upon His head
The strangest looking thing

Out of thorns this thing was made
And thrust down upon His head
And from the blood upon His face
I knew He'd soon be dead

They tied Him down upon a cross;
A bar across a stake,
And drove a nail into His hand
Which made my body shake

His other hand and then His feet
Each in turn were done
And then they raised Him in the air
To the mercy of the sun

But as I watched this helpless man
The sky grew cold and dark
And from His mouth came a cry
That chilled and left its mark

"Forgive them Father," this man yelled
"They haven't got a clue"
And then He looked me in the eye
And I knew He meant me too

At the end He raised His head
And looked toward the sky
And with His last painful, rattling breath
He gave His final cry

"IT IS FINISHED" was what He said,
And then I knew for sure
This man WAS the Son of God;
The Saviour of the World