

Place of a skull

See the darkness gathering in the eastern sky
A mystery of darkness coming from on high
A young man is hanging on a cross to die
The son of God left alone in agony

***This is no romantic 'green hill far away'
This is Golgotha and I hear the people say
It's the place of a skull meant for vagabonds and thieves
It's the place of a skull and nobody ever leaves, ever leaves alive***

The eastern sky is red and the young man now is dead
A cross – shaped shadow lengthens on the ground
And after all the pain, well, you'll have to look in vain
For His so-called 'friends' but they're nowhere to be found

***This is no halo-shrouded, stained glass window scene
No, this is Golgotha and I know just what they mean
It's the place of a skull meant for vagabonds and thieves
It's the place of a skull and nobody ever leaves, ever leaves alive***

Suddenly it's morning. The darkness disappears
A girl is softly crying. She is blinded by her tears
Jesus stands beside her and He gently speaks her name
All at once she knows He's alive again, He's alive again!

***This is no fairy story but reality
Death - it couldn't hold him. He arose triumphantly!
From the place of a skull to a place of majesty
From the place of a skull to a place where we can see
That He's alive. Yes He is - Jesus is alive!***