

Three Days Away

(Brett Carver)

Em D
I have lost my best friend.

C D Em
He was taken away, betrayed, by the one He loved.

Em D
They came in the night.

C D Em
A mob with their sticks and their clubs, afraid of the light.

D C D Em
And they gave Him a trial, but it wasn't a trial,

D C Am Em
It was only a frame, a sham, a lie.

Em C D Em C D
But He said He would rise. In three days He would rise.

Em C D Em C D Em
He would conquer the grave. Only three days away, and then He will rise.

They gave Him a robe,
A scepter and a crown made of thorns.
They laughed and they mocked,
They hailed Him king as they beat Him, and spit in His face.
He was tied to a post, where He was scourged without cause;
The flesh ripped from His back, His blood in pools in the dust.

He carried His cross,
Through the streets of the city, where He walked alone in the crowd.
They hung Him to die,
Nails in His flesh, rough cross on His back, gasping for air.
And He died with our sins, forsaken even by God.
He died totally alone, He died in love.

They took Him down from the cross,
Wrapped Him in sheets, anointed with spice, and laid in a tomb.
They rolled in a stone,
Sealed by Rome, watched by guards, so no one would come.
But the rumors persist, of events as He died;
The temple curtain was torn. My God, our sins killed Your son.

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