

Against this rock I kneel. Alone. I begged them to stay. I begged them to pray, but no. Rest they chose. Alone. I must go this alone. The world resting on my shoulders, heart aching for peace. The sun I no longer see, the moon hates me though it beams. I plea with my Father, there must be a better way. Blood secretes from my pores. Boulder stained by its trickles. The beginning of my blood shed. I'd have it no other way. I am. No man takes my life. I give it freely. I bleed from my heart, then by their hands. Tonight is the night. I hear them coming. Judas, My dear friend, I pity him. His heart may never understand. He knows not what he does. He knows not how I love him still. My dear Judas, he betrays with a kiss. I cannot hate him. I've known all along. My heart though, still shatters. Ahh, Peter my dear Peter, He fights for me. Brave heart that he is, but I am who I am. So I heal once again. I must practice what I've preached. Besides, I am, me.

Accusations, the kings throw at me. The people want me dead. Again my heart, it shatters. Does not one believe? No, of course not. Soon they shall see. Until then, I will endure the gnashing of my peoples teeth. A mockery they make of me. I hold my tongue. That is what wisdom has taught me. These kings. I pity them. Their hearts may never understand. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. These people that scream, and curse me, spitting their infirmities upon me, I pity them. Their hearts may never understand. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. These men. They give me my earthly crown, made of thorns. I wear it well, though blinded by the blood. Violently they tear my flesh, leaves me trembling in my pain. Lungs quiver to take in air. With each breath I'm tempted to bring heaven to my side, and raise hell to take them under. But NO! These people. My People. My Father he loves so. These people, My People. I love so. I pity them. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. I cannot hate them. I've known all along. My heart though, still shatters. They throw my fate upon my shoulders. I must carry it to the end. I walk though I stumble. I move forward, though I fall. I fall. I fall. They command to one, "YOU! CARRY HIS CROSS!"

I AM! I am. I am. I am now lesser than he. I am now the one needing thee. I am now the beggar, too weak. I am now the sick, too lame. I can't even carry my cross. I can't carry my fate. I am me. I am me. I am me. I've become lesser than thee. So, I walk on, though I stumble. I walk on though my blood runs thin. I walk on though heart may faint. I walk on, for these people you see. My Father loves them, his children too, through me, they'll see. Soon they will see. These people. My People. My Father he loves so. These people, My People. I love them so. I pity them. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. I cannot hate them. I've known all along. My heart though, still shatters. Still shatters.

On its back, my grotesque body now lay. Splintered wood digs into the open throbbing veins. Spikes pin my wrists and feet. They fear angels may carry me away. They taunt at me. Saying save yourself thou Son of God. OHHHHH!!! Don't tempt me. I Am! But I am weak. But NO! These people. My People. My Father he loves so. These people, My People. I love so. I pity them. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. I cannot hate them. I've known all along. My heart though, still shatters. "FATHER, YOU LEAVE ME? WHY? All this for you, and you leave.

Against this cross I hang. Alone. I begged Him to stay. I begged my Father for me not to forsake. But no. Alone. I must go Alone. These people. His people. Their shame I must take. Their burdens I must bear. For their sins I must pay. So alone I am, against this cross. The world resting on my shoulders, heart aching for peace. The sun I no longer see, the moon hates me, though it beams. I plea with my Father... FORGIVE THEM! THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO! These people. My People. My Father he loves them so. These people, My People. I love them so. I pity them. They know not what they do. They know not how I love them still. I cannot hate them. I've known all along. My heart though, still shatters. Still shatters. I breathe my last breath; to hell their sins take me. But I am. I am! I AM that I AM! I AM the one that faces the dark one. I AM the one that defeats. ALL HELL AND DEATH now beg at my feet. I AM THAT I AM! I AM to rise again. I Am Me!

My eyes open, in this tomb I was laid. Just to rest. Just to rest. I rise. I Rise. I RISE! Now, work must be done. These people. My People. My Father he loves so. These people, My People. I love them so. I will reunite them with their Father. They know not how worthy they now are. They know not how I love them! They know not their freedom is in my scars. I must show them I am still, I AM. These people, my people -- They believe! Now they see. I've known all along, they would. These people, my people, my heart rejoices, oh, my Fathers heart rejoices. For his love for them, is finally returned.

I AM...THAT I AM!

I AM ME!