Death in His Grave

John Mark Mcmillan

Intro: C G Am F (repeat) Woah, woah, whoah, whoao

Verse 1: D

Though the Earth Cried out for blood

G Satisfied her hunger was

Her billows calmed on raging seas

for the souls on men she craved

Sun and moon from balcony

Turned their head in disbelief

Their precious Love would taste the sting

Bm

disfigured and disdained

CHORUS:

D

On Friday, a thief

On Sunday, a King

Laid down in grief

But awoke with keys

Bm

Of Hell on that day

G

The first born of the slain

Bm

Α

The Man Jesus Christ

G

D A Bm G

Laid death in his grave

VERSE 2:

So three days in darkness slept

The Morning Sun of righteousness

But rose to shame the throes of death

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Bm And overturn his rule Now daughters and the sons of men

Would pay not their dues again

The debt of blood they owed was rent

G

Bm

When the day rolled anew

REPEAT CHORUS

Bridge:

He has cheated

Bm

Hell and seated

Us above the fall

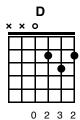
In desperate places

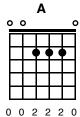
Bm

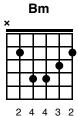
He paid our wages

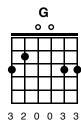
One time once and for all

CHORUS









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