All For Us

Tempo vs1: 48 / vs2: 45

Jacob & Tim Onnen

1. The pierc - ing nails, and the sear - ing pain, the taunts and

jeers, cru-el, na - ked shame, His bod-y bound to the hard wood-en beams; Yet His

love and grace flow the same. And could it be He is there for me? His fault-less

rit.

life, a sac-ri-fice for us, All for us! 2. His bod-y still, fi-nal drops of

blood; the peo-ple stare, ev-en sol - diers hushed. The might of men did not end His

rit.

life; His might - y love laid it down for us. All for us!