

Open Were The Wounds

by Gerry Gonzalez and Rob Ogden

C Am F G C
Open were the wounds of Him, who hung upon that tree
 Am F G C
His hands and feet, His back and face, were scourged for you and me
 Am F G C
The blood that saved from off the cross, was shed to cleanse my sin
 Am F G C
It took the guilt away from me, so He could live within

 Am F
He is holy, so holy
 G C
He paid the price we could not pay
 Am F
He is worthy, oh so worthy
 G C
He alone is worthy of our praise

C Am F G C
I believe I'm healed by those stripes, taken long ago
 Am F
But now those wounds have turned to scars
 G C
So that I'll always know