

The Servant of Servants

You could have come as a warrior
With a thousand armies marching by your side
But You chose to come as a little child
Your tiny voice, the only battle cry

When You could have come with Your sword raised high
Taking everything by Your power and might
But You chose to come and have Yourself raised high
Giving everything, even Your life

You are The King of Kings
The Lord of Lords, The Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants

You are The King of Kings
The Lord of Lords, The Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants

You could have been clothed in majesty
Covered in splendor, before our very eyes
But You chose to be clothed in my sins
Covered in my guilt, such a shameful sight

When You could have been seated on Your throne
With a crown of jewels, it would have been Your right
But You chose to be hung upon that cross
With a crown of thorns, You gave up Your life

You are The King of Kings
The Lord of Lords, The Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants

You are The King of Kings
The Lord of Lords, The Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants

Lord there is none like You
There is none who even comes close
To who You are, You're The Chosen Servant
Equal with God, You let it all go, so
You could take hold of that cross
You chose to be a servant

King of Kings
Lord of Lords, Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants
King of Kings
Lord of Lords, Ruler over all
But You chose to be The Servant of Servants
You chose to be
The Servant of Servants