



Behind Enemy Lines Training Saints

Written by an Inmate

Three Blood Stained Nails

by William M. Crunk, Petersburg, VA

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Upon three blood-stained nails our Savior hung.
Some say the Spear of Destiny pierced His flesh, His heart and lung.
From that wound poured out waters so fresh and clean.
Washing away our corruption, our damnation, our everything.
Three blood-stained nails held the Christ in place;
Faith, hope, and love for the human race.
A sacrifice from on high for those who are lost below ...
Something ceremonial for all the gifts He'd bestow.
As Blood trickled down, His earthly heart did fail,
And three terrible days He stood for us in hell.
Then the stone rolled away, and the tomb was found bare.
He had risen, and only His shroud lay there.
From birth to death and resurrection, thirty-three years He spent
On His disciples – now many thousands are fishers of men.
It was not the cross which bore His weight but the nails that are our sins.
If not for those blood-stained nails, Heaven would never let us in.

*Yard Out is a free newspaper for prisoners written by prisoners and sent directly or distributed through the prison's chaplain office.