

Alone Foreshadowed

written by s. linne & e. westbrook

(As "Alone" repeats in the background)

Constantly reminded that I'm so alone
Always surrounded by a world that's so cold
Love I can find it, I need it from You
Closer than a brother, the only One true

Alone

written by s. linne

Verse 1

At this very moment, He's never felt so alone in his life
The only thing he can say that he owns is a knife
Oh, and a pipe- he's trapped in a prison
Sadly, a victim of his own bad decisions
He's finishing up a ten year bid
For foul things that he did when he was still a kid
The good news: he'll be out in less than a week
The bad news: he'll be out in less than a week
It's tough, because this news is known by the ruggedest crews
They're doing life and ain't got nothing to lose
And they're already plotting, in fact his man stopped him to chat
and let him know he should be watching his back
And though his external appearance is rougher than Brillo
On most nights, his cries are muffled by his pillow
Because his eyes have seen unspeakable atrocities
From suicide to sodomy but yo, peep the dichotomy
He wants to get out, but in a way he doesn't
Because he's not really sure if he can make the adjustment
Plus he's young and black and can't escape from the fact
That most of the stats say he'll be coming back
He feels like he might as well rot- he's shell-shocked
by hell's plot to keep him in jail, locked in a cell block
The stress is weighing on his mind so heavy
He cries out, "Jesus, if you're real, I'm ready"

Chorus

No one's around
Silence the only sound
The tears are streaming down
Alone

Numb from all the pain
Words just can't explain
The emptiness remains
Alone

Verse 2

At this very moment, she's never felt so alone in her life
For most of her adulthood, she was known as his wife
A happy mother of two, in love with her boo
In her mind there wasn't a clue of what her husband would do
They went from family trips on fun excursions
To him spending late nights in the summers working
To her turning to alcohol just to numb the hurting
To him trading her in for a younger version
Unwanted, she's confronted by the thing she dreads

She cries herself to sleep at night in an empty bed
This disappearing act would shock Terry McMillan
They were married with children- she can't bury her feelings
Her shock turned to confusion, confusion to aggression
Aggression to bitterness, bitterness to depression
But she's not allowed to grieve, she got mouths to feed
Plus they need health care, might have to go on welfare
For now, she's trying to make ends meet on minimum wage
Her 15 year old son is at a critical age
A pivotal stage, he needs a male role model
About to drop out, street life full throttle
His mom knows that without proper education
Dead or in jail is his probable destination
The pain is weighing in on her heart so heavy
She cries out, "Jesus, if you're real, I'm ready"

Chorus

No one's around
Silence the only sound
The tears are streaming down
Alone

Numb from all the pain
Words just can't explain
The emptiness remains
Alone

Verse 3

At this very moment, He's never felt so alone
I His life Severely afflicted- He groans from the strife
His appearing to visit- for years was predicted
But clearly they missed it- they don't know His type
He came from above- the divine intertwined with mankind
He entered slime- amazing His love
For this evil nation who shows Him no appreciation
His life is being cut short like an abbreviation
The same cats who last week hailed Him as the man
They rail and demand for them to nail Him through His hands
They failed to understand the scale of what was planned
The torn veil will explain His trail left in the sand
For now, He considers the cat who snitched on Him
And even His right hand man who switched on Him
The rest of His friends bounced too and left Him hanging
Literally, pitifully, flesh dangling
But the most mysterious aspect of the saga
Three hours spent under the wrath of His Father
His Dad is who commanded it- His attributes demanded it
The Lamb was doomed to handle this- absolute abandonment
The craziest thing the universe has ever known
For the first time in eternity, God was alone
But I guess the part of it that makes it so heavy

He did it for those who cry out, "Jesus, I'm ready!"

As The Hour Draws Near

written by c. njoroge, a. coughlin & s. linne

(Evangel)

Chorus 1

As the hour draws near to take my last breath
I'm not quite sure how much time I have left
I'm walking the path of all the strugglers who died
And I'm in fear of what awaits me on the other side (repeat)

Verse 1

Who knew that I'd be shook up
as I look up to the heavens and see it's near with I.V.s hooked up?
Like secrets it was nice to be kept by Christ
Now every night's a deep sweat from a life of regrets
The thrill is gone- was faith real? Not fake like silicon?
Frontin' like it's "Ok" like Lil' Jon- was spilling sobs
My will was drawn to this common facade
Lord, now I repent for each dent in Your armor of God
Knowing this: it's Your name that we defraud
Without holiness, no one shall see the Lord
My heart I can't mask from You- don't wanna be a part of Your massacre
Please don't stop my cardiovascular
I hope I repped C-H-R-I-S-T
And sported Him so good I could win an Espy like Wayne Gretsky
Lord put my heart at ease, please before I decrease my **B.P.**
And they're saying "Clear! I need Cc's!
I think I'm losing him!" Because I'm bruised from sin within
And don't think I'll see Your New Jerusalem
You're just, Lord- I need to be assured
I'm unsure and insecure that where sin abounds Your grace did much more
I need to get confidence believing Your promises
Of Jesus' accomplishments, not help from the drug store
Because mostly my reputation was count the world as defecation
Yet I proceed with trepidation

Refrain 1

Sin was strong and my deadliest foe
Steady wrong- am I ready to go?
I pray to God because it's hard to accept- my heart's heavy, you know
I'm not sure if I'm ready to go

Although You had promised I would live again
For believing in Jesus I'm forgiven yet I'm shivering from hidden sin
Because in the back of my mind, I knew I struggled as my past time
Now I'm scared to... flat line

(Ant)

Chorus 2

As the hour draws near to take my last breath
I'm not quite sure how much time I have left
I'm walking the path of all my brothers who died
And I'm prepared for what awaits me on the other side (repeat)

Verse 2

Life was quick, but these last breaths seem the longest
I'm on the brink of entering everything that You promised
My heart skips thinking of what I'll be in a moment
This joy is undeniably precious fruit of atonement
I cry tears of happiness because looking back
I see the track that You sovereignly mapped for me- I see immaculate(ly)
The cross of Christ, His awesome price and Your grace that carried me
I persevered in shadows of brothers who marked the path for me
In just a few breaths I'll walk into a marriage feast
And taste of Your goodness without getting a cavity
Your majesty will light up the city that we'll inhabit
And the Lamb will be the lamp in the middle- there'll be no P.M.
I tremble at the fact that I'll be captured
By the blazing glory of the One that I've been waiting to see and I'll see Him
To see His face and worship perpetually won't be boring
Because this flesh won't be a hitch anymore- I'll be restored
To new morning after morning- and cause You bled
Death I'll leave here on this hospital bed
And step into the presence of the Bridegroom in heaven
No more valleys to tread or trek through
or leaven to fight against- all things will be made new
No struggling to pray, we'll sing of Your glory with angels
I'm eager to go- I know I'm a part of Your kingdom
Upon Christ's deeds I'll see bliss when the beep comes

Refrain 2

My life was long and I'm ready to go
I stood strong and I'm ready to go
I can't wait to sing along with the throng up in heaven, you know
It's where I belong- I'm ready to go

My sneakers are worn down hard from running this marathon in the trenches
Was far from pretending, pressed on with repentance
So now it's time for me to pass the baton
And at long last, I'll pass on into heaven

(shai)

Chorus 3

As the hour draws near to take my last breath
I'm not quite sure how much time I have left
I'm walking the path of all the others who died
And I don't care what awaits me on the other side (repeat)

Verse 3

In a hospital bed, blood clots in my head
Body chock full of meds and I got to be fed
through a tube- I'm comatose, wet food- aroma's gross
Pursued lewd moods as a refuge- overdose
Frantic seizure, life empty, scary demanded leisure
Anesthesia, temporary amnesia
I'm found in this predicament surrounded by significant
others, my mother- it's crowded and I'm listening
I hear a person's voice that I don't recognize
praying for me- It must be a reverend and his lies
Nurse checking in my eyes- ain't getting no replies
If she knew I heard everything, I bet she'd be surprised
My family's upsetting me with cries, what they crying for?
If I could speak, I'd ask the reverend what he lying for?
He said something about believing in the Lord
That's ridiculous- we all know that Jesus was a fraud
Atheism is logical, blind faith is comical
Seven-day creation and Satan are mythological
The Bible's full of statements made by men
Who were shaken- too scared to face the end
The reverend said, "Don't be hostile to the gospel- choose it"
The only gospel I like is gospel music
He said if I understood him take my finger and wiggle one
But if I could have I would have gave him the middle one

Refrain 3

Because he's wrong and I'm ready to go
Son, I'm strong, yo I'm ready to go
If it's on then it's on- bring it on
I'm ready to go, let's get it on son, I'm ready to go

I'm anticipating hitting the essence
I'll crash through the gate in minutes or seconds
His antics are fake so I'm dissin' the reverend
My last action- shaking my fist at the heavens!

Greatest Story Ever Told

written by s. linne

Verse 1

Alright check it: let's go back in time, brethren
Divine lessons always keep your mind guessing
The glory of the Triune God's what I'm stressing
The origin of humankind was fine- blessings
Were plenteous- God is amazingly generous
Crazy benefits in a state of innocence
God told the man what he could taste was limited
Not long after came our nemesis in Genesis
He scammed well, man fell, damned to hell
The whole human race- he represented it
Fooled by the serpent, man through his work
Woman through birth- even the earth ruled by the curses
But instead of a wake immediately
God said her Seed would be the One to crush the head of the snake
Yo, wait what's this? Whoa, a gracious gift!
In Jehovah's faithfulness He clothed their nakedness
This was so they would know their Savior's kiss
And bliss- but first, many growing pains exist
Suffering in the worst form, ugly deeds
Eve's firstborn seed made his brother bleed
Indeed things got progressively worse
Every section of the earth's been affected by the curse
And though God's judgments against sin were gory
Praise the Lord! It's not the end of the story

Chorus:

It's the greatest story ever told
A God pursues foes whose hearts turned cold
The greatest story ever told
Restoring all that the enemy stole
The greatest story ever told
The glory of Christ is the goal, behold
The greatest story ever told
It's the greatest...

Verse 2

Next scene: man's sin was extreme
God gets steamed, man gets creamed
The Lord is so Holy that He drowned them in the water
Fire in the valley of slaughter- Sodom and Gomorrah
But at the same time, He's so gracious and patient
That from one man He created a whole nation
Eventually enslaved by the mentally depraved
They cried out to the only One with the strength that He could save
He brought them out with signs and wonders- satisfied their hunger
Then He appeared on Mount Sinai in thunder
Where He laid down the law for God-ruled government

Commonly referred to as the Mosaic covenant
Sin's imputed- so for man to know he's unrighteous
God instituted animal sacrifices
This was to show our constant need for atonement
And when it came to sin, the Lord would never condone it
And when His people disobeyed and went astray
He raised up prophets and kings to lead them in the way
But they would get foul with their idolatry- wet and wild
Prophecy- send them into exile
To take their punishment like a grown man
Then with His own hand He placed them back in their homeland
And while in their forefather's land they dwelt
They awaited the arrival of Emmanuel

Chorus:

It's the greatest story ever told
A God pursues foes whose hearts turned cold
The greatest story ever told
Restoring all that the enemy stole
The greatest story ever told
The glory of Christ is the goal, behold
The greatest story ever told
It's the greatest...

Verse 3

After 400 silent years filled with sighs and tears
In Bethlehem the Messiah appears
God in the flesh- Second Person of the Trinity
At thirty begins His earthly ministry
Baffling cats with accurate, exact facts
And back to back miraculous acts
A stumbling block to the self righteous
But the humbled- His flock, said "There's no one else like this"
He came from heaven to awake the numb
Demonstrated His power over nature, son
A foretaste of the Kingdom and the age to come
But the reason He came was to pay the sum
For the depths of our wickedness, our wretched sinfulness
Bless His magnificence- He's perfect and innocent
Yet He was wrecked and His death- He predicted it
Next He was stretched, paid a debt that was infinite
He said that He finished it- resurrected so the elect
would be the recipients of its benefits
Through faith and penitence we get to be intimate
His grace is heaven sent, it never diminishes
Now the Holy Spirit indwelling is the evidence
for heaven's future residents who truly represent
Jesus, the Author, Producer, Director and
Star of a story that will never, ever end!

Chorus:

The greatest story ever told

A God pursues foes whose hearts turned cold
The greatest story ever told
Restoring all that the enemy stole
The greatest story ever told
The glory of Christ is the goal, behold
The greatest story ever told
It's the greatest...

High Priest

Written by s. linne

Verse 1

There's commotion in my brain, strange is the notion
Words cannot explain my range of emotion
I'm speechless, my flaws exposed and my weakness
Each breath draws me closer to a deep test
It's month number seven, it's been ten days
I've been awake all night reflecting on my ways
A threat to my peace in this greatest of moments
Because I'm the High Priest and it's the Day of Atonement
The LORD is so holy and perfect, I'm nervous
I'm floored that He chose me to worship through service
Don't ask me why the God who crafted the sky
Drafted this weak guy from the clan of Levi
Preceding generation taught me to read the regulations
Deep meditation on decreed revelation
Extreme trepidation breeds hesitation
Yet I must lead and be the representation
My occupation- to intercede for the nation
But indeed my own sins need expiation
The wrath of Jehovah's grim, sin is no joke to Him
The hope is slim for unholy men coming close to Him
He's spoken in His Word the proper way of approach to Him
Nadab and Abihu got it wrong and He roasted them
These things I weigh as I sigh
This could either be the greatest day of my life or the day that I die!

Chorus

So you say that you wanna know the LORD?
Do you really wanna stand before the LORD?
Do you know what it takes to meet the LORD?
God is an all-consuming fire

So you say that you wanna know the LORD
Do you really wanna stand before the LORD?
Do you know what it takes to meet the LORD?
Be careful what you desire

Verse 2

For now, no time to focus on my sinning
I bathe in the laver though it seems extreme
I put on the holy coat made of white linen
Craving His favor- I'm ceremonially clean
I check to inspect- no tangible faltering
Next I must collect the animals for the offering
A spotless ram and a bull- the components
God gives to make atonement for my own sins
This part of the ritual makes me real cautious
Because the very sight of blood makes me feel nauseous

**Still I proceed by snatching him close, slashing his throat
when his blood splashed on my coat
Reacting, I choke- gasping that's when I'm grasping
God's reaction that sin provokes**

I take a moment to reflect on the blood spilled in this
Staring at the goat to be sent into the wilderness
I'll confess Israel's sins with my hands on his head
Symbolizing guilt transferred instead
to a substitute the living God provided and stamped
guilty of our sin, driven outside the camp
This beautiful picture of hope and grace motivates
And I don't want my fear to make this dope occasion go to waste
Change my outer garments, slow my pace- yo I brace
myself to stand before Jehovah's face in the Holy Place

Chorus

So you say that you wanna know the LORD?
Do you really wanna stand before the LORD?
Do you know what it takes to meet the LORD?
God is an all-consuming fire

So you say that you wanna know the LORD
Do you really wanna stand before the LORD?
Do you know what it takes to meet the LORD?
Be careful what you desire

Verse 3

The time has come, the great moment has arrived
About to enter in- what a lonely enterprise
Look at the other priests, they speak only with their eyes
Rope tied around my ankle just in case I don't survive
I enter through the first curtain to a dark room
I'm standing in the Holy Place, my thoughts consumed
I'm caught off guard, I'm unraveling at this stage
My heartbeat so hard it's rattling my ribcage
Feeling like I'm disintegrating and I can't stand
Comforted by the light emanating from the lampstand
This helps my vision- I can see the showbread
I think of God's provision, that helps me go ahead
I need courage to worship! Man, this is intense
I take burning coals off the altar for the incense
The sweet aroma fills the room
The smoke protects my eyes- one sight of Jehovah seals my doom
It's no mere coincidence I'm here surrendering
With fear and trembling I'm nearly entering
I feel like running scared, hoping I'm not unprepared
Stunned with fear- no one comes in here but once a year
Nevertheless I'm at the point of no return
Besides, I don't want my anointing to be spurned
After counting to three, next time I inhale
I'm in the Holy of Holies beyond the veil!
The first thing I realize is I'm thrilled that I've

entered into God's presence and yet I'm still alive
I'm awestruck by the weight of His terrible beauty
It's almost unbearable but I must fulfill my duty
Approach the ark, the first part of my work's complete
when I sprinkle blood seven times on the mercy seat
Quickly I exit, impressed with the Heseb
that rescues the wretched and left us accepted!

Letter from the Grave

written by s. linne

Scene 1

Shaking my fist at the heavens- my lifetime pastime
But now no more natural light shines- flat line
Just as I was dissing his name
I'm hit with the flames as my soul left my physical frame
Frightened, my senses heightened
Defenseless against this relentless lightning
A stampede of thunder claps, I can't breathe
It's like I'm running laps with my lung collapsed
I can't leave- I'm stuck and trapped
Meanwhile, I am no longer senile
The life I lived in the body- that feels like the dream now
And I've awakened to a real life nightmare
It's quite clear- no use putting up a fight here
My destiny is sealed; a true catastrophe
With future agonies that have yet to be revealed
And that thought alone is such a blow to me- it's terrible
Because what I'm feeling right now is totally unbearable
I'm disembodied, met my worst feat mentally
Every second like a year, every year a century
No one that I can call, I'm crushed under a wall
Of holy fury, amazed by the justice of it all
Getting what I deserve, in fact my soul is burning black
I've crossed over the threshold- never to be saved
Eternal is the furnace and it ain't no turning back
Oh God, just let me send my fam a letter from the grave!

Refrain

My conscience is killing me
Like a worm that never dies (repeat)

Scene 2

To my parent, my sisters, my cousins, my nieces
Friend, co-workers- everybody needs to read this
You probably thinking I'm in heaven smiling down upon you
But that's not true- I'm writing this now to warn you
I'm serious- wish I could put a gun to your face
Whatever it takes to make you listen- don't come to this place
I made tons of mistakes when I was there with y'all certainly
The worst by far was not preparing for eternity
It's crazy- I don't even know how to tell y'all
But I'm in hell, y'all
And I know it's upsetting to hear- it's upsetting to be here
But I write so you'd get it and see clear
I don't have all the answers- I grope for more
But there are a couple of things that I know for sure
Re-incarnation is a lie- there's no such thing as Satan- lie
Getting to heaven through meditation- that's a lie

Homicidal I feel, but it's vital we build
Your pride will be killed- the God of the Bible is real
Y'all know- I ain't read the Bible a day in my life
But He's the one who's inflicting all my pain and my strife
So get a Bible and read it- whatever you read- believe it
And after reading, eat it, sleep it and breathe it
There's much more to this man Jesus- observe the story
And I can tell you that there's no such thing as purgatory
What I wouldn't give to have your opportunity
I see my pride has ruined me, ignoring God is lunacy
There's no comfort, all shame, no peace
No slumber, all pain, it don't cease
So don't be lax when attacked with distractions
The fashions and attractions had me relaxing
Now I'm awake for the first time ever
But from the goodness of God's works I'm severed
Regretting all the tracts that I threw in the trash
Regretting moving fast in pursuit of the cash
Regretting spending all my life trusting myself
Regretting not reading the Bible up on my shelf
Regretting all the things in life that had me caught up
Regretting switching the subject when Christ was brought up
Regretting not going to church when my friends invited me
Regretting believing my college profs who lied to me
Regretting dismissing all believers as lame
Regretting not examining Jesus' claims
Regretting...

Martyrs

written by j. watson, c. njoroge, b. davis, s. linne, m. stokes

The Time: 20th Century

The Place: China

The Martyr: A young girl

*"Yeah they went ahead of us, now the path is straight
And died so that we could have life past the grave"
-Da T.R.U.T.H from Our World from The Faith*

(Json)

We would gather so Pastor could season us Christians
We were pleased just to hear the reading of Scripture
Because here in Asia, we can't worship like the States
Because servants of grace might be murdered for their faith
So we give Christ the praises secretly, we ain't treated equally
Even on today our bible study's held illegally
As Pastor opened to read from the first sentence
Communist soldiers kicked the door straight off the hinges
I knew this could happen for accepting His precious gift
They threaten to kill us with guns clutched within their fist
I'm shaken and scared even though Jesus is my everything
I don't know if I'm prepared to die at the age of seventeen
The leading official turned to my pastor and looked
Put a gun to his face and told him "Hand over the book!"
He reluctantly handed over the text that he so adored
They laughed as he grabbed it and it was smashed to the floor
I was truly grieved as I looked in his eyes
He said, "Any of you can leave if you spit on this book of lies!"
A man walked up, cried as he fell to the floor
"Father forgive me"- "Leave! Now you can go!"
I trembled with fear my mind started to think about death
Hair leaking with sweat I thought my heart would beat through my chest
A woman that walked up next spit on the Bible and left
The official shot in the air of the air continued yelling out threats
I was tempted to do it- I just wanted to leave
The moment I thought this, I felt overwhelmingly grieved
I gritted my teeth, tears began to stream down my face
I needed some faith I just started to think on His grace
In my head I said "forget it" as I walked toward the text
Kneeled to the floor, wiped the spit off the Bible with my dress
To live is Christ, to die is gain ain't a popular song
I said, "Father forgive them as I was shot in the dome"

The Time: 1536

The Place: Outside of Brussels

The Martyr: William Tyndale

(Evangel)

I refuse to look to John Huss whose goose was cooked

Lord, I wanna put your truth in books
Now concerning my faith no turning away
I know eternity awaits even if I'm burned at the stake
Like avoiding their attacks of me would profit me
Great Whore that could be properly the papacy and prophecy
They say the Pope's the holiest
Only if these people could see its phoniness and Scripturally erroneous
The Pope of men fail to respect- they wanna seek death
of William Tyndale so then I inhale a deep breath
Two doors- my hands push
As I stride inside I was grabbed by men hiding- it's an ambush!
I was sabotaged- he was disguised and camouflaged
As a friend of me- I didn't know he was the enemy
Now through discerning, I see this group is yearning
With ill will to kill bill like Uma Thurman
It's a chaotic frenzy as they plot against me
Hey if God defends me or ends me- He'll soon determine
Now I plead for these people (forgive 'em!) they grieve Your cathedral
I don't wanna repay evil for evil
When I'm weak I'm made strong- got my brave face on
We're sheep for the slaughter being killed all the day long
I'll never be a man-pleaser
No matter how tight the grip of the hand squeezer
I can't breathe- I'll stand with Jesus
Even if plans are grievous as they try to put me to sleep like anesthesia
Now I'm gagging and gasping- I'm sold out for You
No doubt this noose won't choke out the truth
And leave a lasting legacy- cats who would never read
your Word after the death of me cats can cleverly
get pass the heresy and grab for this weaponry
Your sword- now Lord I pass to the heavenlies

The Time: Approximately 100 A.D.

The Place: Rome

The Martyr: Anonymous

(God's Servant)

My wrists bleed from the shackles, as I get dragged in the gravel
My ribs hurt, was arrested and tackled.
Snatched up, I was preaching, pulled in a packed road
beat for the God that I stand for
A young man, I'm a Roman, version of Daniel
But yo I got to be an example
Seized by decree of the emperor's panel
to kill Christians in all of the land so
Yo now they got me, tied up, tugged, getting trampled
Hauled to my death while they chant yo
"NO GOSPEL, CHRIST IS A SCANDAL!"
The mob screams as I'm violently handled
But I am a sample of grace that is ample
to save though the pain isn't cancelled
Strained as I'm maimed by the rage of the grapple

Each swing hurting me, more than the last blow
Kicked by their sandals, struck by their rods
Cracked from the whips in the hands of the guards
Mocked by the people they bask in their evil
Storing up wrath in the path of my God!
But AH! "What a relief it is to be in Jesus!"
Even beaten if Christ is the reason
Pulled to the center of Rome- a crowd's meeting
They chant for my death and indict me with treason
I get tied to a pole by a soldier, shaped like an ogre
Rope 'round my legs and rope 'round my shoulders
He signals his boys and he yells out,
"Yo ya'll bring the torch over!"
So now I'm facing the blaze, facing the pain
By grace putting faith in His name
He says, "Last call for a recant", I say "we can't!"
So he ignites me in flames

The Time: Approximately 62 A.D.

The Place: Jerusalem

The Martyr: James, the brother of Jesus

(shai)

Sovereign Lord, You're so holy, you know me
I'm nothing but dust and I trust in You only
I see the faces in the crowd below me
I'm standing on the rooftop of the temple and they're about to throw me
Off because I've been causing a major fuss
They call me James the Just- Jesus the name I trust
In the days of His flesh, He was my brother in the physical
I thought that He was crazy- enough that I would ridicule
But since His resurrection, I see He meticulously rules
And next to His perfections, I'm ridiculously minuscule
Astounding, I'm taking a pounding and bruised for Him
I look around and see the mountains surrounding Jerusalem
Suddenly I get calm
Reminded of God's promise in verse 2 of the 125th Psalm
I hear their obscene chatter- for me no tears or screams scattered
Or fears of getting my spleen splattered
Christ is supreme, so extreme is the theme of His redeemed team
My no means is my dream shattered
Embracing what is after as I'm facing this disaster
I have to because no slave is greater than his master
They told me (to) deny Jesus and not be an Apostle
My response- "Repent and believe in the gospel!"
They threw me off the roof for that last phrase spoken
I hit the ground alive with both of my legs broken
They're acting so wickedly with no sympathy
My blood flowed vividly, I felt stones hitting me
Yo, inwardly Jesus gave me peace like Steve and them
I reached up to heaven and began to intercede for them
"Father forgive them, though their sin's great and enormous"

One of their own said, "Brothers, wait! He's praying for us"
One cat had so much hate in his heart for Jesus
His blunt instrument crushed my skull into pieces

The Time: Modern Day
The Place: The Streets of New York
The Martyr: A street evangelist

(Techniq)

In the beginning, before throw backs and fitteds
I grew up in a world where no truth was in it
No hopes, no dreams, no future in it
Only crack heads with some state troopers in it
I grew up with a mother, brother, sister- no pops
Fam that's locked up, DTs and crooked cops
Dope dealers and thugs on street corners and blocks
Dudes that push weight, catch seals and get knocked
That was my life before I married the Christ
So now I rep hard on the block the day and the night
2 A.M. in the morning, it's my third week in
So far seventeen souls walked away from their sins
It's a struggle on the block in the heart of the pits
Where the fiends look like zombies as they search for a fix
Fourteen, across the street, and she's licking her lips
Asking Poppy for a date while she's grinding her hips
I can't believe what I'm seeing but thank God for the mission
Because He touches hearts and opens up the mind for the vision
And people saying I should make the right decision
Because the Devil's steady lurking but I'm moving with precision
I can't be scared- I'm a soldier for the kingdom
Armored up and I gotta rep hard 'til I meet Him
And tell the world that it's crucial they receive Him
Because He's coming back- nobody knows the A.M. or the P.M.
And on the block I could see it was beef
The Spirit told me they was coming I refused to retreat
The leader stepped to my face saying he was the man
And ain't no God in earth or heaven gonna ruin his plan
I looked him in the eyes and told him this ain't have to be the end
The Lord loved him irregardless as to what he done or did
Satan filled his heart so he ain't really care what I said
Cocked back the nine and bust three shots to my head

Passover

Written by s. linne

Scene 1

Listen to me, baby girl, I know that you're upset
Come over here to Daddy, baby, let me wipe your eyes
What I'm about to tell you, Rachel, you must not forget
So listen very closely and I'll give you a surprise
Your daddy and your uncles have been busy making bricks
And they don't pay us anything- just blood, sweat and tears
If you came to where I work, you'd see the pyramids
Our people have been building those for 400 years
Remember when I introduced you to Mr. Aaron?
The one who pinched your cheeks and said you had a nice dress
Well him and Mr. Moses have been talking to the Pharaoh
Because the God of Abraham is gonna give His people rest
Some crazy things been happening the last couple of weeks
You didn't even notice because we're living in Goshen
The smell of death is everywhere in Egypt and it reeks
Cause Yahweh is angry and He's causing a commotion
First, He spoke to Mr. Moses from the burning bush
Commanded him to tell the Pharaoh "Let His people go!"
So that it would be said from Egypt all the way to Cush
That Yahweh is God because everybody would know
Then he went before the Pharaoh and all of His servants
Knowing that the Lord was gonna harden Pharaoh's heart
When Mr. Aaron threw his staff, it turned into a serpent
But Pharaoh had magicians and they used their secret arts
Their staffs turned to snakes too, but Mr. Aaron's ate them
Because they don't know that our God is the One who caused the flood
But Pharaoh wouldn't let us in the wilderness to praise Him

So Plague 1: Yahweh turned the Nile into blood
The fish died, the river stank, no water for Egyptians
But Pharaoh's heart was so hard, he didn't even pause
The miracle was somehow copied by Pharaoh's magicians
So the second time around, Yahweh hit 'em with the frogs
When Pharaoh still was hard-hearted, Yahweh brought the gnats
This was Plague number 3- but now something was different
As hard as the magicians tried, they couldn't copy that
They told him, "This was God"- Pharaoh still wouldn't listen

Plague number 4 was the swarm of the flies
Plague number 5- all the livestock died
Plague 6- sores terrorized
Plague number 7- fiery hail fell from the skies

You still with me Rachel? I need you to focus
I have something for you- soon I'll reveal it
Continuing- Plague number 8 was the locusts
And Plague 9- it got so dark that you could feel it
You would think that Pharaoh had a little common sense

But after all of that, honey, he still hasn't budged
But when this night is over, he will be fully convinced
Because Yahweh's gonna show Himself to be the perfect Judge
You know how you do bad things and then you get a beating?
It's like that with God- He punishes our wrongs
He can't just look the other way because that would mean He's cheating
But unbelievably, He's been patient for so long
But now time is running out and so is God's pity
He's the universal Ruler many don't want to cherish
So tonight He's gonna send the Destroyer through the city
And the first-born son in every house is gonna perish
Look over there, honey- see the blood on our door?
When God notices that, He's gonna pass by
By faith, we're believing in the Word of the Lord
that whoever isn't covered by the blood's gonna die
So now, back to Fluffy: It doesn't seem nice
But part of God's plan was to substitute another
An innocent victim, Fluffy paid the price
Because if it isn't Fluffy, it's gonna be your brother

Scene 2

We rushed into the house so we could finish up our dinner
"Rachel, honey, eat your food as fast as you can!"
The bread was unleavened and the herbs- they were bitter
Belt tight, sandals on, with my staff in my hand
"Joseph and Rachel, it's almost time to go to sleep
Mommy's gonna wash you up and I'll tell you a story
While Daddy's cleaning up, I don't want to hear a peep
Matter of fact, I don't want you to have to wait for me"
We put the kids to bed, I knew the time it was dawning
I looked at the table and that's when it hit me
Moses said, "Let nothing remain until the morning"
We had leftovers and I had to burn them quickly
I started grabbing meat and throwing it on the fire
All over my face, there were drops of perspire
I cried out for mercy as it came down to the wire
The Destroyer was here! Time had expired!

"At midnight the LORD struck down all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh who sat on his throne to the firstborn of the captive who was in the dungeon, and all the firstborn of the livestock. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants and all the Egyptians. And there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where someone was not dead." Exodus 12:29-30, ESV

Penelope Judd

written by s. linne

Verse 1

Once upon a time in a distant land
Far beyond the sea where there lived no man
Or woman- in fact, lo and behold
The oldest person there was only 12 years old
Because all the grown-ups had washed away in a flood
One town in particular there was called Mud
Because every sister, cousin and brother
From head to toe in mud they were covered
But anyway, in this town called Mud
There lived a little girl named Penelope Judd
Now Penelope was a very sad, sad girl
Because she was living in a bad, bad world
Where kids teased each other and acted really mean
They lied, cheated and stole and their speech was obscene
With no grown-ups around, nobody was really wise
So every kid did what was right in their own eyes
Penelope would cry- like every single day
No matter what she did, the tears wouldn't go away
But deep down in her heart, she hoped it would get better
Because of what her grandpa had written in a letter
He said, "Penelope, it's great news that I bring
On the mountain top there lives a great King
The King has a Son, and being a proud Father
He's going to throw the Prince a huge party in His honor
But the good part: and I hope it gets you excited
Penelope Judd, you're officially invited!
He's sending a Dove- He'll tell you all you need to know
Just have your bags packed and be ready to go"
It had been such a long time Penelope was waiting
She wondered if the letter was true or just faking
But one day she was playing outside
And to her great surprise, the Dove had arrived!
He said:

Chorus 1

Off we go with no delay
Don't let nobody try to make you stay
We're gonna see the King, we're on our way
And all the old things gon' pass away

Verse 2

The Dove told her that He was sent by the King
If she wanted to go, she had to run and grab her things
Penelope said, "OK. I'll be right back!"
Ran into the house and came back out with her knapsack
The Dove said, "Penelope, the party is in a day
Stay alert, follow me and I'll lead the way"

So as He flew and Penelope walked the path
She waived good-bye to her friends and they started to laugh
They said that she was silly for following the Dove
Just to go to some stupid party up above
Penelope and the Dove continued on their way
But then she got sad, because part of her wanted to stay
But then she thought to herself, "Why would I want to stay?
Because all they do is play in the mud all day
And while they're doing that, I'm gonna see the King!"
It made Penelope so happy, she started to sing
She said

Chorus 2

Off I go with no delay
And ain't nobody gonna make me stay
I'm gonna see the King- I'm on my way
And all the old things gon' pass away

Verse 3

Now when they had been walking for a long time
They reached the foot of the mountain and they started to climb
Penelope got scared, not sure if she could keep
going because the mountain was very, very steep
On top of that, it was now dark outside
The Dove said, "Keep your eyes on me- I'll be your guide"
Getting to the top was a difficult trip
But the Dove was there to pick her up whenever she slipped
And she was so excited when they got near the top
that she didn't even stop when her knapsack dropped
The Dove led her to the Palace and said, "Farewell!
See you inside!" He flew away; Penelope rang the bell
A huge angel answered, looked her up and down
She knew something was wrong because he had a big frown
"Can I help you, ma'am?" "Yes, I'm here for the party
I have an invitation" He said, "I'm so sorry!
There's no way that I can let you through these doors
The King won't let anyone dirty up His floors"
She didn't understand, so without coming near her
He reached into his pocket and He pulled out a mirror
And for the very first time, she saw that she was dirty
The Palace was spotless- she knew she was unworthy
As the angel continued, "I'm sorry, little friend
but..." A voice inside the party said, "You can let her in"
The next thing she knew, the Prince Himself was at the door
He looked at her, smiled and said, "There's room for one more"
He reached out and touched her- instantly she was clean
Wearing the brightest robe that she had ever seen
If the Mud kids had seen it, they would have gone blind
"Where'd you get it?"; she asked. He said, "Actually, it's mine"
And as He lead her in through the Palace doors
He sang the sweetest song she ever heard before
He said:

Chorus 3

Long ago, laid aside my crown

Became a Mud kid, traveled to your town

They kicked me out, didn't want me around

But those who love me get to share my crown

Simple Love Story

written by s. linne

Scene 1

Let me tell you about this guy named Jim
A gem when it came to running ball in the gym
A four year scholarship to U.M.
A Terp doing work, nobody could see him
Sophomore year, things got complex for Jim
Conference tournament- he broke his wrist on the rim
Then it came out- an agent had bought him a B.M.
Now Jim's N.B.A. prospects look slim
He's back in the hood running with his man Tim
They're drinking and they're smoking blunts down to the stem
If Jim's not careful, he will be a victim
Another young black male caught in the system
But then, one day, while working out at the gym
He couldn't believe what was standing in front of him
Chocolate honey brown, pretty smile, plus trim
"Excuse me, what's your name?" "Hi, my name is Kim"

Chorus 1

It's just a simple love story y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Don't let the loneliness take you away
Don't let it take you away

It's just a simple love story, y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Just let the melody take you away
As we do it like...

Scene 2

Immediate connection between Jim and Kim
Different, yet the same, kind of like a synonym
They started hanging out P.M. to A.M.
The cup of their love was filled up to the brim
In fact, things were going so well between them
In less than a year, Kim had moved in with Jim
But not long after that, their light grew dim
Because Jim and Kim had a big problem
See, Kim felt like Jim was only about Jim
And Jim felt like Kim wanted to change him
Even small things became arguments for them
Like Jim liked whole milk, Kim liked skim
The future for Jim and Kim was looking grim
Their love song was turning into a requiem
But then, one day everything changed for Kim
She heard the gospel and got introduced to Him

Chorus 2

It's just a simple love story y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Don't let the decadence take you away
Don't let it take you away

It's just a simple love story, y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Just let the harmony take you away
As we do it like...

Scene 3

Kim had an epiphany when she met Him (Jesus)
The One who literally went out on a limb
to bring sinful men back to Him
New life she received when she believed He did this for Kim
New found joy, she tried to share it with Jim
He wasn't feeling it- He thought it was just a whim
He couldn't front though, something was different about Kim
Because every morning, she was up at 5 A.M.
Faithfully on her face praising Him
Thanking Him for His grace, even praying for Jim
Answer to prayer- Jim gave His life to Him
Advance three months later, Jim's wife was Kim
A love triangle: on the bottom right is Jim
On the bottom left is Kim, at the pinnacle is Him
So the closer Jim gets to Him and Kim gets to Him
The closer Jim gets to Kim and that's the end
Peace...

Chorus 3

It's just a simple love story y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Don't let the bitterness take you away
Don't let it take you away

It's just a simple love story, y'all
So would you listen up for me, y'all?
And while today is today
Just let the symphony take you away
As we do it like...

Spurgeon

written by s. linne

Verse 1

Let me make this plain kids- God is the greatest
He never changes- His ways are blameless
For His own glory and at different stages
He raises up servants to make His name famous
I'll highlight one particular servant for
the purpose of encouraging your worship to the Lord
Furthermore, Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born
On the outskirts of London- 1834
His dad and his grandpa were both in the ministry
His mother was praying for his soul since his infancy
Naturally intelligent, rapidly developing
But lacking Jesus' fellowship, that would be irrelevant
The God of his mother unknown
Though Christ was up in his home, the faith just wasn't his own
The Lord answered prayer when at the age of 10
Young Charles became convinced of the wages of sin
For the next five years, the Spirit brought conviction
Terrors and affliction, aware of his condition
One Sunday morning though- the stormiest snow
kept Charles from going in the church he'd normally go
Randomly stepped into a church
Heard the words "Look to Me and be saved, all the ends of the earth"
And though only heaven knows the name of the preacher
That's the day that Spurgeon became a believer

Verse 2

The Lord is so merciful, always so purposeful
Those whom He draws find His call irreversible
Immediately after Spurgeon's conversion
Obediently, he was earnest to serve Him
The Lord poured His Spirit on Spurgeon abundantly
Anyone could see that he spoke with profundity
Extraordinary giftedness seen
Proclaiming God's mysteries at the age of fifteen
In a place called Waterbeach graced with the sort of speech
That even made the old folks say, "This boy can preach!"
In fact he was so crafted after the Master
A Baptist church snatched him and asked him to pastor
At the time, He was seventeen years old
On fire for the King who redeemed his soul
People flocked from everywhere- it was quite a scene
Called to a church in London at the age of nineteen
He was more than ready- to his Lord he was dedicated
Even though he was never formally educated
If you would have scratched him, he would bleed Bible
A rich prayer life was his means of survival
Amount that he read was truly mind-blowing

Steeped in the writings of dudes like John Owen
And by God's grace He fed the sheep new manna
In London met his wife, her name was Susannah

Verse 3

Behold the grace of God- stand to the side
The Spirit exalting the Lamb who has died
It can't be denied- this man we describe
Was simply a tool in the hand of his God
To observe this servant's extremely instructive
One word about Spurgeon is he was productive
Preached Jesus- no speakers- loudly he'd shout it
Each week packed houses of crowds in the thousands
His sermons were published- sixty-two volumes
He worked almost like he just knew he would die soon
Made mad disciples, passed on his knowledge
Established a school to train pastors in college
Sold out to the Lord Jehovah, his portion
Also he built two homes for the orphans
A monthly magazine, plus he wasn't too busy
to write books- about a hundred and fifty
God's grace in Spurgeon was manifest
But remember, the best man is a man at best
Yes, he struggled with depression- consistently sick, kid
Both he and Susannah physically afflicted
He experienced as a servant of Jesus
The power of God made perfect in weakness
Later on comes complications
His stands for orthodoxy got him shunned by his denomination
But through all the hardship and all the controversy
He never stopped relying on the sovereign God of mercy
And when he had finished pressing towards the goal
He entered into heaven at the age of fifty-seven
His life is a case of God's grace effectively
At work in sinners to leave a great legacy
The proof is many years later in your speakers
We're praising Jesus for raising up the "prince of preachers"

Storiez Intro

written by s. linne

Good evening, ladies and gentleman. Welcome to our presentation of *Storiez*, presented by Lamp Mode Recordings. My name is Rick Horne and I'll be your host.

From the earliest records of civilization, human beings have used storytelling as a powerful tool to communicate all that is considered significant regarding human experience. Over time, this has included everything from the classic struggle between good and evil to simple descriptions of everyday life, or even the use of the imagination to create mythical worlds. Although the media through which these stories are transmitted have changed over the years, the passions that lie at the root remain unchanged. Of course, this is because human nature itself has not changed.

The late author and philosopher C.S. Lewis is quoted in his *Christian Reflections* as saying, "History is a story written by the finger of God". With this in mind, human history and countless stories contained within it can be seen from two vantage points. The first would be characterized as secular history, or how humanity has lived out its existence without regard for its Creator. The second vantage point- the Biblical one- sees human history as the stage upon which God Himself-as the writer, director and main character- has been actively at work for His redemptive purposes, and ultimately the glory of Jesus Christ.

In tonight's program, we'll present a number of narratives which will seek to explore and unpack a few small stories, with the aim of shedding light on the greatest story of all. We encourage you to relax by sitting back, dimming the lights and perhaps sipping a fresh cup of tea. We have some wonderful musical selections for your enjoyment.

Testify

written by s. linne

Verse 1

We'll start right now- His name is Mike Brown
Born in Detroit, but raised in Chi-Town
See, Mike was bright, but Mike liked to fight
From night to night, all types Mike would strike down
No PG at 13, Mike was R-rated
By 14 behind bars incarcerated
Released at 15- straight path no-brainer
Parole officer hooked him up with a trainer
Trainer was a Christian father figure and
taught him discipline- turned him into a junior Olympian
No doubt with the hand skills Mike was nice
But God rocked him and Mike gave his life to Christ
The congregation is waiting for the next reply
Preacher said, "Son stand up and testify"
The very next words that you heard coming through the speaker
"I used to be a thug, but now I'm a believer!"

Hook:

If you repented of your sins- Testify
If you're trusting in Jesus- Testify
If you believe in His death, burial and resurrection
Testify (say what?) Testify

If you're saved by grace- Testify
If you're seeking God's face- Testify
If you know that you were put here to glorify God
Testify (say what?) Testify

Verse 2

Story number two about a girl named Sue
Raised in the 'burbs not far from Saint Lou
Sue's intelligence was prodigious, she wasn't religious
In fact she thought Christians were all superstitious
She thought their arguments were inconsistent
Didn't find them convincing- full paid scholarship to Princeton
Freshman year she had a roommate named Kristen
In God's providence, Kristen was a Christian
She gave Sue a copy of *Mere Christianity*
Through reading it, Sue got convicted of her vanity
When she discovered the love of Christian sisters and brothers
for each other is when the Lord grabbed a hold of her
The congregation is waiting for the next reply
Preacher said, "Sis stand up and testify"
Sue said "Jesus made this heathen new
Wanna know my testimony read Ephesians 2!"

If you repented of your sins- Testify

If you're trusting in Jesus- Testify
If you believe in His death, burial and resurrection
Testify (say what?) Testify

If you're saved by grace- Testify
If you're seeking God's face- Testify
If you know that you were put here to glorify God
Testify (say what?) Testify

Verse 3

Story number three, we'll call her Cece
Raised in Maryland, not far from D.C.
She's got a lot to cherish, thanks God she's not embarrassed
about her parents because they had a rock solid marriage
Father straight loved her, gave like no other
Raised with her brother by a stay at home mother
Her life always had the true God in the mix
Because her parents understood Deuteronomy 6
She was raised in the fear of the Lord
Amazing grace appeared and she was saved at the mere age of four
A true clear conviction, the old is replaced
She's a fruit-bearing Christian who's growing in grace
The congregation is waiting for the next reply
Preacher said, "Sis stand up and testify"
Cece said, "I ain't got no horror story
God saved me in my youth I give Him all the glory!"

If you repented of your sins- Testify
If you're trusting in Jesus- Testify
If you believe in His death, burial and resurrection
Testify (say what?) Testify

If you're saved by grace- Testify
If you're seeking God's face- Testify
If you know that you were put here to glorify God
Testify (say what?) Testify

Wake Up Revealed

written by s. linne

You know, when I consider my life before my encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ, it's almost like it was a dream and this is the reality. What's funny is that from the outside looking in, my life was clean. I mean, I was a pretty good dude. I wasn't a thug. I was respectful to adults, intelligent, etc. My life looked pretty sanitized. But the reality is that I was bound by my sin. I was a slave. It's like it says in Titus 3:3-

"For we ourselves were once foolish, disobedient, led astray, slaves to various passions and pleasures, passing our days in malice and envy, hated by others and hating one another."

And if I'm honest with myself, that was me. The reality is that I was trapped by a demonic world system that had a lock on my mind and my soul. And there was no escape, even though I tried. I looked for escape in games, sports, comfort- you name it. But at some point I had to come face to face with my biggest enemy- me. The Spirit of God, in the midst of my rebellion and, I should add- without my permission- changed my heart and opened my eyes. By God's grace, I heard the gospel concerning Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who lived a perfect life and died as a substitute, taking on Himself the wrath that I deserve for my sin. And He rose again from the grave on the third day. And for the first time, the one who I once wanted nothing to do with was now irresistibly amazing and fascinating to me. And by the grace of God, I repented and I believed in Him and I was saved. At that point, the person I once was- he died. And the life that I lived before- that was dead also. It's almost as though God were saying to me, "Shai, wake up. You're alive." And I give God all the glory for that.

Wake Up, You're Alive

Written by s. linne

One night a while ago I had a crazy dream
that shady beings were probing my mind with a laser beam
The pain was high octane, ten times the intensity of a migraine
Enough to drive somebody insane
My physical frame was paralyzed- the floor was sanitized
The instruments they used were sterilized- but the terror lies
in the fact that the metallic walls were covered with many eyes
that watched as they probed my insides and analyzed
They weren't aliens because their faces were invisible
More like chameleons with a nature that was mystical
Completely irresistible mind control
Trying to mold my will to theirs and redesign my soul
Slicing me up like cold cuts- I was broke up
If I could I would've spoke up but they had me yoked up
And then I woke up- choked up- my spine and bones were tingling
Awakened from a nightmare to find my phone was ringing

All of a sudden I heard a thunderous roar
He busted through the door before my feet hit the floor
No time to stay patient- with great haste I raced
And slipped when I tripped over my Play Station
My green bean bag broke my fall
As I groped for the wall, behind me I could sense His open jaws
The smell of his breath was hot sulfur- not kosher
I yelled as he crept and got closer
Knocked over a vase, no space to race with him
Shocked over his pace, I was face to face with him
Envisioning my imminent homicide, dismemberment
Collision with impenitence personified with grim intent
A sinister smile, a foul grimace
Particular style of a menace, the image was vile
I was too subdued to struggle, woozy from the tussle
Wanted to choose to hustle but I couldn't move a muscle
I was hurting, I thought I was a goner for certain
Then I looked and saw the sunlight through the corner of my curtain
At this point, I thought he would devour for sure
But he just stood over me for a half an hour or more
As the morning flooded the bedroom I could see a little better
But his face was still obscured by a black hooded sweater
Just then, it must have been an illustrious gust of wind
That thrust him into the room's other end
My physical felt rejuvenated
I opened the door, the whole house illuminated
by the sunlight, my chance to bounce- I hesitated
Because something just wasn't adding up- it resonated
Dedicated to go back and get some better data
Feeling heavy weighted- yet it was like I levitated
Over to the corpse, my thoughts had escalated
I took off his hood and I was devastated

So now let me state it: what could it be?
The dead villain in the corner of my room? It was me!
I fell back surprised, cried, lost all my drive
Looked over at my clock it said 6:55
As I tried to make sense of what I'd just survived
A voice from outside said "Wake up, you're alive"

Work It Out

written by s. linne

Chorus

You running hard for the King?

I know that's right!

Is Jesus your everything?

I know that's right!

Did He really make all things new?

No doubt!

By His grace, whatcha gonna do?

Work it out!

Verse 1

She's not your typical girl

Sixteen years old and she's dead to the world

Faith by her lifestyle demonstrated

because the gospel penetrated and now she's regenerated

Her Master is greater than fashions and flavors

She patterns her behavior after the Savior

Back in the days you would have seen her standing in the mirror

Yeah, her skin was clear, but her vanity was clearer

Now she's in the Scriptures and wants to be like

Hannah and Sarah rather than Christina Aguilera

Worldly girls imitate Missy Elliot

But she wants to be like Elisabeth Eliot

Not flexing her body, see she dresses with modesty

She's not perfect- she confesses sin honestly

Christ crucified! That's her permanent shout

And by the grace of the Lord, she's working it out

Chorus

You running hard for the King?

I know that's right!

Is Jesus your everything?

I know that's right!

Did He really make all things new?

No doubt!

By His grace, whatcha gonna do?

Work it out!

Verse 2

She's not your normal wife

She's twenty-four and Christ is the Lord of her life

Her walk is evidence that she trusts in God

And it feels so good to be justified

And no, she doesn't have a Master's in Divinity

But what she does have is a passion for the Trinity

When she recalls her previous prodigal seasons

And how at times she could be the loudest of heathens

She praises God for making this former feminist

submit to her husband for theological reasons
Worldly wives watch Oprah to learn to be a lady
But she's reading the writings of Carolyn Mahaney
And she would never disrespect her husband in public
And if she does it, she repents- I love it!
Christ crucified! That's her permanent shout
And by the grace of the Lord, she's working it out

Chorus

You running hard for the King?
I know that's right!
Is Jesus your everything?
I know that's right!
Did He really make all things new?
No doubt!
By His grace, whatcha gonna do?
Work it out!

Verse 3

She's not your usual mother
{ahem} years old and she's true to the lover
of her soul, she beholds the cross where He copped it
Once was agnostic, now she's adopted
Her passion grows greater as she beholds him
Job title: homemaker/ theologian
Early in her walk, she would fight against His will then
The Lord used her marriage and the Bible to reveal sin
Now she fights to kill sin and her greatest joy is
serving her husband as she's discipling her children
While worldly mothers stress shopping for the new style
She's pouring into younger women Titus 2 style
Teaching others how to rightly see brothers and be mothers
And most of all better Jesus lovers
Christ crucified! That's her permanent shout
And by the grace of the Lord, she's working it out

Chorus

You running hard for the King?
I know that's right!
Is Jesus your everything?
I know that's right!
Did He really make all things new?
No doubt!
By His grace, whatcha gonna do?
Work it out! (4x)

