

The cloak of mourning clouds the sky  
While angel songs are heard on high  
And some are snatched while others sleep  
The river wide is also deep  
And understanding heavenly things  
Is only portioned to the kings  
While others scratch their heads and cry  
Why is it that the young must die?

And ancient songs are sung again  
While fear grips the hearts of men  
As God now rides in stormy skies  
Where are the teachings of the wise  
Who shine as stars against the night  
And give the saints their heavenly light?  
And Wisdom's counsel beat strikes hard  
Amidst the changing of the guard

One brought near and two are born  
The great and dreadful Day now dawns  
The double portion army rides  
A fiery trail blazed through the skies  
And heaven and earth together sing  
It is the day of 3-fold things  
The Lion's roar is heard again  
As judgment falls like beating rain

And justice lines are drawn and marked  
While remnant seed hides in the ark  
And 'Holy, Holy' now they sing  
Beneath the shelter of His wing  
As fire consumes the wood and chaff

And all who shook their heads and laughed  
At prophet warnings, tremble now  
And every knee before Him bows

His messengers of fire rise  
Propelled by zeal, His fiery eyes  
Are searching now both high and low  
Where are the ones who say, "I'll go"  
And scan the byways east to west  
And call men to the wedding fest  
Where are My saints willing to die  
To gather in what souls are Mine?

The ancient scroll is near complete  
Let's lay the harvest at His feet  
And cast our crowns before the throne  
And wave on wave of ploughmen come  
Marching now to Heaven's drum  
Cutting words, engraving deep  
The broken heart of God Who weeps  
At those who've turned their hearts away  
And wandered from the narrow way.

The whisper beats of Father's love  
Encoded in the scroll above  
Caress the face of all to come  
And powerful cry of battle won  
Resounds decree that it is done!  
And all rise up for He has come  
And soft, the hum of each one's song  
Vibrates and resonates within  
As worship rises to their King.

And Heaven and earth converge as one  
A symphony in Christ the Son  
And all creation, wave on wave  
Resounds and echoes perfect praise  
Through vessels yielded to His call  
The ones who've come and given all  
The harvesters who break new ground  
To shout aloud, release their sound

The Lamb, once slain, deserves to see  
His fruit, the weight of Victory.  
The mourning veil is stripped away  
And gladness greets a whole new day.  
The ticking clocks of some are stilled  
While others rise to do His will.  
The glory train approaches fast  
And one is breathing out his last

A twinkling pause, a heartbeat stills  
He executes His perfect will  
As one is changed to glory robes  
Another tills and starts to sow  
The remnant seed now takes its place  
The final leg of History's race  
Wheat stalk is plucked and gently placed  
Its course complete, to see His face

The Book of Life has come to pass  
And glory crowns are falling fast  
The turning of the clock of God  
Unlocks the vault on mortal sod  
The horses ride the paths long trod

The hoofbeats of the heart of God  
The changing guard a symphony  
To 3-in-1 and One in Three

The Moses strains unleash their song  
The Opus of the Lamb of God  
And all creation joins refrain  
The ancient stave the glory plays  
Holy, Holy each one sings  
Worthy, worthy is our King  
Worthy to be glorified  
Worthy is the Lamb Who died

He rose again to rule and reign  
Who was and is, always the same  
Holy, Holy each one sings  
Worthy, worthy is our King  
Worthy to be glorified  
Worthy is the Lamb of God

Worthy is the Lamb of God