

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