

The Reckoning

Andrew Peterson

I can see the storm descending on the hill tonight
Tall trees are bending to your will tonight
Let the mighty bow down
At the thundering sound of your voice

I can hear the howling wind and feel the rain tonight
Every drop a prophet in your name tonight
And the words that they sing
They are washing me clean, but

How long until this curtain is lifted?
How long is this the song that we sing?
How long until the reckoning?

And I know you hear the cries of every soul tonight
You see the teardrops as they roll tonight
Down the faces of saints
Who grow weary and faint in your fields

And the wicked roam the cities and the streets tonight
But when the God of love and thunder speaks tonight
Down the faces of saints
Who grow weary and faint in your fields

And the wicked roam the cities and the streets tonight
But when the God of love and thunder speaks tonight
I believe You will come
Your justice be done, but how long?

You are holiness and grace
You are fury and rest
You are anger and love
You curse and you bless
You are mighty and weak
You are silence and song
You are plain as the day
But you have hidden your face
For how long? How long?

And I am standing in the stillness of the reckoning
The storm is past and rest is beckoning
Mighty God, how I fear you
How I long to be near you, o Lord

How long until the burden is lifted?
How long is this the song that we sing?
How long until the reckoning?
And I know that I don't know what I'm asking
But I long to look you full in the face
I am ready for the reckoning