

Come, Lord Jesus

Andrew Peterson

Tonight in the line of the merchandise store
While they were packing up my bags
I saw the pictures of the prophets of the picket signs
Screaming, "God hates fags"

And it feels like the church isn't anything more
Then the second coming of the Pharisees
Scrubbing each other 'til their tombs are white
They chisel epitaphs of piety

Oh, there's a burning down inside of me
'Cause the battle seems so lost
And it's raging on so silently
We forget it's being fought

So, Amen
Come, Lord Jesus
Amen
Oh, Amen
Come Lord Jesus
Amen

It's taken me years in the race just to get this far
Still there is no end in sight,
There's no end in sight
'Cause I've carried my cross into dens of the wicked
And you know I blended in just fine

Well, I'm weak and I'm weary of breaking His heart
With they cycle of my sin, of my sin
Still He turns His face to me and I kiss it
Just to betray Him once again

Well, I've got oceans down inside of me
I can feel the billows roll
With the mercy that comes thundering
O'er the waters of my soul

So, Amen
Come, Lord Jesus
Amen
Oh, Amen
Come, Lord Jesus
Amen

Tonight in the light of the gathering rain
I could hear creation groan
And a sigh rose up from the streets of the city
To the foot of Heaven's throne

Oh, and the people hear the sound of a sweet refrain
An absolution in the fray, in the fry
It tells of the death of the one for the lives of the many
More than any picket sign could say

So, Amen
Come, Lord Jesus

Amen
Oh, Amen
Come, Lord Jesus
Amen