

Adam Where Are You

Don Francisco

Unashamed and naked in a garden that has never seen the rain,
Rulers of a kingdom, full of joy -- never marred by any pain,
The morning all around them seems to celebrate the life they've just begun;
And in the majesty of innocence the king and queen come walking in the sun

But the master of deception now begins with his dissection of the Word

And with all of his craft and subtly the serpent twists the simple truths they've heard,

While hanging in the balance is a world that has been placed at their command

And all their unborn children die as both of them bow down to Satan's hand.

And just before the evening in the cool of the day, They hear the voice of God as He is walking

And they can't abide His presence, so they try to hide away;

But still they hear the sound as He is calling:

"Adam, Adam, where are you?

Adam, Adam, where are you?

Adam, Adam, where are you?"

In the stifling heat of summer now the gardener and his wife are in the field

And it seems that thorns and thistles are the only crop his struggles ever yielded

He eats his meals in sorrow 'til he sinks in to the dust whence he came

But all down through the ages he can hear his Maker calling out his name.

"Adam, Adam, where are you?

Adam, Adam, where are you?"

And though the curse has long be broken

Adams' sons are still the prisoners of their fears

Rushing helter skelter to destruction with their fingers in their ears

While the Fathers voice is calling with an urgency I've never heard before

"Won't you come in from the darkness now before it's time to finally close the door!"

"Adam, Adam, where are you?"

Adam, Adam, where are you?

Adam, Adam, I love you!"