

Ancient and Brave

John Mark McMillan

Ancient and brave
Do you feel the weight of every woman's pain
All of these years
Do you stain your face with every woman's tears
While they say

"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"

Ancient and brave
Do you suffer the fate of every man's rage
All of these years
Do you stain your heart with every man's fears
While they say

"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"
"Where is God at a time like this? Where is God?"

Every bullet, every blow, every wanton fist
Would we covet the power you hold if we knew it would be like t
his
Every bullet, every blow, every wanton fist
Would we covet the power you hold if we knew it would suffer th
is

You cut the mountains with volcanic rage, stone, and ash
You lit the firmament ablaze, you pulled the waters back
You drank the mortal cup to feel the blast of senseless acts
You blotted out the blood of war with blood upon your back
You cut the mountains with volcanic rage, stone, and ash
You lit the firmament ablaze, you pulled the waters back
You drank the mortal cup to feel the blast of senseless acts
You blotted out the blood of war with centuries upon your back