

When He Returns

John Mark McMillan

The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears
It is only He who can reduce me to tears

Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
Like a thief in the night, He'll replace wrong with right when
He returns

The truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through
He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no one knew
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness?

Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't
cease until He returns?

Surrender your crown on this blood-
stained ground, take off your mask
He sees your deeds and He knows your needs even before you ask
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal?

Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned
He's got plans of His own to set up His throne when He returns

Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn