

Against fear and trembling power and might,  
And in the face I see pure delight;  
Of what is waiting there in heaven,  
Or the number of God being the seventh seventy seven.

The lord is his name so true and high,  
Whose measure stretch far beyond the sky;  
And what of love and peace and trouble,  
Does not the lord repeat and relive the double.

And those who are buried and those in the sea,  
Of oceans depths and problems for me;  
I see them all raised to the sky,  
As the lord shines down and comes through on high.

I'll do my best I heard his say,  
As trumpets sound until the day;  
And are voices heard throughout the world,  
Listening and waiting to get the word.

The Lord is his name I'll lift my hands,  
Toward the heavens while thumping bands;  
Play on their music in raw daylight,  
Until the dawn at the end of the night.

So where is he now, can I venture a look,  
Perhaps he's found but within a book;  
But happy is he who will ask not why,  
Just wait on the lord until you die.

Signed

The Strength Of God