

Peace

Those who carry the white flag often lose themselves to it,
Burned bodies wrapped in the cloth as they're lain down
Six feet deep in the moist, maroon ground.
And those who extend the olive branch
Oft' have the hot oil poured on their crown.

Tell me, will they ever find their bed?
Will their source of peace never round the bend?

Know that it will, for we are reassured:
At the end of the times a Lion will descend from the golden stairs:
He will walk upon water and air
To lie beside the lamb fair.

Gaze upon His maw, how He opens it wide
And commands, "Come to Me, My pride!"
And so those lambs that He loves so
Will leave this earth and to Him go.

In His new Jerusalem they'll forever rest,
Praise leaving their lips, "May He be blest!"