

HEAR THE SOUND of distant guns,
The images of war.
See the lines of refugees
Who can't take any more.
Wounded soldiers; little children,
Help their eyes implore.
Broken lives and ruined homes
The images of war.

*God must grieve
At His world disfigured,
Yet its suffering
He sent His Son to share.
Jesus Lord of ev'rything,
The image of our God.
May Your Spirit make us more like Him
So to this world His likeness we can bring.*

See the weak and starving die,
The image of the poor.
Helpless children, frail and thin,
The food's gone, there's no more.
Don't just talk, they can't eat words,
Their plight we can't ignore.
Just a bowl of rice to eat,
The image of the poor.

Feel the anger and despair,
The image of the streets.
Sense the violence lurking there,
A raging pulse that beats.
Evil stalks the paths at night,
Mistrust breeds on deceits.
People living without hope,
The image of the streets.

One day He will come again,
God's face shall be revealed.
Like a thief comes in the night,
So suddenly appeared.
He will come to judge us all,
The living and the dead.
Every tear He'll wipe away,
God's face shall be revealed.

*God will look
At His world made new again,
And no suffering
Or anguish shall remain.
Jesus Lord.....*

.... Till He comes again.

