

A SIGN AND A WONDER

Men still pursue worldly wisdom,
And the latest philosophical whims.
Puffed up with knowledge and reasoning,
They worship their own light within.

There are some who insist upon miracles;
The Jews still require a sign.
But even if One were to rise from the dead,
They still won't believe, they are blind.

There are those who would crave demonstrations;
They come for the show and the ride.
When filled with the loaves and the fishes,
Only their bellies have been satisfied.

Those who would dwell in Mount Zion,
Are the sign and the wonder today.
For the Cross has been working within them;
Only Jesus is put on display.

The faithful won't bow to performance
For an adulterous generation.
Their deeds and the acts of their power,
All point to the crucifixion.

Only through death, have they risen.
In losing their lives, they will live.
Because they partake of His nature,
They are able to heal and forgive.

Against all the odds, they have triumphed.
In bruising His Son, God was pleased.
Affliction has well served its purpose:
It has driven them down to their knees.

They walk in the spirit and in unity,
In the diversity of a corporate Son;
Submitting themselves to each other,
As He and His Father are One.

He said when you love one another,
Then all men will know you are Mine.
This is the sign and the wonder;
Not the water that's turned into wine.

Lives that are changed by His goodness
Is proof that the Savior is Lord.
And this is what's truly miraculous:
Sinners are saved and restored!

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