

Three days

by Matthew Kistler

I see you feeling
alone and betrayed.
Unsure of who God is
the pillars of faith have swayed.
All what you knew
to be me now displayed
Like the old naked emperor
who by tailors got played.

The way you were told,
the paths that you tread.
Now seem petty and fraudulent,
abusive and dead.
Whitewashed graves, I said.

Do you think you're the first
to want to tear it all down ?
That you're alone when you hold
religion pinned to the ground?
That the frustrations and hurts
that they call the way
drive you from me,
make you prodigal or stray?

I told them I would tear it all down

Stone by stone,
laid with such care
I'd bring it down like a hammer
every tile, every prayer.
No you're not against me
as you bust down the hedge.
Heck I'm standing there with you,
I'll hand you the sledge.

But remember, after the demo
there was more to say.
Don't slink away
into despair and dismay
I'll use each of you as mortar and
clay
To build a living church
that won't totter or sway.

Three days' all I need
to bring dead things to life
Three days what it take
to bring joy from the strife
Three days after crying out
under the knife
Three days I'll rebuild it all
and I'll do it right.

Come back my love
don't run to the sea
The war you are fighting
it's not against me.
The lies you can't take
didn't come of my tongue
The way that things are
wasn't the way they begun.
If you're wondering what's left
after you've torn it all down.
I'm there holding on
so your faith will not drown.

On the first day be still
and know that I'm God
The next release cynicism,
and every jaded thought,
In three days come back
and we can start to renew.
The faith, love and hope
springing up within you.