

Dust To Dust

Believer

Beneath the sun, all deeds done, meaningless are they
Labor in vain, tormenting pain, incessant toil
Chasing the wind, grasping (for) what's been, wearisome longings
Ages now gone, time passes on, but the earth remains

A time of birth, a time of death, perishing mortals
Men are like grass, which soon doth pass, destined to die
Houses of clay, doomed to decay, foundations of earth
Men come from dust, and to the dust, in death all return

The Lord did mold, man's flesh and soul, a creation of soil
But just as man, from dust began, in death will face judgement
But Christ was slain, bearing our pain, taking our sentence
The Christ was dead, the blood He shed, absolves the guilty

The hold of the grave, broken away, by the Risen Saviour
Prophecy fulfilled, His perfect will, providing eternal life
Death is certain, for every man, but belief gains life
He who believes, life he'll receive, even though he'll die

From dust you came
You must return
Can death you escape?