

Like a tree without its branches,
Like a fire without a light,
You're a battle weary soldier
Who is running from the fight,
Like a ship without an anchor,
You're a boat without a crew,
You hide the light inside you
As you're whoring out the truth,
On the outside you're pretty,
On the inside you're drenched,
In the blood of the anointed,
In the wound of the oppressed,
Fill your cup full of sorrows as you soil the master's clothes,
You were faithful at the wedding feast, but now wasted in the road,
Like a city on a hill with a blackout in effect
You defy your maker, is there one you respect?
Like a city on a hill you are tattered and torn,
You defy your Maker in your return to the scorn,
Put life to your footsteps, put spine to your feet,
Will you make your decision...
Are you chaff or are you wheat?
Will you rise or will you fall,
Will you stand or will you crawl?
Will you be the ones He's called you to be
Or turn away and run,
I say No.
No more on the fence