

Loaded

Hb

Do I need a God still in these days
I am used to walking my ways
So I only seek His face when I am weighed down
Then I turn away, I have everything,
The fear of God is fading,
One of these days I may cross the gulf of
No turning back
He shall let me fall to the hands of my old enemies.

Do we need to be always so loaded
To turn to the God who's Love
Is our hope in our savior so small
Can we see that our ways lead away from
The wisdom of fearing God.
And a faith without deeds makes
Land dry, land die.

What wisdom I have in my eyes
As I give up His truth for lies
How could man outwit his own creator?
Learn by what you see
A Father will correct those who are his dearest
So that one day I might
Enter His grand kingdom up on high
There I will know how to praise Him for burdening me.

Maybe I need to be tested so that
I will be set for the time when He comes
Then Jesus takes his victorious place
It has come to pass
The word of God will be filled.