

Blameless and upright, a fearer of God,  
A man truly righteous, no pious façade:  
One about whom God was accustomed to boast,  
And so one whom Satan desired the most.

One day the accuser came breathing out lies:  
"It's Your holy handouts, his faithfulness buys."  
In one desperate day his possessions were lost,  
His children all killed in one raw holocaust.  
His children all killed in one raw holocaust.

And yet through it all, through the tears and pain,  
He worshiped his God Found no reason to blame.

Once more the Deceiver denounced and decried,  
"It's skin for skin and hide for hide!  
Strike down his flesh and he'll surely deny,  
And confess that his praying has all been a lie."

"Very well, take him," the Holy One sighed,  
"But you must spare his life; my son shall not die."  
So Job was afflicted with terrible sores,  
Sat down in the ashes to wait for the Lord.  
Sat down in the ashes to wait for the Lord.

And yet through it all, through the tears and pain,  
He worshiped his God Found no reason to blame.

A throne of ashes,  
A crown of pain,  
A sovereign of sorrow,  
A mournful reign...

May the day of my birth be remembered no more.  
May darkness and shadow come and claim it once more.  
Why did I not perish on that dreadful day,  
To sleep now where kings and counselors lay?

What I dreaded most has now come upon me;  
Why is light given those in misery?  
I loathe my own life so my tears fall like rain,  
As I find that there is no peace in my pain.

Lord, send a Comforter now to my door,  
So that this terror will frighten no more:  
A Counselor between us, to come bear my oath;  
Someone who could lay a hand on us both.

These friends of mine are no comfort to me;  
So deafly they listen, so blindly they see.  
Their words and their doctrine, they all sound so true,  
The problem is, Lord, they're all wrong about you!

I know my Advocate waits upon high.  
My Witness in Heaven sees the tears that I cry:  
A true intercessor who will condescend  
To plead with God as a man pleads for his friend.

If I've been untrue, if I've robbed the poor,  
If I'm without guilt, what am I suffering for?  
God would not crush me for some secret sin.  
And though He slay me, still I'll trust in Him!

I know now that my Redeemer's alive.  
He'll stand on this earth on the day He arrives.  
And though my body by then is no more,  
Yet in my flesh I know I'll see the Lord.  
I'll see the Lord, I'll see the Lord!

Who is it that darkens my counsel,  
Who speaks empty words without knowledge?  
Brace yourself up like a man,  
And answer me now, if you can.

Can you put on glory and splendor?  
What's the way to the home of the light?  
Does your voice sound like the thunder?  
Are you afraid?  
Where were you when earth's foundations were laid?

Who gave the heart its wisdom,  
The mind its desire to know?  
Can you bind the stars? Raise your voice to the clouds?  
Did you make the eagle proud?

Will the ox spend the night by your manger?  
Did you let the wild donkey go free?  
Can you take leviathan home as a pet?  
If you merely touched him, you'd never forget.

So who is it that darkens my counsel?  
Who speaks empty words without knowledge?  
Brace yourself up like a man,  
And answer me now, if you can.

I am unworthy, how can I reply?  
There's nothing that you cannot do.  
You are the storm that calmed my soul.  
I place my hand over my mouth.  
I place my hand over my mouth.