

Spirit Of The Age

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I thought that I heard crying coming through my door.
Was it Rachel weeping for her sons who were no more?
Could it have been the babies crying for themselves,
Never understanding that they died for someone else?

A voice is heard of weeping and of wailing;
History speaks of it on every page:
Of innocent and helpless little babies,
Offerings to the spirit of the age.

No way of understanding this sad and painful sign;
Whenever Satan rears his head, there comes a tragic time.
If He could crush the cradle, then that would stop the cross;
He knew that once the Light was born, his every hope was lost.

Now every age has heard it: this voice that speaks from Hell,
"Sacrifice your children and for you it will be well."
The subtle serpent's lying, his dark and ruthless rage:
Behold, it is revealed to be the spirit of the age.

Soon all the ones who seemed to die for nothing
Will stand beside the Ancient of Days.
With joy we'll see that Infant from a manger
Come and crush the spirit of the age.
We'll see Him crush the spirit of the age!