

The Book

Michael Card

Through the paragraphs of prophets
In their fiery words and rhymes
In the pages of the patriarchs
We can read on every line
Of the kindness of commandments
And of all He undertook
That before we called He answered us
In the pages of The Book

It is the key, it is the door
More than ink and cloth and page
Each line preserved in blood and tears
To speak to each new age
Come read the very thoughts of God
Hear what wisdom has to say
For in three thousand years and more
It hasn't aged a day

And the pages of The Book
Are turned with trembling awe
As we witness wonders there
That only faithful saw
We go as deep as we can go
Look as hard as we can look
But we've only scratched the surface
Of the meaning of The Book

So open up your heart and soul
To the call and the command
Hold a vast and priceless treasure
In the palm of just one hand
And know true transformation
As you take it up and look
At the flesh and bone and blood of truth
In the pages of The Book

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