

The Prophet

Michael Card

Reluctant ride in the middle of the belly of a whale
A wheel on fire in the middle of the sky
Abandoned baby kicking on the side of the road
And a wife has died but you're denied the right to cry
Three men walk out protected from a furnace of flame
One man cries out from a miry well
See a man in the myrtles and women with the wind in their wings
Understand what these seared lips can tell

I am the prophet and I smolder and burn
I scream and cry and wonder why you never seemed to learn
To hear with your own ears with your own eyes to see
I am the prophet, won't you listen to me?
I am the prophet, won't you listen to me?
I hold out hope to everyone who hears and understands
The Word of God can echo in the voice of a man
He's the shadow of a great rock in a dry and weary land
With the names of the ones He loved carved into His hands

The sorrow in His anger, my eyes weep His tears
His life alight in me
I am the sword that cuts His people apart
I speak the Word that comforts their faithless h