

# While The Nations Rage

Rich Mullins

Why do the nations rage?  
Why do they plot and scheme?  
Their bullets can't stop the prayers we pray  
In the name of the Prince of Peace  
We walk in faith and remember long ago  
How they killed Him and then how on the third day He arose  
Well, things may look bad  
And things may look grim  
But all these things must pass except the things that are of Him

Where are the nails that pierced His hands?  
Well the nails have turned to rust  
But behold the Man  
He is risen  
And He reigns  
In the hearts of the children  
Rising up in His name  
Where are the thorns that drew His blood?  
Well, the thorns have turned to dust  
But not so the love  
He has given  
No, it remains  
In the hearts of the children  
Who will love while the nations rage

The Lord in Heaven laughs  
He knows what is to come  
While all the chiefs of state plan their big attacks  
Against His anointed One  
The Church of God she will not bend her knees  
To the gods of this world though they promise her peace  
She stands her ground  
Stands firm on the Rock  
Watch their walls tumble down when she lives out His love

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