

Michael Olson

"On The Third Day"

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Creation brings an offering
As autumn leaves turn to gold
The trees bow down in highest praise
Now made bare before Your throne

The western skies and amber plains
At the end of the day
For everything must die and rise again

The winter's chill, a bitter cold
As sin and shame leave us to fall
The clouds now form a new born snow
For grace to come and save us all

Within the darkest night of man
Was found You're saving hand
For everything must die and rise again

On the third day behold the King
On the third day death has no sting
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled

The earth it groans in labor pains
Its flowers stretch to heaven above
Your creatures sing the prophet's song
To be a gift of selfless love

The sun is rising in the east
And Your Spirit is unleashed
For everything must die and rise again

On the third day behold the King
On the third day death has no sting
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled

And so we wait in joyful hope
For You to come and take us home
And so we join beneath the cross
And suffering from whence we go

The greatest act of sovereign grace
In the universe displayed

For everything must die to rise again

On the third day behold the King
On the third day death has no sting
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled

On the third day the saints rejoice
On the third day we lift our voice
On the third day we're united and glorified

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