

My Epic

"Childbodybride"

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There's a garden my brother started months ago
Though he prayed for harvest, it now lies overgrown
He shuffled earth but never sowed a seed
Only his doubts took root and they choked his faith
like weeds
But when his nerves returned, he went to face those
empty beds
And found the earth had given birth despite his
promises unkept

Brother Micah feared the seeds he'd sown
And he prayed for mercy from crops he knew would
surely grow
But there's no way to hide the shame we plant at night
They may lie dormant but blooms will always find the
light
If there was only justice in this world, he'd be alone,
With his heart still left in parts that he could never
whole
But now I ask you of his bride: "Friend, do you see that
rose?"
She is the loveliest crop failure he will ever know

We plant, water and worry
But we don't have any control of the harvest itself
But, oh, the Messiah, He is not like us
His power is endless and He won't break His promise
And there's still a garden, sown at the foundation
It's ripe with redemption and spreading it's roots

Bless the storm for the rain
Bless the Lord for the proof
That the harvest is soon
And I know that it's true
Cause I have seen the first fruits
We are the first fruits

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