

## Michael Card "Spirit Of The Age"

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I thought that I heard crying coming through my door  
Was it Rachel weeping for her sons who were no more?  
Could it have been the babies crying for themselves  
Never understanding that they died for someone else?

The voices heard of weeping and of wailing  
History speaks of it on every page  
Of innocent and helpless little babies  
Offerings to the spirit of the age

No way of understanding this sad and painful sign  
Whenever Satan rears his head, there comes a tragic  
time  
If He could crush the cradle then that would stop the  
cross  
He knew that once the Light was born His every hope  
was lost

The voices heard of weeping and of wailing  
History speaks of it on every page  
Of innocent and helpless little babies  
Offerings to the spirit of the age

Now every age has heard it, the voice that speaks from  
Hell  
"Sacrifice your children and for you it will be well"  
The subtle serpent's lying, His dark and ruthless rage  
Behold, it is revealed to be the spirit of the age

The voices heard of weeping and of wailing  
History speaks of it on every page  
Of innocent and helpless little babies  
Offerings to the spirit of the age

Soon all the ones who seemed to die for nothing  
Will stand beside the Ancient of Days  
With joy we'll see that Infant from a manger  
Come and crush the spirit of the age  
We'll see Him crush the spirit of the age

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