

Michael Card "The Final Word"

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You and me, we use so very many clumsy words
The noise of what we often say is not worth being
heard
When the Father's Wisdom wanted to communicate His
love
He spoke it in one final perfect Word.

Chorus...

He spoke the incarnation and then so was born the Son,
His final word was Jesus, He needed no other one
Spoke flesh and blood so He could bleed and make a
way divine,
And so was born the Baby who would die to make it
mine.

And so the Father's fondest thought took on flesh and
bone,

He spoke the living luminist word, at once His will was
done,
And so the transformation that in man had been
unheard
Took place in God the Father as He spoke that final
word.

Chorus...

And so the Light became alive and manner became
man,
Eternity stepped into time so we could understand.

Chorus...

And so was born the Baby who would die to make it
mine.

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