

Vineyard "Days Of Elijah"

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These are the days of Elijah,
Declaring the word of the Lord
And these are the days of your servant, Moses
Righteousness being restored.
And though these are days of great trial,
Of famine and darkness and sword
Still, we are the voice in the desert crying
'Prepare ye the way of the Lord! '

Behold, he comes, riding on the clouds,
Shining like the sun at the trumpet call
Lift your voice, it's the year of jubilee
And out of Zion's hill salvation comes.

These are the days of Ezekiel,
The dry bones becoming as flesh
And these are the days of your servant, David,
Rebuilding the temple of praise.
These are the days of the harvest,
The fields are as white in your world
And we are the labourers in your vineyard,
Declaring the word of the Lord!

There's no god like Jehovah!
There's no god like Jehovah!

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