

Gungor

"We Will Run/He Is Here"

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He is here.

He's right here.

In this room; In your Heart
He is near
Nearer than you are to you, closer than second chance,
or next opportunity.

Closer than tonight, or yesterday.

He is real.
More real than touch; see, hear, smell, or taste.
More real than reality; he is our reality!
More real than joy, pain, sorrow, or the love of being in
love.

He is present.
Like space, wind, time, silence, night.

He is waiting.
Like; creation.
Like words on the tip of tongue.
Like; songs that have yet to be sung.

He is beauty.
And oranges, blues, every hue, every shade.
Sunset and sunrise whisper his name.

He is holy.
Cannot be touched, explained, like; sweet seconds of
prayer.
Like; grandmother on knees.
Wood floor, bare.

He is old hymns.
The extending of limbs, stretched across trees;
strives to heal disease.

He is son.
Distinctly three; distinctly one.

The only one.
The only wise.
The only resurrector of lives.

He is king.
And no earthly throne can house him.
No amount of elegant words can espouse him.

He is moment, and voice.
Power of choice.
And word.
And deed.
And fruit.
And seed.

Nailed hands; nailed feet.
Innocent wounds, that bleed.

He is believe.
He is all
He is call, and purpose.

Everything we can sacrifice heâ€™s worth it, and more.
Much more.

Our good deeds are mere pities; weâ€™re never even
to score.

He is behold.
And wow, he is who, what, when, why, how.

He is the one who puts on the show.
He is the one that we turn to see.
He is soulsâ€™ cry, and sinnersâ€™ bleed.

He is the epitome that no one can light a candle to or,
come within a million-foot pole of.

He is above.
He is a fatherâ€™s love.
Maker of waves, of earth and wind.
Ancient of days.

Has no fear.
Have no fear!
Have no fear! Our God is here!

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