

## **Andrew Peterson**

# **"Come, Lord Jesus"**

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Tonight in the line of the merchandise store  
While they were packing up my bags  
I saw the pictures of the prophets of the picket signs  
Screaming, "God hates fags"

And it feels like the church isn't anything more  
Then the second coming of the Pharisees  
Scrubbing each other 'til their tombs are white  
They chisel epitaphs of piety

Oh, there's a burning down inside of me  
'Cause the battle seems so lost  
And it's raging on so silently  
We forget it's being fought

So, Amen  
Come, Lord Jesus  
Amen  
Oh, Amen  
Come Lord Jesus  
Amen

It's taken me years in the race just to get this far  
Still there is no end in sight,  
There's no end in sight  
'Cause I've carried my cross into dens of the wicked  
And you know I blended in just fine

Well, I'm weak and I'm weary of breaking His heart

With they cycle of my sin, of my sin  
Still He turns His face to me and I kiss it  
Just to betray Him once again

Well, I've got oceans down inside of me  
I can feel the billows roll  
With the mercy that comes thundering  
O'er the waters of my soul

So, Amen  
Come, Lord Jesus  
Amen

Oh, Amen  
Come, Lord Jesus  
Amen

Tonight in the light of the gathering rain  
I could hear creation groan  
And a sigh rose up from the streets of the city  
To the foot of Heaven's throne

Oh, and the people hear the sound of a sweet refrain  
An absolution in the fray, in the fry  
It tells of the death of the one for the lives of the many  
More than any picket sign could say

So, Amen  
Come, Lord Jesus  
Amen  
Oh, Amen  
Come, Lord Jesus  
Amen

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