The Bride

nmic

Verse 1:
She's a building of beings bein' constructed, Christ is the cornerstone
Foundation built on another and you's a goner homes
She's built on Him, supported by Him, conformed to Him
Now she's a body of bodies who transformed through Him
A temple that breathes, we are the halls
We are the floorboards or more, we are the walls
Manifold wisdom of God no longer a mystery
The church is the pinnacle of our salvific history
One flesh union homie
The Tri-union is glorified through our corporatized communion
Still the present reality is she was born a casualty
Though she's made alive she's still affected by depravity
Once lived in sin and enslaved by her lust and
Folks catch her slippin' and they turn away disgusted
She's a work in progress, Christ is the head of her
And He wash her clean with the words He done said to her
Already pretty but really she's not dressed
And sometimes she look silly but she's far from a mess
Yes, please don't be dissin' cause Jesus done paid grip
And if you didn't then you should call her Misses
I'm talking 'bout the ChurchHook:
I know she may look gritty
When her Man come back she gone look so pretty
She the Church
You might see her actin' crazy
Be patient with her though cause she still God's baby
She the Church
Before you diss her, get to know her
Jesus got a thing for her and He died just to show her
She the Church
She ain't bricks and buildings
She all of God's people, men women and children
We the ChurchVerse 2:
Her name is Ecclesia, meaning the assembly
Bows to the Trinity, no other divinity
A body, family and a community she is all one
But on Earth you see her in congregational small ones
A microcosm or a small scale example

But it is the church even though it's just a sample
Invisible, spiritual, physical, visible
Not a brick temple, never that simple
This a not a building, she is not bricks
She's a world changer but ain't 'bout gettin' rich
Perpetratin' fakes cause a lot of folks to hate
Plus her hands get dirty and her feet get scraped
And sometimes her body parts start acting outta place
Legs tryna be the arms, arms thinkin' they the face
But she'll never be replaced with a one man band
Or a small Taliban with nobody in commandHookVerse 3:
Some don't get it so they hate
They say she's on a paper chase, they say she's really fake
So they go start a ministry so they can do the work
But they don't understand how Jesus feel about His Church
And yeah they make disciples, got plenty conversions
They take care of the widows and the orphans, man they be workin'
But none of them are Church and no church structure
No elders and no discipline, they have no conductor
And they don't submit, but quite a few of them are baptized
People how I pray that you'd look at this thing from God's eyes
Take responsibility inside the whole council
Not just the area where you might have a mouthful
Who should folks submit to, who'll conduct the discipline?
If excommunicated, what body will they be missin' then?
Peep Ephesians 4 where Paul gets practical
1 Timothy and Titus if you thinkin' I'm irrationalHook

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