

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>