

The Harvest

Wolves At the Gate

The valley is wide and the canyons are deep
For a harvest is ready of that which to reap
Many before grabbed a sickle to shear
But their days have past and your time is near
So listen to me
and heed my words see
The world will tell you
that we are foolish
My words are not of simple flesh and blood
My words are not of simple flesh and blood
There is a famine of truth and love
So we must press forward, forget what's behind
But still we must go and advance His Word
But still we must goWe must go now!
We must go now!

No looking back we press on

No looking back we press on to the kingdom of GodHave our hands worked the fields for Your glory?
Or have our tongues spoken of Your story?
Have our feet seen the pain in the labor?

Or have we wandered off and wavered?Racing the clock with our selfish involvement
Pacing our walk till the sun falls, the day's spent
Have the stalks seen the blade of your sheer?

And will you labor and work for your rest, rest is near?If only I can see things through Your eyes
Ignite in me a burning flame

Forsaken life I count it as loss for the sake of the cross

Before the sun goes downBefore the coming of night

One will have I, and testament I will observe

One will have I, and testament I will

I will serveHave our hearts felt the anguish of toil?

Or worked the ground tiling broken soil?

Have our eyes seen the joy in the reaping?

Or have we shied from our work with our sleeping?Racing the clock with our selfish involvement
Pacing our walk till the sun falls, the day's spent
Have the stalks seen the blade of your sheer?

And will you labor and work for your rest, rest is near?If only I can see things through Your eyes
Ignite in me a burning flame

Forsaken life I count it as loss for the sake of the cross

Before the sun goes downMy family as one unite

The time is ever nearing as we're losing daylight

So listen to me and heed my words see
The world will tell you that we are foolish
Hear you now the Master's voice it calls
Hear you now the Master's voice it callsThe harvest is plenty, the workers are few!

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