

# If They're Not Counted, Count Me Out

## Being As An Ocean

There is such hope in the stories we've been told  
Recounted endless times by the aging and old  
    Tales of peace, worship and holy places  
    Palaces adorned with gold and lofty terraces  
    But I'm always left with quiet dismay  
Cause I'm told that some of those I love won't be with me  
    So I'm left behind in an eternal place  
Cause the ones who meant the most didn't receive Your grace  
They called it beautiful, but to me it holds nothing that is holy  
    I can only know what I've seen  
    And what I've seen is that You've made us clean  
    Given us the right to be anything we want to be  
    Why would You give me eyes to see and then deny me these?  
Eternity is a lock found inside our hearts and You've handed Humanity the key  
    So I won't be swayed by fantasies of unquenchable flames  
    Or some place of torment, the damned never to see Your face  
    We are all Your creation  
    You love us all the same  
A Father doesn't sit idly by while His children are maimed  
    I've seen true Grace  
I promise you we will never feel the lick of those flames  
    Where Death is your glory?  
    Where Death is your sting?  
For we are all children of the King  
    Every last one an eternal being  
    So I'll reject your fear and hatred  
For I bring Good News that will be for all nations!  
    I've seen wholeness in the broken  
    I've seen health in the sick  
    Why do we stifle the Word You've spoken?  
If it kills me, I'll tear these walls down brick by brick  
    I've seen hospitality in the homeless  
    I've seen Light in the darkness  
    And I've seen hope in the damned  
So if all that has meant the most to me isn't present after my last breath  
    Count me with the fallen sheep and send me to the depths