

The Physician

Joseph Pfeifer

You'd think He'd condemn
You'd think He throw stones
You'd think that His throne's filled
With fire and smoke
You'd think He'd pass judgment
And let mercy choke
But no no no God doesn't look down at sinners
He doesn't turn His head in disdain
He goes to those in need of a physician
The deaf, the blind, the mute, and the lame
That's you, that's me
That's the entire human race We're so quick to point
The finger at others
So quick to condemn
Even our brother
We find faults and sins
Upon the books and their covers
We've all become accusers
We've stopped being lovers But God doesn't look down at sinners
He doesn't turn His head in disdain
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