

Old Man

Shakhan

An old man came up to me and said
I need forgiveness of my sins.
Tell me where I can find G-ds grace to meet me deep within.
He said Im a sinner as black as coal.
I fear those church bells for for this old man will soon toll.I said Hey Old Man
I found grace between the Med and the Dead Sea
there hanging, hanging on a tree for you and me
I cried out Yeshua bleed on me, bleed on me
Old man theres grace for the healthy, sick and dying but not the dead.
Did you hear what I said?In a symbolic way my friend
you do need to be washed clean in his blood.
Let him meet you and let your fear be consumed by his love.
He said Im a sinner, I know it well, Im scared this heavy hand will press
down on this cracked shell.I said Hey Old Man
His hand can pull blackened petals from a white rose.
Im not an act, not an entertainment show
the curtains on your stage my friend, are about to go down.
Old man theres grace for the healthy, sick and dying but not the dead.
Did you hear what I said?

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