

The Mission

PICNICTYME

When the runners came from Bethlehem
All breathless with good news
They were passing a baton forward through time
The commission, from God's lips to our ears
Carried by His Saints, two thousand years
Connects us all to the same lifeline
As I fix my eyes ahead
I can feel the Spirit's breath
And I can hear the mission bell
Ringing out loud and clear
It's the revolution Jesus started
And it's here
Echoing across the world
From the shores of Galilee
I can hear the mission bell call
For you and me
I wanna run with fire
It's my heart's desire
Lifting Your love higher
In the history of our faith's arrivals
Great awakenings, Welsh revivals
Saints and martyrs, summoned by a new birth
Patrick's save of the Irish nation
William Carey's expectation
Lambs and lions called to the ends of the earth
Gotta put my hands to the plow
Not looking back, not now

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