

THE MESSENGER

By John Lipinski

I am a passenger, on the road of life
A new-found messenger, from darkness came to light
Witness of His love for me, granted wrong from right
My responsibility, to share, this gift of sight

Filled with enlightenment, a privilege now consumed
The Holy Spirit guiding me, a daily walk presumed
No longer with indifference, a pathway finely-tuned
Evangelic confidence, gathering, his children soon

My Lord, God, I love, pray to Him above
With majesty He reigns, praise to thee alone
I sing this song for you, with laud and honor due
I finally came to you, no more, the great unknown

Never thought I'd see the day, I'd be workin' for the Lord
With eyes wide open, now I see, it was time to climb aboard
A missionary messenger, I write a song this day
Telling Caesar's world, the gospel, of Christ, along the way

My Lord, God, I love, pray to Him above
His messages I find, are deeply in my mind
I want the world to know, I sure love Him so
And when my days are through, in heaven, I'll be with you

My Lord, God, I love, pray to Him above
With majesty He reigns, praise to thee alone
I sing this song for you, with laud and honor due
I finally came to you, no more, the great unknown