

The Savior Waits to Take His Bride

by Will Gunter

"Beat, ye drums, your war is nigh!
We march upon my Father's cry!
We wait 'til this, but when it comes,
Shall not I find one silent drum,
When speak my Father, sound the horns!
Let the enemy be scorned!
For we march upon my Father's cry,
To take my long expectant bride.

O day that comes, come like a tide,
Of holy war upon the pride,
Of demons low and demons high,
All reaches of their kingdom nigh,
Will fall upon the bloodied earth,
Wet with all their filth and worth,
Not one will e'er ask me for chance,
They know my power for deliverance!

And when I see the wretched foe,
The one of jealousy and woe,
The snake that led my bride away,
The prisoner shall ne'r see day!
My blood is eager for him now,
My face is steady at my brow,
My fingers hold my doubled-sword,
My legs are restless for my Lord,
My Father Lord, to give His cry,
And send the heavens from His side,
Into the earth to take my bride,
Into the earth to take my bride!"