

CHORUS

From a crushed reed, a tiny mustard seed,  
we rise up on His Spirit's gallant steed;  
In a battlefield where many valient bleed,  
for His captive people longing to be freed.

[TURNAROUND]

From a crushed reed, where the Eagles feed,  
we've been called and chosen to fill a need.  
Yahweh's WORD our banner, His justice our creed,  
risking all, even life, to see our People freed.

BRIDGE

How many days, how many years, will it just go on & on  
As darkness engulfs the whole wide world  
while YHWH's children pray for the dawn?

1. How many roads, with these loads, can we keep going down?  
How much rain, how much pain, till the final refrain?  
How insane?

REPEAT CHORUS AND BRIDGE

2. How many fears, how many tears, in evil careers?  
Breaking the gears, while no one hears, how many years?  
Till it all clears, or even nears, how many years?

INSTRUMENTAL OF CHORUS SECTION  
REPEAT BRIDGE

3. How many trials, twisted miles, betrayed smiles...  
broken lifestyles in life's junk piles?  
How long are all the "just a while's"?  
While the Angels pour down their vengeance of poison viles?

INSTRUMENTAL OF BOTH CHORUS SECTION  
AND VERSE SECTIONS, OVERLAPPING  
FADE TO END

END

MARKET: Christian/Israel Assembly.

Copyright © by PF Lazor, Lyrics & Music. Rhythm Of Creation-ROC Music<sub>TM</sub>/Glory Thief Music<sub>TM</sub>.  
All rights reserved worldwide. PF Lazor is a BMI writer & publisher - since 1978.

CONTACT: PF Lazor c/o G. Travis . 78 Lone Pine Ct. . San Ramon, CA 94583 USA



TIME: 4/4  
LENGTH: 3:36  
DATE WRITTEN: 12-28-96  
through 2-22-97