

"Don't shoot! It's almost over for me.
I'll live just a minute longer."
His accent is strange but his blood
Looks like mine. What does he want me to do?

A dying voice pleads, "I've heard of a God
Who loves and forgives and saves.
Tell me if it's true, and I will believe.
Do you? Do you think He would have me?"

Why tell such a man it's all a fool's fraud?
What difference what he understands?
He longs to hear promises soothing and sweet;
I recite the wonderful words I was taught.

And now as I wait for the sun to rise,
I know that peace won't come today.
But I saw faith in a heathen's eyes
And I touched immortality's way.

Born, baptized to the creed and the hope,
I spat on the risen Lord's story.
Still--
A man hunting truth came to me as he groped
Through the wreckage of now-- into glory.
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Because hate is red like blood
And hot like fire and stinking
Black like night beneath the ground,
I wait for cool white dawn.

Through wreckage of Eden--to gardens of glory.