

Messiah

If God took form and dwelt among us
If Light was woven into mortal memory
What mantle would he bear before our eyes
To make us all agree?

Perhaps an angel, god, or king
Would please the expectation
Who'd kill, enslave the wicked
And build a mighty nation

In his hands no wounds of death
No suffering of agony and pain
Instead, he'd hold above a sword
Of vengeance, wrath, and gain

Trampling out the streets in blood
Of enemy and innocent alike
To build his perfect world
Of walls, and gates, and dyke

Those that rally round him
Like gods they grow in power
To gain the spoils of their efforts
In wealth and slaves that cower

Is this then man's messiah?
We've seen it all before
Arthur, Alexander, Caesar
Napoleon, Hitler, and more

They died and did not rise again
The power they had is now undone
The promises they gave have ended
Their hour on earth is done

What then do we look for,
When we look for God on earth?
What does He say about himself
For us to judge His worth?

"I was hungry," starving through my soul,
Ravenous with pain
My body slowly ate itself
Until I went insane

"I was thirsty," parched and dry
Seeing water everywhere
But no one gave me drink
And no one seemed to care

"I was a stranger," refugee
They took my child and my wife
And when I begged the law for help,
They came to take my life

"I was naked," and they laughed
Vulnerable and abused,
They took advantage of my body
And sold me to be used

"I was sick," too ill to even stand
Hardly bearing every breath
That racked my body with disease
And made my bed with death

"I was in prison," wrongfully accused
To set the wicked free
My hopes and dreams were taken
As they threw away the key

This then is Messiah
Knowing every pain and fear
Bearing our infirmity
And sharing every tear

This then is Messiah
Glorious with grace
His lover's love invested
Upon the human race

That we should come to know Him
Amongst us in disguise -
The love and the compassion
That filled his aching eyes

And when this age is over
He'll wipe away our tears
End the years of endless pain
And bury all our fears

And then He will be King
To those who loved the poor
To those that clothed the naked
And always loved them more

Those that visited the sick
And entered the prison gate
Those that tried to heal
What others said was fate

This then is Messiah
That makes our heart delight
A witness to the horrors
That tried to blind our sight

This then is the Messiah
A flame that does not consume
For the healing of the nations
For the darkness of the tomb

Jesus is the Messiah
The firstborn of the dead
The faithful witness
The cup and the bread

Jesus is the Messiah

Nathan Warner

