

## "DAY OF HIS RETURN"

by Craig Hendrix

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Sitting in the house, feeling all but dead inside  
Finding myself watching the evening news

Worrying about all the business decisions I made  
And all the money that I could lose

Walked into the cold, empty kitchen  
to grab another beer

All at once ,there was a loud explosion  
In the distance ,I could hear

A cold grim feeling started coursing  
through my weak, frightened mind

Beheld a sight from my childhood dreams  
Became, real ,I soon would find

Looked out the window and I never had seen  
Such colors that glow from the moon

Suddenly the moon disappeared, from the sky  
The dark night had reversed into noon

The smell in the air was calm  
warm sunlight ,in a summer day

In an instant there was a wrath of thunder  
The wind brought warning ,sweet colors turned to  
gray

I ran outside, the blood in my heart  
Would race from sudden fear

Was a sound that shook the highest mountains  
A sound like terror , what I ,did hear

When the earthquakes and whirlwinds moved away  
And the Storms finally began to cease

There came a Celestial silence  
Surrounding , a feeling of Eternal Peace

Like waves in the ocean that carry  
Water across the lasting tide

I heard a choir from a band of cherubim  
That could be heard throughout Nationwide

Then there was an endless sound of Panic  
That had consumed the smoldering air

People running aimless in the streets  
There was darkness everywhere

The echo's of a wicked planet  
would roar like the blaze from a fire

The developed language reduced to screams  
For the whole world, would soon expire

Lost souls, stretched their arms to Heaven  
With supreme praises to the sky

The Bankers, the Lawyers, the Real estate broker  
For the first time heard themselves cry

The drunkard suddenly dropped his bottle  
The teller closed down his booth

The Madman had, regained his sanity  
The Liar proclaimed the truth

The leaders of the Nations would crumble apart  
Like dusty, dried up clods

The Naturalists and all the Pagans  
Would begin praying to their gods

Then there was a great sound of a Trumpet  
Shook the Earth and rocked the seas

And out of the clouds came the face there of Jesus  
Then the whole world suddenly dropped to it`s  
knees

With eyes of pure lit Fire  
Looked upon man's shameful wretched face

And one by one, He called to his children

From out of every creed and every race

Descending into Heaven like  
A midst of morning rain

The Firmament was filled with Glory  
As the Angels formed their wings into a chain

The sorrowed, that were plagued with sickness  
The crippled and the blind

Were given fair comfort with a golden plate  
They'll be welcomed, First In Line

And I watched all of this from my home  
Lying there on the ground

Listening to the sounds of misery  
That`s left here all around

The churches are gone, Evil will rein  
The beast will rise this day

Millions beg for one more chance  
As they see that Christ has gone away

Just yesterday the World seemed alive  
Laughing with drink and fun

Now the sound of anguish fills the Land  
As if it were blotted from the sun

The last thing that my ears beheld  
Was a mournful pitiful scream

And then I suddenly woke up, shaking  
From what was to be my dream

I now can see the dangers of a world  
That the Lord's, mercy took

I pray that when He comes back for us  
My name would be written in His Book

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Down From the Mountain

po box 508

potts camp

Ms

US