

MY RECITAL

The old man sang the old man's song
composed of the fruit of Eden.
The tune has echoed from age to age
over and over again.
Sin and death conduct the notes
that make our funeral hymn.
Millions have passed the coffin
but never passed up sin.

I've got a new song on my lips.
I've got a new hymn in my life.
Salvation has bloomed in the light of the Son
and a new song has begun.
I've got a new song on my lips.

The world has played a catchy tune
and caught us all unaware.
The driving beat has beat us down
until we just don't care.
Our God has heard the same old tune
way too long.
I need something new for my
recital song.

Before the throne of God the angels glorify
the Word made flesh, our God, the Son, crucified.
My voice, here on earth, it echoes their great praise.
I'm thanking Jesus Christ and singing all of my days.