

THE EVENING NEWS

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1-2

Each time we turn on the evening news,
Our stress levels begin to rise.
Images of a world gone mad, abuse -
Our sensibilities, and assault our eyes.

And yet - as in the days of Noah,
People just running "to and fro -"
As punch drunk as "Rocky" Balboa,
Trying to shake off another blow.

If the "Signs of the times" were neon lights,
Perhaps then they would get our attention.
Or "revelation" reduced to sound bites,
Labeled "time for an intervention."

Well we've got wars, and rumors of wars,
And those earthquakes in diver's places.
The devil roars, while the world ignores,
The signs of the times flashed in our faces.

It's not as if we could just change the channels
And pop a few more tranquilizers -
Leave it up to the professionals,
Or some "community organizers."

Yet some "gospel of prosperity,
Is what seems to be filling the pews -
and so many of us just refuse to see,
The revelation on the evening news.

2-2

Can we be so blind that we cannot see,
That the handwritings there on the wall,
And what's unfolding is the prophecy —
"Let those who stand take heed lest they fall."

There will be weeping, and gnashing of teeth,
On a day when it's least expected,
For those who chose the path of disbelief,
By whom the word of truth was rejected,

I know I'd be much more popular,
If I said things people wanted to hear.
If I chose to hold a seminar,
With words catered to the itching ear.

But it's not me that's being rejected,
It's all plainly written there in the book.
The word of God is being neglected,
Perhaps it's time we took another look.

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