

# Believer, Dust To Dust

Beneath the sun, all deeds done, meaningless are they  
Labor in vain, tormenting pain, incessant toil  
Chasing the wind, grasping (for) what's been, wearisome longings  
Ages now gone, time passes on, but the earth remains

A time of birth, a time of death, perishing mortals  
Men are like grass, which soon doth pass, destined to die  
Houses of clay, doomed to decay, foundations of earth  
Men come from dust, and to the dust, in death all return

The Lord did mold, man's flesh and soul, a creation of soil  
But just as man, from dust began, in death will face judgement  
But Christ was slain, bearing our pain, taking our sentence  
The Christ was dead, the blood He shed, absolves the guilty

The hold of the grave, broken away, by the Risen Saviour  
Prophecy fulfilled, His perfect will, providing eternal life  
Death is certain, for every man, but belief gains life  
He who believes, life he'll receive, even though he'll die

From dust you came  
You must return  
Can death you escape?

[Ecclesiastes; John 11:25; Hebrews 9:27; Genesis 3:19]