

Mark Schultz, Cloud Of Witnesses

We watched them running down the aisles
Children's time Sunday morning
The preacher asked them who they loved
They all smiled and started pointing
To their mom, their dad, the teacher from their kindergarden class
Each and every one
Had just become...

A cloud of witnesses that would see them through the years
Cheer them with a smile and pray them through the tears
A cloud of witnesses that would see them to the end
And shower them with love that never ends
A cloud of witnesses

They stuck together through the years
The best of friends faith could foster
So when they found out one of them
Had heard the news he'd lost his father,
They ran to him and prayed and put their hands upon his head
And slowly one by one
They'd all become

A cloud of witnesses
As they sent above a prayer
They took a hold of hands
And circled 'round a friend
A cloud of witnesses
With a faith just like a rock
They helped him give his father back to God
As a cloud of witnesses

So when it comes the time
That heaven calls
They'll come running
To see the ones who've gone before
Who ran the race and made the journey home
To find waiting for them at the finish line
Cheering happily
They will run and they will see

A cloud of Witnesses
Lined up on a street of gold
As they run the final mile
That leads them to a throne
And through the cloud of Witnesses
They see God upon that throne
As they fall into His arms they know they're home
In a cloud of witnesses
Surrounded by
A cloud of witnesses...

Watched them running down the aisles
Children's time, Sunday morning