

Rich Mullins, While The Nations Rage

"Why do the nations rage
Why do they plot and scheme
Their bullets can't stop the prayers we pray
In the name of the Prince of Peace
We walk in faith and remember long ago
How they killed Him and then how on the third day He arose
Well things may look bad
And things may look grim
But all these things must pass except the things that are of Him

Where are the nails that pierced His hands
Well the nails have turned to rust
But behold the Man
He is risen
And He reigns
In the hearts of the children
Rising up in His name
Where are the thorns that drew His blood
Well the thorns have turned to dust
But not so the love
He has given
No it remains
In the hearts of the children
Who will love while the nations rage

The Lord in Heaven laughs
He knows what is to come
While all the chiefs of state plan their big attacks
Against His anointed One
The Church of God she will not bend her knees
To the gods of this world though they promise her peace
She stands her ground
Stands firm on the Rock
Watch their walls tumble down when she lives out His love

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Who will love while the nations rage
While the nations rage

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Who will love while the nations rage"