

David Phelps, Revelation

The last thing that I remember
I think it was mid-December
I rolled out of bed to take on another day
Of bills to pay.

Oh, I should have noticed the signs
When reading the morning headlines
But all I could see was what mattered then and there
Like what to wear.

Before I left for work, I kissed my wife and kids goodbye
Then fumbling for my keys, my eyes were drawn up to the sky.

Sky is blackened, could it be a thunderstorm?
It looks like rain.
Wind is twirling, clouds are swirling.
Could it be a hurricane?

I pulled myself together
And said it was just the weather
Cause I never dreamed it could be my final day
To live that way.
Yeah, I went to church on Sundays
Believed there was only one way
But when it began I guess I was in denial
For just a while.

So, I turned on the radio to occupy my mind
But as I drove to work, my thoughts were pulled back to the sky.

Sky is blackened, could it be a thunderstorm?
It looks like rain
Wind is twirling, clouds are swirling.
Could it be a hurricane?

Then suddenly, the sun eclipsed
And tremors struck the ground.

As brilliant light had split the sky
I heard the trumpet sound.

Hallelujah, Halle-Hallelujah
Oh, the angels sang
Hallelujah, Halle-Hallelujah.
Finally redeemed
Hallelujah, Halle-Hallelujah.
Prophecy fulfilled
Jesus is revealed.

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Revelation
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Amen