

# The Showdown, Laid To Rest

Laid to rest

The burdens of battle and time run their course and he falls  
In the charge of the angels  
Through the veil over Jordan and home

Rise up and meet your father  
Joyous at the return of his son  
And the world and its troubles mean nothing  
Only comfort and rest in his arms

What was left

A skin naught but scars life spent waging a war for a King he'd yet to see  
How sweet now his rest  
Clothed in splendor and joy in the presence of God how he sings

Rise up and meet your father  
Joyous at the return of his son  
And the world and its troubles mean nothing  
Only comfort and rest in his arms

I long to see your face  
I long to be at rest  
I long to end this war  
I long for you to take me home  
I long to see your face  
I long to be at rest  
I long to end this war  
I long for you to take me home

Rise up and meet your father  
Joyous at the return of his son  
And the world and its troubles mean nothing  
Only comfort and rest in his arms

I long to see your face (Rise up and meet your father)  
I long to be at rest (Joyous at the return of his son)  
I long to end this war (And the world and its troubles mean nothing)  
I long for you to take me home (Only comfort and rest in his)  
I long to see your face (arms)  
I long to be at rest (Only comfort and rest in his)  
I long to end this war (arms)  
I long for you to take me home