

Focused on the Treasure

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Gladly laying down our lives
Challenges without measure
To be more like Him we strive

Suffering and Crosses are all we've known as life
Moulded into Warrior Brides
Senses more sharp than any knife

Lessons failed lessons learned
Hoping it all ends soon
Traded in for banquet tables
And an endless honeymoon

Rejected by the world we know
The devils try to keep us low
Yet His gift of grace makes us stronger
with each and every single blow

We cry out the Spirit goes deeper
Angels to help, the harvest ready
His Bride the very Reaper

A grateful hand lifted high
Receiving gifts from our Savior
The world awakens, repenting hearts
Will surely know His Favor

One by One into the fold they come
Brought into His loving Embrace
We made it to the finish line
The end of this great race

Agentle King romantically sings
To keep our Spirits high
For soon we shall see Him
Like lightening flashes
He calls us to the sky

Forever home with our Lover and Friend
Pain and anguish are no more
It's finally here, the day He Says
Enter through My chamber door

Many mansions He's prepared
Our preferences, all have fared
Details of our hearts desire
Long forgotten refining fire

Hand in hand we explore
Greeted by our favorite creatures
Having all we need, every puzzle solved
Divine Spirit our perfect Teacher

Fit for a King we forever sing
Praises as our pleasure
Our hearts now free we dance with glee
Forever focused on the Treasure