

Empty This Tomb

I am a witness on Golgotha's hill.
I weep for my Lord and mourn for him still.
He breathes his last and the best of me dies.
O, empty this tomb and help me to rise.

I am a brother, a sister to all.
But I see how they suffer and hear how they call.
Again do I hear the Crucified's cries.
O, empty this tomb and help me to rise.

I pray at the tomb; I kneel there alone.
A sound stills my heart, a crack in the stone.
I'm stunned by the joy of Easter's surprise.
O, empty this tomb and help me to rise.

I stand as a Christian at history's end,
An advocate, healer, evangelist, friend.
A truth burns within me, dispelling all lies.
It empties my tomb and helps me to rise.

We sing a strange song and we tell of strange tales.
Of good news and hope and how mercy prevails.
We reach out to strangers and gaze in their eyes.
And empty the tomb as together we rise.

Amen

