

Make It Plain

Habakuk

Shall I cry for help?
Or will you listen closely
Shall I cry out violence?
Or will you save me?

Why do you fill my eyes with wrongdoing
and make me look on trouble
While justice fails and laws go slack?

Kings scoff and presidents make sport
of weak ones in their care
their might is their transgression!

Look at the proud,
the Spirit will bring them down.
Look at their wealth,
arrogance in a bottle,
look at their mouths
open wide as sheol
just like death!

Here I stand at my station keeping watch for you
Flying in on fragile wings with fragile means
to meet my lamentation

And I stand in awe of your work
 Make It Plain, Make it plain
Your Spirit trembles within
 Make It Plain, Make it plain
You stopped and shook the Earth
 Make it plain, make it plain
Your brightness shines like the sun