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You got feelings you don't show,
When others suffer inside you know,
Oft you choose to take the fall –
Yours the heart of a savior and all.

On Sundays they retell your story –
Feeding the hungry your power and glory,
Forgiving errors not counting costs,
Searching for the single sheep lost.

They never thought you'd really be back,
Probably how we got off the track –
And now the torrent's gone araging,
Dam's broken hell's rampaging.

A word from you's what we need,
A message, a note, a tell 'em deed –
Though your dreams are unbelievable,
In your hands a miracle's conceivable.