SIGNS & WONDERS LYRICS

By Lyre Lyre Souls on Fire

ACT I – Revelation and Authority (Ministry Begins)

1. Barrels Full of Mercy (John 2:1–11) — Jesus turns water to wine, joy overflows.
2. Cast the Net *(Luke 5:1–11)* — Fish fill empty nets, disciples are called.
3. Faith Through the Roof (Mark 2:1–12) — A man is healed, sins are forgiven.
4. Stretch It Out (Luke 6:6–11) — Sabbath healing sparks holy conflict.
5. Even the Wind (Mark 4:35–41) — The storm obeys His word.
6. Marching Orders (Luke 7:1–10) – Authority spoken, a servant restored.

ACT II – Compassion and Confrontation

7. The Bread-Breaker (John 6:1–15) — Loaves and fish become abundance.
8. Little Girl, Arise (Mark 5:21–43) — Healing and resurrection intertwine.
9. Now I See (John 9:1–12) — Blind eyes open, truth divides.
10. Be Opened (Mark 7:31–37) — A man hears and speaks anew.
11. The One Who Turned Back (Luke 17:11–19) — Gratitude brings deeper wholeness.
12. On the Road to Nain (Luke 7:11-17) — A widow's son is raised to life.
13. Help My Unbelief (Mark 9:14-29) — Power confronts doubt, faith cries out.

ACT III – Faith and Following

14. Chains in the Graveyard (Mark 5:1–20) – Legion flees, a man is freed.
15. I Stepped Out on the Sea (Matt 14:22–33) — Fear falters, faith reaches.
16. Son of David (Mark 10:46–52) — Blind faith calls, sight is given.
17. Four Days Gone (John 11:1–44) — Lazarus rises, death undone.
18. He Touched the Blade's Mistake (Luke 22:50-51) — Violence cut, mercy restored.

ACT IV – Fulfillment and Continuation

19. The King Came Back (Luke 24; John 20) — Jesus rises, death is defeated.
20. Even Greater Works (John 14:12-14) — A promise of power for His followers.
21. Stitched Back to Life (Acts 9:36–43) — Tabitha revived, hope renewed.
22. Cast the Net Again *(John 21:1–14)* — The risen Lord feeds His friends again.

Barrels Full of Mercy

(John 2:1–11) — Jesus' first miracle at Cana turns water into wine—transforming lack into joy and setting the tone for everything that follows.

We were dry as a drum on a wedding day,
The wine ran out, and the mood gave way.
The bride looked down, the groom looked lost,
We'd danced and laughed, but joy got tossed.

Like a band with a busted string,
Or a feast with no song to sing.
The fire went dim, the music stalled,
Till Mary leaned in, said, "Son, be called."

And Jesus said, "Fill the jars to the brim!"
Stone-cold pots, cracked and grim.
Then grace showed up in the simplest sign,
He turned plain water into heaven's wine!
Yeah, barrels full of mercy just in time,
He turned shame into song and water to wine.

That wine hit lips like a burst of spring,
Best I'd tasted in anything.
The steward blinked, said, "What's this stuff?"
When God pours joy, He pours enough!

Most folks wait till the crowd's half gone
To bring out cheap and carry on.
But this was bold, this was fine,
A miracle made without a sign.

He said, "Fill the jars to the brim!"
Stone-cold pots, worn and thin.
He rewrote the ending in a toast so fine,
Turned plain water into heaven's wine!
Barrels full of mercy, smooth and bright,
He made wrong feel right with the first delight.

No thunder rolled, no spotlight shone,

Just joy where emptiness had grown.
He didn’t preach, didn’t shout or climb,
He just showed up, right on time.

Yeah, He said, “Fill the jars to the brim!”
Stone-cold hearts get filled by Him.
He poured out grace through cracks and time,
Turned plain water into heaven’s wine!
Barrels full of mercy, sweet and fine,
He turned lack into laughter and water to wine!

Cast the Net

(Luke 5:1–11) — An empty night of fishing becomes a haul too heavy to lift, as Jesus calls ordinary men into extraordinary discipleship.

The Teacher said,
Cast it wide!
We'd just cleaned up, shook our heads.

Worked that water till our backs near broke,
Dragged up weeds, and the smell of smoke.
Not a scale, not a tail, just an empty tide,
Then He climbed aboard like He owned the ride!

He preached to the crowd from our rocking deck,
Then looked at me, said, "Go out, check!"
I said, "We've burned the night with nothin' to keep,
But if You say 'Go', we'll cut the deep!"

Cast the net!
Let it fly!
Even when your hands run dry,
Run dry!
When the sea says "no" and the night says "quit,"
Just one word, and the deep submits!
Fish rolled in like a thunder flood,
Broke our nets, near split the wood!
Cast the net, He knows where they lie,
And He calls us now to fish for lives!

Nets ripped wide, boats near drowned,
Yelled for help from the other round.
Sea poured silver we'd never dreamed,
Like heaven's vault cracked at the seam!

I dropped my net, hit my knees,
Said Go Lord, don't waste on me!
But He just grinned and shook His head,
You're the one, now fish instead!

Cast the net!
Don’t play it small!
He fills what’s empty, He breaks the fall,
Breaks the fall!
From fish to men, He flips the script,
Love so deep it sinks the ships!
Leave the catch, leave the shore,
Greater call, so much more!
Cast the net, “Follow free!”
He caught my heart by Galilee!

Cast the net! Let it fly!
Cast the net, ’til the day we die!

Cast the net! Let it fly!
Cast the net! Let it fly!
Cast the net, ’til the day we die!
Cast the net! Let it fly!
Cast the net!

Faith Through the Roof

(Mark 2:1–12) — Four friends break through a ceiling to bring their paralyzed companion to Jesus—sparking forgiveness, healing, and controversy.

No door was open.
No way in.
But when you need a miracle,
You tear through the ceiling.

The house was packed, no elbow room,
People spilling out into the afternoon.
Preacher talkin' like thunder rolls,
Words that shook down to the soul.

But we had a friend who couldn't stand,
So we grabbed his mat with calloused hands.
When the crowd said no, the roof said maybe,
We climbed that wall like our faith was crazy.

Tore through clay, dust in the light,
Lowered him slow like a prayer in flight.
All eyes froze, you could feel the sting,
Then Jesus smiled, like He'd seen the whole thing.

Faith through the roof! Breakin' the norm!
Mercy ain't neat, but love ain't performin'!
"Your sins are gone," He said out loud,
And the whispers swarmed like a thundercloud.

What's tougher, sin or bone?
To heal the heart or lift a stone?
Then He said, "Get up and stand."
He walked like fire through the startled land!

The scribes were stiff, eyes like stone,
Thinkin', "Only God can claim that throne."
But Jesus, He don't play pretend,
He cracked their doubts like lightning splits stone.

“I’ll show you now the power I bring,
This man will rise. Watch everything.”
And right on cue, our brother rose,
Like sunrise bursting through nighttime’s clothes.

Faith through the roof! No rules contained it!
Hope got wild and grace reclaimed it!
He walked out tall, no bed, no shame,
With joy in his steps and praise in His name!

Some seek signs!
Signs!
Some seek proof!
Proof!
But when hearts believe,
They tear off the roof!

Faith through the roof! Tearin’ down doubt!
When Jesus speaks, the silence shouts!
Healed in the middle of scribes and sin,
When faith breaks through, new life begins!

No crowd too thick, no roof too strong,
When Heaven calls, the walls are gone!
He rose up clean, walked out amazed,
We all stood stunned, giving God our praise!

Faith through the roof!
Let it rise! Let it rise!
Faith through the roof!
Tear the doubt from the skies!
Faith through the roof!
Let the wounded rise!

Stretch It Out

(Luke 6:6–11) — In a tense synagogue showdown, Jesus restores a man's hand and challenges hardened hearts.

They told me, "Don't go near that place."
"Your kind don't earn the Sabbath grace."
But still I slipped in through the crowd,
With nothing whole, but hope allowed.
My hand hung limp, just bone and skin,
A crooked sign of shame within.
He scanned the room, then locked on me,
As if He saw what none could see.

Then came His words: "Now come, stand here."
The silence thick with doubt and fear.
He turned and asked, "What's good to do?
To save a life, or let it lose?"

Then He said, "Stretch it out!"
And that was all.
No oil, no flame, no curtain call.
Just one command I couldn't defy,
And something deep had to comply.
I stretched it out, and it was whole,
Like mercy rewrote muscle and soul.

No cheers, no songs, no holy shout,
Just bitter stares and shoulders out.
They left in schemes, I left in awe,
Still staring at the hand I saw.

He said, "Stretch it out!"
And that was it.
No signs, no show, no holy script.
Just truth that cut through all my doubt,
And called a buried part back out.
I stretched it out, and it came alive,
Like chains let go and bones revived.

In that room of doubt and shame,
He gave me back what fear had claimed.

Even the Wind

(Mark 4:35–41) — With a word, Jesus calms the storm—revealing His authority over creation and leaving His disciples in awe.

The sea was teeth and bitter foam,
It grabbed the hull and shook the bones.
We fought the lines, the mast leaned low,
The sky was fire, the wind would throw.
Each wave hit hard like swinging steel,
The deck would lurch, the wood would squeal.
We shouted out above the gale,
“Don’t You care if we should fail?”

He rose, the storm still screaming red,
No fear, no rush, just calm instead.

Even the wind knows His name,
Even the sea gives up its claim.
He spoke, and silence split the night,
The chaos dropped beneath His light.
We didn’t move, we didn’t breathe,
Who is this man the waves believe?

No sword in hand, no battle shout,
Just “Peace, be still,” and then fell out.
The clouds broke rank, the ocean knelt,
The stillness hit like nothing felt.
The wind pulled back like it was tamed,
The sea uncoiled, the stars reclaimed.
He turned to us, that steady tone,
“Where is your faith when fear has grown?”

Even the wind bowed to His name,
Even the wild gave up its claim.
He ruled the deep and hushed the air,
Left every heart laid open, bare.
The sea obeyed, and so did we,
Undone by what we’d lived to see.

Even the wind knows His name,
Even the sea gives up its claim.
He spoke, and silence split the night,
The chaos dropped beneath His light.
We didn’t move, we didn’t breathe,
Who is this man the waves believe?

Marching Orders

(Matthew 8:5-13, Luke 7:1-10) — A Roman centurion trusts Jesus' authority without proof, and his servant is healed at a distance.

I don't need Him to cross my gate,
Just say the word, it won't be late.
I know command, I know the chain,
One word from Him can break the reign.

I wear the crest, I bear the blade,
A hundred men obey my trade.
But all my ranks, my drills, my laws,
Can't touch the sickness that I saw.

He's not of Rome, He's not my kin,
Yet storms retreat when He walks in.
I said, "My Lord, don't take a stride,
Your voice can cross the great divide."

He gave the order, sharp and clean,
Even death would drop to its knees.
No shield was raised, no spear was thrown,
Still, the fever fled its throne.
Say the word, the fight is through,
And Caesar bows before what's true.

I know the ranks from throne to slave,
But here's the One the oceans wave.
He turned, amazed, and called it rare,
"Not in Israel's land compare."

No trumpet roared, no banners flew,
Just truth that cut the sky in two.
Messengers came with eyes like flame,
"He's standing strong, he calls your name."

Marching orders, faith obeys.
His voice outshines the empire's praise.
He rules above, yet met my need.

No legion holds a higher creed.
Say the word, and time stands still,
A soldier bowed to Heaven’s will.

I know command, I know control,
But only He could make him whole.

The Bread-Breaker

(John 6:1–15) — Five loaves, two fish, and thousands fed—Jesus reveals abundance in the face of scarcity.

We came up the hill like ants on a crumb,
Dust in our throats and our bellies gone numb.
The Teacher was talkin' like thunder in spring,
But five thousand guts were beginning to sing.
I thought, This is trouble, like wolves in the pen,
No baker alive could feed all of them.

A kid had five loaves, looked thin as my shoe,
And two little fish, like silver tattoos.
The Teacher just smiled with a flint-spark grin,
Held 'em up high like a prize to win.
I laughed to myself: That's a joke in disguise,
Like patchin' a sail with the tear in the sky.

But He broke that bread like a storm breaks night,
Broke that bread! Broke that bread!
And it multiplied wild in the fading light.
In the fading light!
Fish kept comin' like rain from a tin,
Rain from a tin!
He fed every soul, with baskets left in.

Yeah, I saw it clear as a harvest moon:
Hungry hearts filled up like a banjo tune.

Hands passed the pieces like sparrows in flight,
In flight
Swappin' empty for plenty in the blink of a night.
Of a night
Bread tasted fresh as a creek in June,
In June
Fish was flakin' like paint in a dusty saloon.
Saloon
Crowd roared soft, like wind through wheat,
Through wheat

Every last mouth got somethin’ to eat.
To eat

I’d chased after hope like a dog after smoke,
After smoke
Never caught nothin’ but splinters and jokes.
He turned scraps to a feast, like a poet spins gold,
Spins gold
And the fire in my chest won’t ever grow cold.
’Cause He broke that bread like a dam set free,
Broke that bread, broke that bread!
Let the river of mercy come rushin’ through me.
Rushin’ through me!
Fish kept comin’ like stars at dawn,
Stars at dawn!
Proof that the kingdom keeps rollin’ on.

Now I’ll carry that sight till the trumpets croon:
Five thousand fed by a bread-breaker tune.

Little Girl, Arise

(Mark 5:21–43) — Two desperate stories collide as Jesus heals a woman and raises a child, showing His power over both sickness and death.

She was just twelve, our world, our joy,
A laugh, a song, a fire, a voice.
But breath grew short, her skin went pale,
So I ran fast, like time had failed.

I found Jesus near the crowded shore,
Dropped to my knees right on the floor:
“She’s near the end, don’t let her die!
Lay hands on her, she will survive!”

He came with me, but every street,
Was choked with bodies, sand, and heat.
And then He stopped, I spun around.
He froze mid-step, eyes scanning down.

A woman trembling touched His cloak,
And just like that, the moment broke.
He said, “Daughter, your faith made you well,”
While mine sank deep inside its shell.

Then came the words I feared the most:
“Your daughter’s gone. It’s done. Let go.”
My knees gave out. My breath ran dry.
The sky itself felt split and high.

But Jesus turned and met my face,
No panic, just relentless grace.
He said, “Don’t fear, just still believe.”
And in His voice, I found my feet.

He cleared the room, dismissed the crowd,
Said, “She’s not dead, just sleeping now.”
They laughed, but He was not dismayed,
He took her hand and softly said:

“Little girl, I say, arise,”
Like breath returned beneath her eyes.
No thunder, no blaze, no prophet’s flame,
Just life, and then she said my name.

She lived twelve years, her life so new,
The woman bled those same years through.
One dared to reach, one rose by call,
And both found grace that stilled it all.

And now when fear begins to speak,
I hear that voice I thought was weak:
“Don’t be afraid. Just believe.”
And something deeper starts to breathe.

Now I See

(John 9:1–12) — A man born blind receives sight, sparking questions of who truly sees—him, or the doubting Pharisees.

I was born in a world with no sky,
No color, no face, just the wind drifting by.
Folks saw me beg, then looked away,
Tossed their theories and walked away.
“Who sinned?” they said. “His folks or he?”
But Jesus stopped and looked at me.
No pity words, no temple scroll,
He knelt and touched what time had stole.

He spit in dust, then shaped it slow,
Pressed it firm from cheek to brow.
A muddy touch across my eyes,
Then told me, “Wash” and I complied.
I didn’t speak, didn’t delay,
Just felt that touch and made my way.
The water hit, and light broke through,
The world was there, like it always knew.

Now I see, shapes and skies,
Faces, trees, and olive vines.
I don’t know how, I just obeyed,
And when I washed, the dark gave way.
No robe, no show, no Pharisee,
Just Jesus came, and now I see.

Some said, “You’re not the man we knew.”
I said, “It’s me, just seeing through.”
They asked again, I told them straight,
“It’s Jesus. Mud. Then wash. That's it.”
They shook their heads, called in the law,
But none could name what I just saw.
They had their sight, their eyes were wide,
But still they missed what’s deep inside.

No thunder rolled, no chorus sang,

Just silence thick as temple slang.
But something opened in my soul,
A light no doubt could ever hold.

Now I see, the veil is gone,
The path ahead, the light, the dawn.
You ask and prod, you doubt and pry,
But truth won’t blink, and light won’t lie.
No scholar’s nod, no Pharisee,
Just Jesus came, and now I see.

I once was blind, and now I see.

Be Opened

(Mark 7:31–37) — Jesus opens ears and loosens a mute tongue, bringing a man into a world of sound and praise.

He couldn’t speak, and he couldn’t hear,
Shut inside himself for years.
The world moved past like distant rain,
Faces came and went, but not his name.

Then Jesus came through Gentile land,
They brought the man and took His hand.
He led him far from all the eyes,
Just a touch, no need for cries.

He looked to heaven, groaned a prayer,
Fingers touched both tongue and ear.
Just one word, like rushing stream,
It loosed his voice, it sparked a dream.

He spoke aloud for the first time,
Tears rolled out like bells in chime.
His world unlatched, his voice restored,
Not just a man, he met the Lord.

And they all said, “He does all well,
Makes the mute shout, and deaf hear bells.”
News spread wide through Galilee’s plains,
How mercy moved through silent chains.

“Be opened.”
“Be opened.”
“Be opened.”
“Be opened.”
“Be opened.”

The One Who Turned Back

(Luke 17:11–19) — Ten lepers are healed, but only one returns to give thanks—revealing the heart of true worship.

Ten went out, but only one came back.

They stood afar, no right to near,
Ten broken voices, cracked with fear.
“Have mercy, Lord!” they cried in sync,
And He just smiled and gave a wink.
“Go show the priests,” that’s all He said,
But healing met them where they tread.

Skin turned smooth, the pain unwound,
Their shame fell off and hit the ground.
Nine kept walkin’ like they'd planned,
One spun around, with praise in hand.
He danced back loud on grateful feet,
And fell before the Healer’s seat.

He turned back, just one!
Lifted thanks like the morning sun.
With a shout and a soul set free,
He praised the Lord who made him clean.
Ten were healed, but one came near,
Faith came walkin’ through the atmosphere.
And Jesus said, “Go on, be strong,
You're whole now, son, and faith’s your song.”

One turned back.

He wasn’t one of the chosen crowd,
A stranger soul not law-allowed.
But gratitude cracked heaven’s gate,
And love stepped in to rewrite fate.
He found more than healed-up skin,
He found the grace that lives within.

He turned back, just one!

Lifted thanks like the morning sun.
While the others missed the better part,
He came back with a burning heart.
Ten were touched, but one got whole,
Found more than health, he found his soul!

“Were not ten made new?”
“Yes, Lord, it’s true!”
“But only one came through?”
“That one was You!”
“Rise and go, you’re free indeed!”
“It was thanks that met the need!”

He turned back, just one!
Gave God glory, not just a run.
From broken outcast to heaven’s kin,
He came back whole, from the outside in.
So if you're healed, don’t miss your track,
Grace flows deep when you turn back.

Only one turned back,
Let me be the one

On the Road to Nain

(Luke 7:11-17) — At a funeral procession, Jesus speaks life to a widow's only son, and grief turns to amazement.

Bootsteps on a dusty road,
Grief hung low like a heavy load.
A widow wept with tear-streaked face,
A casket moved at funeral pace.

They said he was her only son,
And death had claimed its final run.
But through the gate came someone new,
And mercy moved with sandal shoes.

He saw her tears, He felt her ache,
And stopped the march for heaven's sake.

No prophet's staff, no scroll embossed,
Just mercy walking, bold and soft.
No sign, no smoke, no priestly toss,
Just love that met her painful loss.
"Young man, rise!," He spoke, not screamed,
The boy sat up like out a dream!

The mourners froze, unsure to cheer,
Too stunned to move, too full for fear.
He took the boy, then gave him back,
Restored the life that grief had sacked.

No doctor's hand, no healer's robe,
Just power dressed in dusty roads.
One touch, one word, one breath returned,
And Nain became a place that burned,
With holy fire from heaven's grace,
A miracle in open space.

No prophet's staff, no scroll embossed,
Just Jesus near, no love was lost.
He raised the dead, He calmed her storm,

With just a word, the boy was warm.
So sing it loud, let joy remain,
He breaks the grave on roads to Nain!

He breaks the grave,
On roads to Nain.

Help My Unbelief

(Mark 9:14-29) — A father's desperate cry meets Jesus' authority, as a tormented boy is set free.

I came with my son,
Torn and tired,
Haunted by something I couldn't fight.

I said,
"Teacher, I brought him to Your men,
but they couldn't cast it out.
It throws him down.
It steals his voice.
It's been this way since childhood."

"If You can do anything,
Have mercy."

And You looked at me
like the storm had no teeth.
"'If You can?'" You said,
"All things are possible,
for the one who believes."

I believe,
Help my unbelief.
That fragile part I hide
Behind words too tired to hope.

Then You called for the boy,
The spirit threw him down again.
But You rebuked it.
Commanded it.
Told it to leave.

He lay still,
Until You took his hand
And lifted him up.

I believe,
Though the dark still calls me weak.
Though doubt still clings like ash.
I believe,
Help my unbelief.

This kind, You said,
Only comes out through prayer.
So I keep praying.
I keep believing.
Even when my faith is half a flame,
I believe.

Chains in the Graveyard

(Mark 5:1–20) – A man possessed by many demons finds freedom, clothed and restored in his right mind.

I slept where no one dared to tread,
Among the bones, among the dead.
They bound me tight, I snapped their steel,
But nothing touched what I could feel.
Nights I screamed, and tore my skin,
The dark crawled out, the light stayed in.
They said, “He’s gone, he’s not a man.”
But something deeper said, “I am.”

A boat cut through the morning hush,
The air went still, the wind held hush.
He stepped ashore like thunder’s ghost,
With eyes that saw what hurt me most.
I ran to Him, I dropped like stone,
The voices spat, but not my own.
“Don’t cast us out,” they cried, afraid,
But He had come to end their stay.

He asked my name, I said, “Too many.”
A thousand screams had buried me.
But then He spoke, and all hell cracked,
The pigs went wild, the sky turned black.
And when it cleared, I could not speak,
Just silence soft, and breath made sweet.
No more chains, no tomb, no shame,
Just stillness, and my name.

They came and stared like I was strange,
Afraid of peace, too used to pain.
I sat there clothed, in my right mind,
While they begged Him to leave their kind.
I reached for Him, I tried to go,
Said, “Take me too, You made me whole.”
But He just smiled and turned to me,
“Go home. Tell what God did free.”

So now I walk these roads again,
Not as beast, but as a man.
I speak His name, and watchers see
What mercy does to men like me.
He asked my name, I said it low.
He gave it back with mercy’s glow.
I am no grave, no cursed mistake,
I’m proof that love can still awake.

They left me in the tombs to die.
But I walked out,
When He walked by.

I Stepped Out on the Sea

(Matt 14:22–33) — Peter dares to walk on water, learning faith through faltering steps and Jesus' steady hand.

I was fishin' at dawn with a net in my hand,
Calloused and loud, just a man in the sand.
Then He came walkin' by, like sun through the haze,
And I left it all to follow His ways.

One stormy night when the stars took a break,
And the sea rolled wild like a giant milkshake,
We saw Him out there, just strollin' along,
Like a ghost in a robe, like a verse in a song.

I stepped out on the sea, like a leaf in the breeze,
Heart beatin' fast like a stampedin' stampede.
I walked on water, eyes locked on His face,
Like a child on a wire with a bucket of grace.
I was doin' just fine till the thunder said "boo!,"
Then I dropped like a rock in a Baptist pew.
But He caught me, oh yes, He caught me,
When I stepped out on the sea.

The wind slapped my cheeks like a storm full of spite,
The waves danced crazy in the moon's half-light.
I took one step, then another, then one more still,
Feelin' braver than lions on a battlefield hill.

But I blinked just once, and fear snuck in,
Like a fox in the henhouse grinnin' a grin.
I sank like an anchor in a bathtub full,
With pride in my throat and my faith feelin' dull.

I stepped out on the sea, like a joke at a wake,
My courage held strong till it started to break.
I wobbled and wavered like jelly on toast,
Yelled, "Save me, Lord!" before givin' up hope.
And He grabbed me fast with a hand strong and sure,
Said, "Why'd you doubt?" like a father, pure.

Still I walked, yes I walked, can’t take that from me,
The night I stepped out on the sea.

Don’t tell me I failed ‘cause I took that leap,
While the rest stayed back in their boatful of sheep.
Faith don’t mean flawless, it just means you go,
Like a seed in the wind or a rooster in snow.

I stepped out on the sea, like a fool in a tale,
With a heart full of hope and a face kinda pale.
I wobbled and sank, but I dared just the same,
And I’ll never forget how He called my name.
If faith is a river, I dove in knee-deep,
I stepped out, and He promised to keep.
That’s the story, the truth, and it still sets me free,
The night I stepped out on the sea.

Son of David

(Mark 10:46–52) — A blind beggar shouts for mercy, and his bold faith cannot be silenced.

Son of David!
Don’t pass me by!
Son of David!
Don’t pass me by!

I was born in the dark, never saw the day,
But I knew His steps from a mile away.
The crowd pressed close, they tried to hush,
But I yelled out loud, I would not blush.

Son of David, don’t pass me by!
Don’t pass me by!
I believe though I am blind!
I still believe!
Just say the word, just one reply,
I’ll be made whole when You pass by!

He stopped right there, the street went still,
Said, “What do you want Me to do, my will?”
“Rabbi,” I cried, “I want to see!”
And light broke in where the dark had been.

No more begging, no more shame,
I walk and shout in Jesus’ name!

Son of David, don’t pass me by!
Don’t pass me by!
Don’t pass me by!
I was blind, but now I cry,
Tears of light from open eyes!
Just say the word, just one reply,
I’ll be made whole when You pass by!
Son of David! Son of David!

He made me see!

He made me see!
He set me free!
He set me free!

He made me see!
He made me see!
He set me free!
He set me free!

He made me see!
He made me see!
He made me see!
He set me free!

Son of David, don't pass me by!
Don't pass me by!
Don't pass me by!
I was blind, but now I cry,
Tears of light from open eyes!
Just say the word, just one reply,
I'll be made whole when You pass by!
Son of David! Son of David!
Son of David! Son of David!

Four Days Gone

(John 11:1–44) — Lazarus walks out of the tomb, proving Jesus' power over death and foreshadowing His own resurrection.

We saw Him cry, we felt it all,
We saw death stall at just one call!

We got word from Martha's place,
"The one You love, he fades with haste."
But He waited still, took His sweet time,
Said, "This is for the glory divine."

Four days gone when we reached that tomb,
Martha ran out like a storm in full bloom.
She said, "If You'd come, he'd be alive!"
Jesus said, "He will rise, because I'm the Life."

He groaned so deep, He wept so loud,
Then stood up tall in front of the crowd.

Four days gone, still got up walkin'!
Stone rolled back and the dead came talkin'!
Grave couldn't grip what grace had planned,
He called his name with a command!
"Lazarus, come out!" was the thunder roll,
And the man walked out, body and soul!

We stood there still, mouths open wide,
While grave clothes shuffled like they'd come alive.
He looked around, eyes clear as day,
And we knew death just lost its say.

Some folks gasp'd, some backed away,
But we just hollered, "He's the way!"
It wasn't luck, it wasn't chance,
That's resurrection in His hands!

Who rolls stones and breaks the night?
Jesus Christ, the Lord of life!

Who speaks life when hope is done?
The Son of God, the Risen One!

Four days gone, still got up shoutin'!
Grave tried chains, but it ain't worth doubtin'!
He cried, "Come out!" and out he came,
Just one word and death lost the game.
Fear backed down, couldn't block that call,
When Jesus shouts, the grave must fall!

We saw it happen.
We were there.
He wept.
He called.
And death didn't dare.

He Touched the Blade’s Mistake

(Luke 22:50-51) — Even as He’s arrested, Jesus heals the wounded enemy, showing mercy on the way to the cross.

The garden lay still, 'cept the rustle of trees,
Till lanterns swarmed in like a hive of bees.
A mob with clubs, and swords drawn high,
And Judas kissed Him like a lullaby.

One of us snapped like a coiled-up spring,
Drew steel and struck with a rebel’s swing.
The servant cried out, blood on his face,
A man cut down in the holy place.

But Jesus stepped in with fire in His eyes,
No rage, no fear, no warlike cries.
He touched the blade’s mistake that night,
And healed the wound in lantern light.

He came not swingin’, but standin’ tall,
In a world that only knew how to brawl.
He mended what we tried to break,
He touched the blade’s mistake.

The servant blinked, unsure, in pain,
Then felt the peace like desert rain.
No priest could speak, no soldier moved,
The clash was gone, the truth was proved.

He turned to them, hands by His side,
The Lamb unarmed, yet none denied.
He chose no fight, just gave His name,
And walked the path that bore our shame.

He came not swingin’, but standin’ tall,
In a world that only knew how to brawl.
He mended what we tried to break,
He touched the blade’s mistake.
Yes, He touched the blade’s mistake.

The King Came Back

(Luke 24; John 20) — From the empty tomb to the risen Lord—death is defeated, and hope lives again.

Dawn cracked like laughter through a shroud of night,
The grave blinked twice, confused by light.
Stone rolled back with a heavenly grin,
A rebel God stepped out from sin.

Grave guards froze like myths undone,
Eyes wide as tomb met rising sun.
Angels sat like prophets on parade,
Clothes like lightning, calm but unafraid.
“Why look for life among the dead?
He rose,” they winked, “just like He said.”

He rose like roots through broken stone,
Shook death’s teeth, reclaimed His throne.
Left hell’s halls echoing hollow cries,
Outwalked the grave with laughing eyes.
From thorn-crowned pain to folded grace,
The King came back, and left no trace.

Mary stood in garden shade,
Mistaking Jesus for groundskeeper trade.
But then He spoke. Her knees gave way,
“Rabboni!” broke the break of day.

Thomas stalled with stubborn doubt,
Til wounds reached in and pulled him out.
“Feel the proof,” said Christ with flair.
Even skeptics find Him there.

He rose like roots through broken stone,
Shook death’s teeth, reclaimed His throne.
Left hell’s halls echoing hollow cries,
Outwalked the grave with laughing eyes.
From thorn-crowned pain to folded grace,
The King came back, and left no trace.

He grilled up fish on Galilee shore,
No clash of swords, just grace and more.
Scarred hands flipped bread with holy ease,
Our Savior cooks, the Prince of Peace.

So sing it loud through alleys and steeples,
This tale rewrites the fate of peoples.
The tomb’s just dust, the veil is torn,
The dawn has teeth, and Christ is risen.

Even Greater Works

(John 14:12-14) — Jesus promises His followers that His power will continue—and multiply—through them.

And Jesus said,

“I tell you the truth,
Anyone who believes in Me
Will do the same works I have done,
And even greater works,
Because I am going to be with the Father.

You can ask for anything in My name,
And I will do it,
So that the Son can bring glory to the Father.

Yes, ask Me for anything in My name,
And I will do it!”

Stitched Back to Life

(Acts 9:36–43) — Peter raises Tabitha from death, continuing the work of the risen Christ.

She was the thread in the life of this town,
Mending the broken when hope let them down.
With mercy in hand and a thimble of grace,
She stitched every sorrow with love in its place.

But the stitch came loose, and the light grew cold,
Tabitha faded, her story told.
Widows stood weeping with tunics she made,
Wrapped in her kindness, they knelt and prayed.

But grace don’t fray, and mercy won’t quit,
Love doesn't unravel, not one single bit.
Peter came knockin’ like thunder at night,
And opened the door to a heavenly light.
She was stitched back to life by the hand of the Lord,
And joy ran wild through the threads she restored.

Peter walked in where her body lay still,
Sunlight in slants and dust on the sill.
He dropped to his knees in the quiet of gloom,
And prayed like a needle cuts clean through the room.

Then softly he called her, “Tabitha, rise!”
And wonder lit up the whites of her eyes.
She sat up slow, like a story retold,
With life rushing in like sunlight and gold.

No, grace don’t fray, and mercy won’t quit,
Love doesn't unravel, not one single bit.
Peter stood steady with fire in his eyes,
As the Weaver of Worlds undid the goodbyes.
She was stitched back to life by the mercy of grace,
With joy in her hands and light on her face.

So if your hope feels ragged and worn,

And your spirit's threadbare, faded, torn,
Lift up your eyes, the work’s not through,
The same hand can stitch you brand-new.

‘Cause grace don’t fray, and mercy won’t fade,
Love keeps sewing what death tried to take.
Peter just followed the pattern above,
With hands full of prayer and stitches of love.
She was stitched back to life by the hand of the Lord,
And the fabric of faith keeps pulling us forward.

Cast the Net Again

(John 21:1–14) — After the resurrection, Jesus fills the nets one more time—calling His disciples back to mission and fellowship.

Oh, we toiled all night with nets so bare,
No fish, no fire, just midnight air.
But morning broke with a stranger's call,
"Try the right side, haul it all!"

We cast again at break of day,

Cast again, cast again.
The sea went still like it heard Him say,

"Cast your net this way."
The ropes went tight, the net near burst.

Haul it in, fish came first.
We looked to shore, could it be Him?
The one who called when our faith was dim.

Cast the net, again, feel the weight, begin.
Grace comes rushing like a tide within.
From an empty night to a firelight feast,
Cast the net, again, feel the weight, begin
Grace comes rushing like a tide within.
From an empty night to a firelight feast,
He calls the lost, the last, the least.
When hope seems gone and hearts feel thin,
He says, "Friends, cast the net again."

John was the first to catch the spark,
"It's the Lord!" he cried from the dark.
Peter dove like a stone set free,
Swam to shore through Galilee.
There He stood by coals and flame,
With fish and bread, He spoke no shame.

"Peter, do you love Me?"

You know I do.
“Do you love Me?”
You know I do.
“Do you love Me?”
You know I do.
“Then feed My sheep.”

Cast the net again, feel the pull again.
He fills the boats and souls of men.
From weary hands to hearts restored,
We followed fish and found the Lord.
When fear had told us hope was thin,
He said, “Friends, cast the net again.”

Cast the net, again.
He’s not done, amen.
The fire still burns on the grace He sends.
So rise and go, cast the net again.