

Well what is it now we all choose to find,

Is it our soul or some experience in mind?

Church is a place, in which we can trust,

To look for our God off those streets full of dust.

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Grateful we come to sing songs to our Lord,

Whose work was the life and voice was the sword;

We humble and bow at his awesome most presence,

In which is the place of his most holy residence.

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Now this building is worthy of the congregation it will hold,

As we bring our gifts of money and gold;

It's the people, who really make up this church,

As we continue to view and to listen and search.

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The reason we come is to find truth in the word,

Despite what is evil and what we have heard;

We worship our God for what he has done,

Because he is good and makes sure misses none.

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It's not what you've done or whether you attend,

But the grace that's through faith in being God's friend;

We all need to find faith for revival to strike,

For his riches in glory and for what we all like.

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Church brings us sunshine to light up the temple inside,

Where God makes his pleasure and takes forth his bride;

They have funerals and weddings and sermons on Sunday,

But most important of all is that your saved one day.

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Signed,

In Christ's presence