

1999 and the stakes is high.
Our options have come down
to either we do or we die.
We need You now more than ever.
Pull out all of the strife in the church,
get us together.
Is time running out?
I can't say I do know.
We have one day less
than we did yesterday.
So it's up to us to unite,
You wanna fight the power?
You need the power to fight.

And can we sing with one voice,
if we all love the same God?
Can we agree to disagree?
And so we cry with one voice
to the only God in all the universe-
who holds us in His hands.

No more time
for us to bicker and complain,
If we're called by the same name,
there's nowhere for us to lay the blame,
except for ourselves.
And if we died to our old selves
we've come alive as God's flesh,
that makes us family.
Deeper than death,
but we don't act so tight
when there's a back to bite.
Are we less like a family, and
more like a fistfight?
Are we there, but not quite
are hypocrites children of light?