

Eden Returning

Withered hearts are dry no longer,
Water pools in place of drought,
Spirit's rainfall comes with blessing
Causing barren ground to sprout.
Open'd flowers spread Christ's aroma,
No more acrid dust of death,
Needy from the ash heap lifted,
By the whisper of His breath.

Bones bleached white by sin and judgment,
Cracked and splintered by their guilt,
Stand alive in risen body,
Healed by blood their Saviour spilt.
Father's mercy gives them increase
So that all His glory see,
For the love of God has gathered,
Those by grace He has set free.

Wasteland of the wasted worship
Now replaced by glory's songs,
Dust of death and sin's vast desert,
All to Eden now belongs!
In the midst, the sight is glorious—
Glow the gnarled and holy tree,
Healing leaves for all the nations,
By the mercy of the Three.

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