



# The Weeping Prophet

Blair Linne

The Lord said to me  
"I appointed you a prophet to the nations"  
I told Him, "I do not know how to speak."  
He put out His hand  
Touched my mouth then sent me to declare His judgments

To tell Israel and Judah denounce your backsliding  
The idolatry festering within your gates  
When your holy bricks crumble to powder  
    maybe then you will roll in the ash  
    but grey coating with not blot out black stains  
    you hike up your cloak but you cannot cloak  
    how your slip brazenly shows  
    your dirty secrets which expose what you cling to  
God wants you but He wants you clean too  
So he will multiply your mourning

You sacrifice your children to the idols of Babylon  
    like they are pieces of meat to be thrown to the lions  
    you love lying  
    you covet animals don't you?  
Gratified when following your instincts.  
You growl at God. Don't pray but prey

Judah is a laughingstock among the nations  
A covenant people without discretion  
You threaten to take my life  
But I will not shut my mouth because you would rather be  
    coddled than convicted  
Conned than consecrated  
Held captive rather than captivated

A whirling tempest will burst on the head of the wicked  
God will destroy the false prophets who prophesy comfort to you and your priests  
Prophets who speak for profit declaring a false peace

Thus says the Lord,  
“Yet I will save you out of this distress.  
I will make a new covenant  
not like the one I made with your fathers  
I will put my law within your minds.  
And write them on your hearts  
I will be your God and you shall be My people  
For you shall all know Me  
I will forgive your iniquity and remember your sins no more.”

David will never lack a man to sit on the throne  
The Anointed One will execute justice and righteousness in the land  
The King of all kingdoms will take His stand

Jeremiah’s timeless grief is burrowed into his buried bones  
In his lifetime we was not able to see a single convert  
But Jesus has never missed anyone that He inherits  
For He is the true weeping prophet gathering a people on His merit.

Therefore is there any idolatry festering within our gates?  
What do we love when no one’s looking?  
Since our salvation was purchased by holy blood  
Is not, our sin worse than our fathers’?  
They had a shadow, but we have the fulfillment  
Everyone who passes by shakes their head at our fluctuations  
The Church has become a laughingstock among the nations

A covenant people without conviction  
May we learn from those who lived before us  
They would rather be coddled than convicted  
Conned than consecrated  
Are we still held captive or captivated?

The world is not hostile to the Church because they see no difference  
The Church is not hostile to the world because they have seen no deliverance

This should not be

Since we have One who died once for all  
Held out His hand for ours to let us know  
He is the love that will not let us go.