

One Cross, Three Nails

By Chris Driesbach 2012

Well, a black-hatted villain rode into town...
That lying Satan shot me down.
I was beaten by my sin and left for dead,
But Jesus gave me new life instead.

Chorus:

One cross, three nails- it was done.
He won the fight without a gun.
To save me from my sins, God sent his Son to die.
One cross, three nails- it was done

Well, there's no real heroes nowadays.
Yeah, they ain't so tough, they fade away.
But we keep looking back for a new John Wayne
When Jesus' blood can stop the pain-

(Chorus)

Well, he had no horse, no six-gun,
But the north, south, east and west were won.
Didn't ride to the sunset, he rose to the sky-
And I will live even though I die!

(Chorus)

Glorious

By Chris Driesbach and Jayne Nitz 2012

It was dark in the middle of the day
As the Savior's life-blood dripped away.
"My God, why did you leave?" he cried.
He hung his head and breathed a final time.

Chorus:

It was done! And the temple curtain tore.
Even in his death, he was glorious!
God and man... not divided anymore.
Even in the dark, he was glorious!

The earth shook with his final shout.
Holy people who had died walked about.
It seemed so much like he had lost,
But victory came while he was hanging on the cross.

(Chorus)

When it comes to the time of my last breath
There'll be no trembling or fear for me in death.
My dying branch lives on in the vine.
Jesus joined the Father's hand in mine.

(Chorus)

Just a Nobody

By Tom Mulinix 2011

Chorus:

I'm just a nobody telling everybody 'bout
Somebody who can save anybody,
A nobody telling everybody 'bout
Somebody who can save anybody.

I may be kinda small,
Hiding in my corner.
Nobody at all...
I don't do anything important.
But I know Jesus' name!
I know how to get to heaven.
Jesus is the Way.
Through him we're forgiven.

(Chorus)

No matter who you are,
No matter what you did,
No matter that you failed,
No matter what your sin...

For God so loved the world
He gave His only Son.
That's what lifts us up-
Makes everybody someone!

(Chorus)

Jesus- the Way, the Truth and the Life...

(Chorus)

Pray

By Chris Driesbach and Jayne Nitz 2012

Do you ever wonder, "Where is God?
How can I touch Him?
How can I reach Him?"
Remember what Jesus taught us-
He said to pray.
He wants us to pray.

Like He prayed in the garden, for God to take the cup
Of the poison of our sin,
When I'm facing trouble, when I'm alone
I can leave it in His hands.
It's up to Him.

He's near when we pray.
So, pray...
Pray when you're laughing and smiling,
Living and dying.
Pray, "Abba, my Father in heaven."
Just pray.

When I don't know what to pray for, the Spirit intercedes
And speaks my prayers for me.
Pray without stopping, never giving up.
He hears my every word
When I'm on my knees.

So, pray...
Just pray.
Pray for each other.
Pray for sisters and brothers.
Our Father in heaven,
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done.
Just pray.

Pale Rider

By ChrisDriesbach 2012

See the Pale Rider...
Eyes blazing like a fire.
Coming at the end times-
Parading through the heavens-
Oh, how the Pale Rider
Is coming in glory.
He's treading the winepress
Of the wrath of the Almighty.

He is the Amen, the faithful and true,
Dressed in a robe dipped in blood,
Keeping his covenant, his promise of love
For a thousand generations.
A thousand generations...

And now the Pale Rider
Is a cause for celebration.
Seeing through hypocrisy-
Coming in glory-
See the Pale Rider
Crowned with omniscience.
He's judging men's secrets
With terrifying justice.

He is divine and all-powerful,
King of kings, Lord of lords.
You should not mistake his patience for lenience,
For the punishment will be carried out in full.

See the Pale Rider...
A cause for celebration.
But for those who hated him
He will repay with destruction.
And now the Pale Rider
Is freeing every nation
From eternity to eternity...

Modern Evangelist

By Chris Driesbach 2012

Man, you know it's hard to be a modern evangelist-
So many hard people with hard hearts to win.
But God's got the answers to all the hard questions,
Like, how did the universe ever begin?

When a scientist looks in an electron microscope
At a simple little blade of grass,
He'll explain photosynthesis in lots of detail.
If you ask him how, he'll say it just came to pass.

He'll say amazing things like this just happened.
Simple stuff got more complicated.
It's 'cause everything sat around for millions of years-
That's how the world became populated

With animals and bees and plants and trees,
Clouds and rainbows and the northern lights,
Mathematics and music, brains and eyeballs,
Glaciers and whales, a butterfly in flight.

When you don't allow for a God of creation
You're stuck with crazy theories like this.
It makes really smart people have fuzzy thinking.
They have to make ignorance sound like bliss.

And all those folks who study biology,
Astounded at the wonders of the world they see-
Why don't they recognize the God of eternity,
Praising his name as they fall to their knees?

God is greater than human thinking.
His thoughts and ways are higher than ours.
He says, "Where were you, little man, when I made the mountains?
Where were you when angels sang with the stars?"
("Where were YOU?")

It's rough to be a modern evangelist
And this might come as a big surprise,
But when folks consider the need for a Savior
They want to close their minds and their eyes.

It's an awful thing to think I might be sinful.
I'd rather believe I've got good qualities.
I'd rather think I'm not so bad,
Rather look at all the folks that are worse than me.

Sure I'm greedy but at least I'm not lazy.
Maybe I'm a drunk but I didn't beat my wife.
OK, I'm lustful, but not criminal or crazy.
I cheat on my taxes, but so does everybody else in life.
(They ALL do it!)

But God demands that we be holy.
We break part of his law - we broke it all.
God says sin earns death in wages.
Every human rescue will stumble and fall.

So folks invent a god of their choosing.
That way they can kind of stay on top.
They just make up a god that doesn't punish
Or make 'em feel guilty or tell 'em to stop.

Lying, hating, desiring, sneaking-
Questionable internet surfing at night-
Children in need while you gamble with your money-
"Well, you can't judge me, so that makes it all right."
(Don't judge me! You know, judge not!)

Man, you know it's tough to be a modern evangelist.
You wouldn't think it would be that way,
But people don't seem to want the gift we offer-
Eternal life for the future and peace for today.

Even though Jesus is the perfect hero.
All earthly heroes have feet of clay.
He outscored Satan by everything to zero,
Won heaven for all by taking sin away.

The shrinks say we need more self-esteem,
But thinking more of myself makes trouble and strife.
Navel-gazing just makes it worse.
We need better medicine for the pain in life!

But, hey, you wanna talk about self-esteem?
You've got it in faith in Jesus Christ.
He thinks of us all so incredibly highly,
He loved us so much - he laid down his life.

So, why do so many say "no" to heaven
When God wants every single soul to come home?
The devil is strong, Father help me keep singing
How you sent your Son to die and atone.

Until I'm singing with the choir around the throne,
Telling everybody, "Let Christ be known!"
Just keep on going...
Until
I'm gone.

Forgive Me

By Jayne Nitz 2008

Forgive me
For going where I shouldn't go.
Forgive me.
It's not like I didn't know-
Know that it was wrong; still I played along.
I went ahead.

Forgive me
For even letting this begin.
I was weak, wanted to be taken in.
I saw the danger there, but I said I didn't care.
I went ahead.

It makes my bones ache and I can't sleep
And how my spirit cries out for peace.
I'm worn out from my tears.
Take my prayer. I know you hear....

Mercy, Lord.
I can't take it anymore.
I want out.
Help me find the door.
It's time to tell the truth. I'm tired of my excuse.
I'll follow you.

Love me, Lord,
Even though I hate myself.
Just for me
You took the punishment of hell.
Bled for me and died, but I threw your gift aside.
I'm sorry, Lord.

And I accept what happens now.
You'll take and shape it for good, somehow.
I don't know what to do,
But I'll go on, knowing you
Forgive me.

Apache Rain

By Darrell Dobberpuhl 2011

A tall tree clings to a dusty hillside, the sun is hot and the winds are dry.
Its branches cast a welcome shadow on the weary people passing by.
But even in that shady refuge they sit and pant with a thirsty pain.
Their eyes look up to the cloudless heavens and long to feel the Apache rain

When the lightning dances on the mountains and the thunder rolls through the canyons deep,
Bringing showers of cool refreshing water, and the ones who thirst find sweet relief.
But before too long, the shower passes and the sun beats down with its heat again.
And the thirst once quenched begins its longing for another taste of Apache rain.

One day a stranger came to the hillside and made his camp beneath the tree.
To all who came, he told the Story; how Jesus died to set them free.
For all those touched by the Spirit's message, their hearts were washed from sin's dark stain.
Their thirst was quenched by the Living Water like a cleansing shower of Apache rain.

Like the lightning dances on the mountains, and the thunder rolls through the canyons deep,
So the Holy Spirit's healing message brings hopeless souls everlasting peace.
And a quenching taste of the Living Water never fades away, bringing thirst again,
But it satisfies like a drink eternal...like an endless shower of Apache rain.

Then a father brought his children. And to the man beneath the tree
He said, "Please teach my sons and daughters the story you have told to me."
So, from that time through generations, the parents bring their children still.
And the thirst no earthly water quenches, the Living Water always will.

Like the lightning dances on the mountains, and the thunder rolls through the canyons deep,
The Holy Spirit's healing message brings hopeless souls everlasting peace.
From loving families to their children the Good News flows like a sweet refrain-
An endless stream of Living Water...like an endless shower of Apache rain.

Even Jesus Got the Blues

By Chris Driesbach 2012

Well, you know our Lord and Savior... Jesus of the virgin birth.
He paid the price for sins of all the people on the earth.
He gave 'em signs and wonders, healed the sick, raised the dead,
But he was a man of sorrows; he suffered and he bled.

Yeah, Jesus-
Even Jesus got the blues.
He took my guilt on himself when he was wrongly accused.
Even Jesus got the blues.

Now he visited Mary and Martha- heard that Lazarus had died.
They said, "Lord, you should have been here." He hung his head and he cried.
He said, "Take me to the tomb. Now roll away the stone."
He raised his eyes to heaven, said "Father, make your glory known."

Even Jesus-
Even Jesus got the blues.
He hollered, "Lazarus, come out!" The dead man walked and amazed the Jews.
Well, things happened when Jesus got the blues.

He was our King of kings, he was Lord of lords,
But he had his troubles and his emotions, too.
He fed the many thousands, turned water into wine.
He was our God, but he was human as you.
Thank you, Jesus.

One day he was out preaching to the teachers of the law.
He said, "I sent you righteous prophets, but you stoned and killed 'em all."
When the people turned away, he cried out in pain and tears,
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how I've longed to hold you near."

Even Jesus-
Even Jesus got the blues.
He said, "You brood of snakes, can you escape what's coming due?"
That day Jesus got the blues.

Went to the Mount of Olives on the night he was betrayed.
He said to his disciples, "Keep watch while I pray."
Sweating like he was bleeding in the Garden of Gethsemane,
Sorrowful to the point of death, crying on his knees.

Even Jesus-
Even Jesus got the blues.
And then Judas sold him out to be beaten and abused.
Well, you know Jesus got the blues

Yeah, Jesus-
Even Jesus got the blues.
He took my guilt on himself when he was wrongly accused.
Even Jesus got the blues.

Rock Me, Jesus

By Jayne Nitz 9/10

Fallen sun
Rouses the moon
Pushing shadows across the room.
They jump on the bed
Into my mind.
My thoughts run through the day
And the harder parts replay
Again.

Chorus:

Rock me, Jesus
Rock me to sleep
Like an ocean, blue and deep.
Take my trouble-
Blow it away
Scatter the ashes of yesterday.

It's not as if
I'm far from home,
But here in the darkness I feel alone.
I lie awake
A prisoner of time.
I pray for a release.
Is there no such thing as peace
Tonight?

(Chorus)

You're sending me sweet dreams of pastures green
And it restores my soul.
You're telling me, "Don't cry, I'm here beside
And I won't let go,
Won't let go."

(Chorus)