

THERE IS A WAR THAT'S WAGING

written and performed by Mike Mancini

There is a war that's waging.

It wakes up the sleepers
And leaves the pious dreaming.
It boils under the surface
Teaming from the depths of every breath.
We know this war.
We know this war like we know the night —
Unavoidable.
Doing and saying in the sparseness of darkness
What would be unimaginable in the light of day.

This war waging isn't sound clips
From some distant deserts.
It's actually too close to measure.
Beating out of our chests,
Bulging behind our eyes,
Our actions — the spoils of war, the prize.

There is a war that's waging.

And as I fight, I realize
That I have yet to choose a side.
That I drop bombs on villages
With my wicked ambitions,
But that I've fought the good fight
Lifting up my petitions.

My condition is broken, conflicted.
Convicted of crimes of which I am guilty.
But still the Hero calls me to fight by His side.
Because the war that is waging isn't mine.
It's His story, wrapped up in glory.
Authority revealed in the victory that is coming.
Heaven is coming to the earth.

But for now there is a war that is waging.

Today, the Hero raises His battle cry.
And I feel as though I can no longer avoid
His invitation to do the same.
But my breath sputters.
My tongue stutters.
My body shudders.
My mind cluttered.
Mind in the gutter.
Guts full of butterflies when I realize
That everyone who follows this Hero dies.

The Hero cries out to His Father
And He invites me to do the same. To proclaim,
"Your Kingdom come, your will be done ..."

Well, what about the work I've done?
What about the plans that I've made?
This is my time to shine!
I suppose I could say, "Your Kingdom come,"
As long as your Kingdom looks a lot like mine.

Could I really give up my most deeply held dreams?
Could I no longer live for my colleague's esteem?
Could I really walk willingly,
Far from the success planned for me?
I mean what would this Hero do
If I gave Him reign over my hallowed halls?

Would He expect to be my royalty,
Holding the authority,
To trade my family's great and prosperous future
For the sake of the faceless hungry?

Would He tear down my banners
Of inherited advantages,
And let justice roll down
Even if it left me in bandages?

Would He stroll down my corridors
And destroy every monument built to bitterness?
Would He smash every mirror
That reflected my grudges,
Smudges of resentment,
Smeared on smiles and pleasantries ...
Would they all have to be destroyed?

See there is a war that is waging.
And we all must choose on which side we fight.
Our will, our kingdoms, our dreams, our rights ...
Or will we proclaim with all that we have
That we are willing to die with our Hero?
And in the new life that He gives,
Live ... as if Heaven were coming to earth.
Our Hero is bringing Heaven to the earth!

Our lives of asymmetry.
Our words, soliloquy.
Enter our Hero, and every verse sings divinity.
He is the epitome of the deep-rooted harmony
Which intertwines with the earth,
And slides and shines through every part of me.

He is the vine and we are the branches.
We — free — released — unburdened
Are the rebuilders of ruined cities.
Standing embraced, we are the ones who in grace
Go to the ends of the earth.

We with great joy are free to feast with our enemies.
We are the ones who groan with the seas,
And moan with the mountains,
Longing for the day when our Hero comes again.
Because when our Hero comes again
All things will be made new!

See there is a war that is waging.
But it is a war that our Hero has won!
Life has been given to all
Who would die with our Hero.
Crowned with beauty,
Soaked in gladness,
Wearing praise like a garment.
We all together will enjoy
All things made new.

So when the Hero calls for you,
When you hear the Hero crying out to His Father,
When you can no longer avoid
His invitation to do the same,
Will you count the cost?
Will you soberly proclaim?

***"Your Kingdom come, Your will be done,
on earth as it is in Heaven."***