

DUST ON THE ALTAR

Let us go back a while
To when I was a child
How well I remember the times
Those old saints would pray
Til the breaking of day
And not one soul seemed to mind
The preacher's would pull
Till the altars were full
That's how it was in the past
But what once meant so much
Is now covered in dust
And the times prompt me to ask

Does anyone pray anymore
Do we really care for the lost
Children are crying, people are dying
when just out of reach stand the cross
Now we think we're okay and we've got it made
But I'm afraid we've got it all wrong
There's a need in our day for a people who will pray
Till the dust on the altar is gone

We've learned to cover it well
With the stories we tell
How we're in revival again
But if we tried to imagine
We still couldn't fathom
The souls that are dying in sin
The lesson we've learned
Are we really concerned
Or have we grown tired of the fight
We may fool a few by avoiding the truth
But the dust on the altar don't lie

Chorus