People are crying out to Yah, but cannot obtain. People are trying, as before, but their efforts all seem vain. The multitudes desire, just TO BE MADE WHOLE. The only difference through the years, is that we all are getting old.

Take us back to Your Mountain, from where we all RAN AWAY. We APPROACHED The VOICE that SPOKE to us, but were unable to stay. So we stood FAR OFF, we could not bear to LISTEN. Our hearts they did melt from the sights, sounds and visions.

Oh how can I, learn to HEAR YOUR VOICE, how can I learn to stand? To overcome fire, smoke and trembling, does not happen, cause I think I can. These forces are, much greater than I, give me strength beyond my own. I know You understand, my weakness, do not reject me I'd be alone.

Your COVENANT on STONE, has displayed that I am weak. It HAS TAUGHT ME as a TEACHER, that blessed are the meek. A NEW COVENANT I embrace, so now I dare to DRAW NEAR. To a VOICE that's from the Heavens that casts out my every FEAR.

From the VOICE at the Mountain that was recorded ON STONE Now from this day forward I will never be alone. The BLOOD OF MESSIAH brought the COVENANT NEW. Now YOUR LAWS ARE WRITTEN ON my HEART and YOUR LAW, it is TRUTH.

Oh how I love, to HEAR YOUR VOICE, I know it's You that makes me stand? Overcoming fire, smoke and trembling, can not happen with mortal man. These forces are so much greater than I, You give me strength beyond my own. I know You understand my weakness, but now I'll never be alone.