



Key Notes

THE LOSS OF THE CROSS

On a hill far away
Near a major highway
Stands a church all aglow with success.
And the thing I like most
(You must pardon my boast),
I can go with no sins to confess!

So I'll cherish this gospel of wealth,
How it pampers me, makes me feel good.
And promises blessings and health,
Without needing a Man nailed to wood.

And on top of this church
Like a crow on its perch,
Shines the symbol of what's preached inside.
Though the form is a cross
The message is lost
All covered with greed and with pride.

This new gospel I hold
Offering silver and gold,
Has a wondrous attraction for me.
For now my new creed
Fully sanctifies greed
And blesses my prosperity.

When I go to the mall
My god is on call
To grant me my every request.
For the reason I pray
Is to get my own way,
And decide for myself what is best!

So I'll cherish this gospel for me,
Till my trophies at last I possess.
When I die then I truly will see,
The results of this faith I profess.

For those who would weep
For the sins of the sheep
And grieve for a world lost in sin;
They will notice the loss
Of the old rugged cross,
And pray, "Lord, revive us again!"

Pastor Stan