

Wake Up (From the Mouths of Babes)

Psalm 8:2

Track 02 · Love Not This World · Lambelujah

Intro

"Grown-ups... wake up!"

Verse 1

Lord, they're sleeping in the glitter — in the diamonds and the gold,
in a glowing wrist that counts the steps but never warms the cold;
they are chasing after vapor, and their hours run like sand —
so wake them urgently, Father, while there's some time in hand.

Pre-Chorus

So we lift them up to You, we the little and small;
Lord, have mercy — sound the trumpet, let the morning call.

Chorus

Wake up, wake up — Lord, raise the sleepers — the light in them is night;
the moth and rust fall off them, to lay up treasure that won't die;
not for pearls nor for men's praises — but to live for Your name alone;
out of the mouth of babes we're pleading — Lord, awake our hearts of stone.
We can't open up their eyes, but You can —
so wake up, wake up — and rise into His hand.

Verse 2

For the women, Lord, the mothers — let the beauty be within,
not the braided gold and clothing, but a heart that's gentle, hid in Him;
make them quiet, make them lovely, doing good with hands and prayer —
yet as bold as Sarah, fearing nothing, for You gave them strength to dare.

Verse 3

For the men, Lord, and the fathers — make them watchful, make them strong,
strong to shield and not to swagger, strong to lay their own lives down;
let them honor what is weaker, never crush it, never boast —
teach the boys to guard the fragile... it's the cross that makes a man the most.

Bridge

So call us up to better things, O Lord —
awake us from the cares, the worries, the pleasures of this world;
let us bear a hundredfold — Your gospel to the poor —
the Bread of Life above the bread that perishes; it's souls we're hungry for;
yet hand in hand we'll lift the orphan, sit beside the widow's door,
for the love that feeds the body longs to feed the soul the more.
The dead can't wake their hearts up — it's by You;
humble us, and lift us — make us, by Your grace, brand new.

Final Chorus

Wake us, wake us — Lord, open our eyes to Your Son;
He died and rose to save us — now there's mercy through His blood,
like the One who takes our vanity and trades it for a crown;

out of the mouth of babes we're singing — Lord, we're Yours; we're waking now.
We could never raise the dead, but You can —
wake up, wake up... we're alive within Your hand.

Outro

Wake up, wake up — wake up, wake up!
Wake us, wake us — Lord, wake us now!
Wake — up!
Jesus is coming with the trumpet sound.