

One Body

1 Corinthians 12

Track 07 · Love Not This World · Lambelujah

Intro

Holy, holy... holy is the Lord.

Thank You for them, Lord... the body that You raised —
so many different members... one Head, all for Your praise.

Verse 1

Thank You for the worn ones, Lord, who keep the orphan fed,
who sit beside the widow's chair when everyone has left;
the quiet, unseen hands that lift the ones the world threw away,
who pour out for the least of these and never ask for pay.

Pre-Chorus

So keep them, Lord — and if they tire, keep them true;
when their well is running empty, fill them up with You.

Chorus

Thank You for them, Lord — one body, many parts;
every hand and foot and eye, every faithful, needy heart;
You are the Head, yet Your blood and body are our bread —
when one of them is suffering, we feel the tears they shed.
We could never hold them up, but You can;
thank You for them — Lord, keep them in Your hand.

Verse 2

Thank You for the bold ones, Lord — the voices in the street,
who preach the Word in season when the crowd just laughs and leaves;
they are mocked and never silenced, and they will not be ashamed —
thank You for the lips that, out of season, still proclaim Your name.

Pre-Chorus

So keep them, Lord — the loud ones and the low;
hold the hands that serve You where the cameras dare not show.

Chorus

Thank You for them, Lord — one body, many parts;
every hand and foot and eye, every brave and weary heart;
You are the Head, the ligaments and sinews join to You —
when one of them rejoices, then we rise with them, it's true.
And the One who holds the whole body up is the Head —
Christ, whom we are built into; in Him we're joined and fed.

Verse 3

Thank You for the steady ones, Lord — far from home, working clean,
who provide and teach their children of the Christ they've never seen;
the faithful, plain, providing kind, who keep the vows they prayed,
honest in the hidden hours, and trusting You for aid.

Bridge 1

And the ones in chains tonight, Lord — far across the sea,
in Nigeria, in the prisons, the daughters that were seized —
let them count it joy, my Father, let them feel us close in prayer;
You are with them in the furnace, and the morning's almost there.
We are members of their suffering — Lord, we won't forget;
may we all be faithful unto death — the crown of life is coming yet.

Bridge 2

So make us learn to love them, Lord — to honor and to serve,
to study, abide in Your Word, to lift them like they're worth
all the cartoons and the screens we trade our hours away —
teach us to esteem the faithful, and to pray the way they pray.
For we can do no good apart from You —
abide in us, and bear the love we never could pursue.

Bridge 3

And thank You for the gifts You gave — the shepherds and the elders,
apostles, prophets, evangelists, the teachers through the years,
given to equip the saints to do the work, and stand,
to build the body up in love — each joint, each part, each hand;
till we all grow up into the Head, no longer tossed or small —
for out of Him the body grows: joined, knit, and held through all.

Final Chorus

Thank You for them, Lord — one body, every land,
gathering before the throne, a countless, ransomed band —
from every nation, every tongue and tribe and shore,
washed white inside the Lamb, and they will suffer nevermore.
This longing for a homeland marks us Yours — none can build it, but You can —
thank You for them... Lord, You hold us in Your hand.

Outro

Thank You... toda... gracias... merci... hallelujah...
one Head, one body... and You're gathering every soul.