

Hallelujah

You say there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord,
But you don't know the first thing 'bout that, do you?
The Lord delights in humble fear,
A contrite heart, and those who hear,
And shout to God a thankful Hallelujah.

His people are a gazingstock.
Their sins you all have made a mock.
Hey, accuser of the brethren, what's it to you?
You may not lay it to their charge.
They're justified; His mercy's large.
His people sing a joyful Hallelujah.

You justify your sin, you see,
Like sacramental sodomy.
You cover it with a garment; God sees through you.
Your violent adulteries,
Your condemnation of our pleas,
You won't sing an everlasting Hallelujah.

Your God has seen what you have done.
There's nothing new beneath the sun.
He's sent a lying spirit down to fool you.
We've seen your flags on your crumbling arch.
Your filth is not a victory march.
God hates your feasts and faithless Hallelujahs.

You know that there's a God above,
But you don't know about His love.
His sharp, two-edged sword will pierce right through you.
He'll judge the whore and avenge His own,
The marriage of the Lamb is shown,
Your smoke ascends. Amen and Hallelujah.