

## Above All

By Enola Stevenson

My heart beats "Thank-You, Thank You, Thank You"  
Praising its Maker all my life  
Even whilst it manufactures its idols

Blood cries out for vengeance from the ground  
But His blood pleads louder  
A cleansing flood tasting of tears

His heart broke so that mine might be made flesh  
He crushed that old stone to dust like the serpent's head  
Dust am I and to dust I will return  
But dust floats up towards the new birth