

# **BURNT STONES AND DRY BONES**

**I am like Jerusalem...**

**A city with no walls and burnt stones**

**Ashes and rubble and broken bones**

**Hurts prevail, passion dies... I lift my eyes to darkened skies**

**Hope lays down and despair stands up. I am drinking from the wrong cup.**

**Here is this valley of dry bones**

**Here is a grave wherein lies the burnt stones...**

**Can these bones live... can these stones give Him**

**A body to live in a place to call home?**

**Where does hope dwell?**

**In the marrow and clay, in darkness and deadness of Christ's own grave.**

**We choose His death, we embrace His grave, and this hope with maketh us not ashamed.**