

Chariots

A Chariot for His Heart upon which His desire can ride.
When many are paced by the earth, she remains one in His stride.

And run as fast as He wills, even as fire flashing by.
The pleasure of the Lord strengthens her
to move faster than human eye.

She is carrying the King as He sits upon her throne.
One both in heart and in Life, a wedding chamber is enthroned.

Chariots of fire they fly, many that are one.
Myriads upon Myriads carrying the Son.

The Lord is among them, even the goings of my God.
Awe-inspiring from His Holy Place, the coming forth of One.

Wheels full of eyes always beholding the Lamb.
Faster and faster they turn as His Life strengthens them.

Sit upon us, our Beloved, and together let us ride.
Mounting up we carry you, filled as your Bride.

Let her mantle fall on you and be lifted up on high.
Far above the place of men she soars where eagles fly.

Communing in His heavenly place, His chariots fill the sky.
May God open your eyes to see them surrounding you and I.

Enoch prophesied of these, those who have come away.
Thousands upon thousands they come, carrying the King.

**No longer found in earthly form, translated into a “living thing”
They’ve lost the image they once had and have now been given wings.**