

When Jesus Comes Again

I'll outgrow my senility
When Jesus comes again.
He'll give me the ability
To know who I have been.
And when I see Him face to face,
He'll clasp me in a warm embrace,
And show me to that special place
Where I will dwell with Him.

My coarse tattoos will be erased
When Jesus comes again;
My crude replacements be replaced
With heaven's OEM.
Things will not go across the grain,
I'll never feel another pain,
Or have a reason to complain,
Because I'll be with Him.

My naked scalp will sprout with hair,
When Jesus comes again;
No silver strands will sneak in there,
No matter why or when;
'Cause I'll be undisruptable,
Immortal, indestructible,
Completely incorruptible,
Because I'll be like Him.

But best of all I'll be myself,
When Jesus comes again;
No flesh will lurk beneath the shelf,
So I'll be free from sin.
The Lord will call me by my name,
And show me where I was to blame;
Then wipe away my tears of shame,
And bid me reign with Him.

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