

# The Forensic God

Most Christians have a God above who is very far away  
He's ready for to punish them when ere they go astray.  
His life's made up of rules and laws, so hard to keep and do  
And then a preacher comes along, "Now listen, God loves you".

"The God of whom you speak good sir, what has he done for me?"  
"He gave his well beloved son, to give true liberty."  
"Well then good sir, forgive my doubt, if what you say is true  
Why is your face so glumly set, its hard to smile for you".

"You have a face from pole to pole, and frozen like them too  
Where is this joy, pray tell good sir, don't say beyond the blue.  
You fret and worry run around, your brow's a furrowed frown  
Where is the God whereof you speak, why does he not come down?"

"Excuse me sir," I entered in, "may I be oh so bold  
To tell you God the son came down, the story's oft been told".  
"Ah yes" the man did answer me, "but that was long ago  
But where's the company of life when troubles ebb and flow?"

And then another entered in, his suit it looked so grand  
"Now give the Lord your ten percent and join the happy band."  
"Good man, please think before you speak, I have a family too  
Give ten percent of what I have, then what will your God do."

And then another entered in, so pious sang a hymn  
In solemn monotone of voice, and face so very grim.  
"Dear man I must attest to you, sure tidings I will tell  
A failure to accept God's Son, you're on your way to hell."

And yet another he joined in, the scripture he knew well  
He stood and preached and then sat down, big bible, show and tell.  
His face bespoke the lie he told, not full of joy was he  
But round and round the route he went, as busy as a bee.

At last the questioner did say, "Good sir can you not tell  
And feel the love of God for man, to save a soul from hell.  
The love of God is not in you, your prayers as cold as ice  
There's not a tear drop in your eyes, poor sinners to entice."

I tell you sirs, I tell you true, you have the data right  
But the God of love above, is far off from your sight.  
So very full of truth are you, you miss the God of grace  
There is no hope of life beyond now showing on your face.

# The Forensic God



You have a God who's very far, I want a God that's near  
An isolated God you have, who never shed a tear.  
A God above who sits supreme, descending he looks down  
I have a God who loves so deep, His Son did wear a crown.

I speak of Christ, that lovely man, He is the God of grace  
He wept and prayed, worked at a bench, and many knew his face.  
He stood beside a broken heart, he touched the leper's skin  
I have a God who came so close, despite my every sin.

He comes beside me, day by day, and covers me around  
He gives me liberty from sin, and habits holding down.  
And when I fall he does not chide, but looks with saddest eyes  
And as I sit and look at him, then I begin to cry.

My child, my child, come to my arms, they're ever open wide  
And look and see the nail prints, and open wounded side.  
I am the God from Heaven above, I am your priest so high  
I'll succor and I'll care for you, until you're in the sky.

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