

# The Stone Shall Strike

From the Promised Land to Babylon,  
Exile breathed its shameful song.  
Tempting dainties laid in spread  
Yet faith refused the trade for bread.

## Refrain

*The Stone shall strike, the proud shall fall,  
A kingdom rises over all.  
The fire refines, the faithful stay  
God's Word endures when thrones decay.*

Lowly ones stood set apart,  
God unveiled His sovereign art.  
To the king, a dream was shown:  
Gold would fall to clay and stone.

The meekness of a Stone prevailed,  
Empires cracked, their glory failed.  
On Truth's firm Rock the faithful stood  
Not for reward, but for the good.

"Our God will save us from the flame"  
"But if not, We still believe" they proclaimed.  
Bound and cast, yet undismayed  
The Fourth appeared within the blaze.

Nebuchadnezzar bowed in awe,  
Seven times his pride was purged.  
"You are the Most High," he cried,  
"There is none like You," he testified.

Weighed and found wanting, man was told,  
Oh, that I could be empty, yet filled with Your will  
To You I surrender my all  
May Your kingdom reign in my heart

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