

Adam, Where Are You

Don Francisco

Unashamed and naked in a garden that has never seen the rain,
Rulers of a kingdom, full of joy -- never marred by any pain,
The morning all around them seems to celebrate the life they've
just begun;
And in the majesty of innocence the king and queen come walking
in the sun

But the master of deception now begins with his dissection of t
he Word
And with all of his craft and subtly the serpent twists the sim
ple truths they've heard,
While hanging in the balance is a world that has been placed at
their command
And all their unborn children die as both of them bow down to S
atan's hand.

And just before the ev'ning in the cool of the day, They hear t
he voice of God as He is walking
And they can't abide His presence, so they try to hide away;
But still they hear the sound as He is calling:

"Adam, Adam, where are you?
Adam, Adam, where are you?
Adam, Adam, where are you?"

In the stifling heat of summer now the gard'ner and his wife ar
e in the field
And it seems that thorns and thistles are the only crop his stu
ggles ever yield
He eats his meals in sorrow 'til he sinks in to the dust whence
he came
But all down through the ages he can hear his Maker calling out
his name.

"Adam, Adam, where are you?
Adam, Adam, where are you?"

And though the curse has long be broken
Adams' sons are still the prisners of their fears
Rushing helter skelter to destrution with their fingers in thei
r ears
While the Fathers voice is calling with an urgency I've never h
eard before
"Won't you come in from the darkness now before it's time to fi
nally close the door!"

"Adam, Adam, where are you?
Adam, Adam, where are you?"

Adam, Adam, I love you!"