

Days of Elijah

**These are the days of Elijah, declaring the word of Yah
And these are the days of Your servant Moses, righteousness Being restored
And though these are days of great trials, of famine and Darkness and sword
Still we are the voice in the desert crying, Prepare ye the way Of Yah**

**Behold he comes riding on the clouds, Shining like the sun at the trumpet call
So lift your voice it's the year of Jubilee, And out of Zion's hill salvation comes**

**And these are the days of Ezekiel, the dry bones becoming as Flesh
And these are the days of Your servant David, rebuilding a Temple of praise
And these are the days of the harvest, the fields are white in The world
And we are Your laborers in Your vineyard, declaring the Word of Yah**

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