

# *Forged*

*Through the winter of our discontent  
The embers of His fire grow  
He fans the flame and stokes the coals  
Shaping our mettle in the glow*

*Outside it is cold and blowing  
The world is now frozen and bleak  
Inside however the bellows  
Pump on though our will grows weak*

*Purity is tempered and forged  
While faith grows strong under fire  
Sinful flesh cannot long survive  
Though all hell doth conspire*

*The evil one would have our soul  
Weakening our resolve with dross  
Heat removes such impurities  
Saving our finish for the cross*

*We are purified in the fire  
Endued with the Master's own seal  
An unbending rod of iron  
Forged of pure and hardened steel*

And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Revelation 19:15-16