**Raised Up**

Fallen, alone in our own private hell,

Feeling left forever there to dwell.

And when life’s through and there is no spark,

We lie in the grave, left cold and dark.

But one Man, one Life, brings hope and light,

Endures the grief and conquers the night.

From the pit of spiritual death we climb,

through a quiet Garden and a prayer sublime;

And from death’s grasp He sets us free

through a wooden cross on Calvary.

More glorious words were never spoken

Nor sounded forth to human ear;

The sorrow of the night is broken,

“He is risen, He is not here!”