

PROPHECY OVER THE BONES

Look around, what do you see?
Dry bones scattered everywhere
Filled with death, all are divided
They're so dry and are disjointed
There's no life and there's no hope
What do you think? Can these dry bones live?

(Chorus)

Prophecy over the bones, let them hear the word
Prophecy to the wind, "O Breath, breathe on these slain."
Speak, be bold, don't hesitate
God in them will operate
Trust in Him people will live
Speak with faith and all you need is just believe.

After you have prophesied
Noise and rattling you will hear
And the bones will come together
They will be joined to another
And the breath will come to them
Exceedingly, great army they will be.

Preach the word, no matter where
Speak the truth, with high esteem
Do not fear, and just be simple
Minister the Lord to people
Enlighten all, that they may see
The mystery of God's economy.