

The MYSTERY of the MARTYRS

The mystery of martyrdom
Confounds the human mind;
How can they walk The Narrow Road
With love that seems so blind?

What drives them to give up their lives
That all on earth may know?
What makes them see beyond their pain
And hear the call to go?

The breeze that blows from God's own heart
Propels a martyr's flight;
A selfless love beneath their wings,
Makes suffering a delight.

They're captivated by the Lord,
And long to see His face;
It makes their trials seem so small
To think of His embrace.

It brings love to the fullest point,
Each time a martyr dies;
A zeal for God and passion true
Is written in their eyes.

Their eyes are fixed upon the goal;
Their courage, nothing shakes.
They follow willingly, the path
He suffered for their sakes.

Endurance is a trademark that
Each one has in their soul;
For heroes do not flinch at death—
They know God's in control.

They're marked as criminals in this world
And titled as insane;
For them, to live is Christ— but yet,
For them, to die is gain.

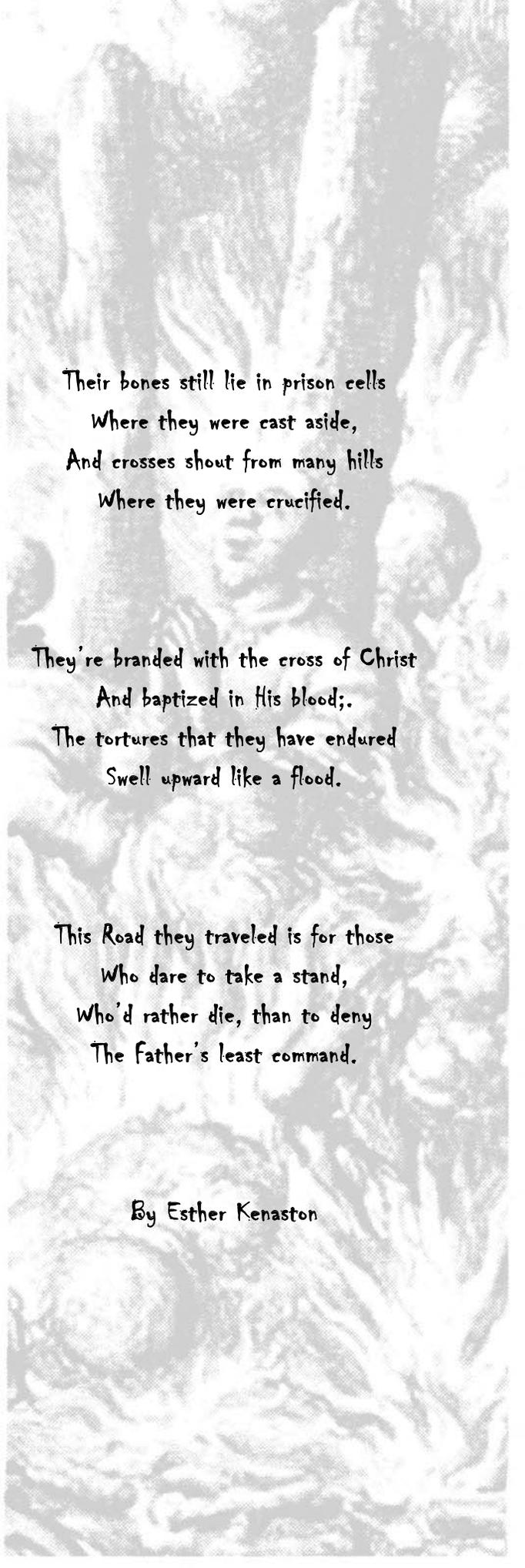


Their blood flows forth throughout the age:
A symbol to the world,
A living standard of the truth
Through centuries still unfurled.

They've chosen death over denial;
Their faith has conquered fear.
They've learned that in the darkest night
God's presence will bestill is near.

For deep inside, they know the truth;,
They're sheltered bywith God's fire.
In spite of agony so great,
The martyr flame burns high'r.

They've paid the most expensive price
For long commitment true;.
Whose Their wills are lost and found in what
The Lord desires to do.



Their bones still lie in prison cells
Where they were cast aside,
And crosses shout from many hills
Where they were crucified.

They're branded with the cross of Christ
And baptized in His blood;.
The tortures that they have endured
Swell upward like a flood.

This Road they traveled is for those
Who dare to take a stand,
Who'd rather die, than to deny
The Father's least command.

By Esther Kenaston