

“Defeated”

By Seth Wachtel

Come and see.  
Come and see the ‘Savior’ dead,  
The scabs of thorns adorn his head.  
Holes from nails in hands and feet,  
A lifeless body proves his *defeat*.

I can show you, follow me  
For he lies dead who was your ‘deity’.  
The spear was thrust, his side impaled,  
A lifeless body peeled down off the nails.

Jesus is done. I tell you, he died.  
For God did not respond to his cry.  
Helpless he hung, and lifeless he lays;  
This Jesus has seen the end of his days.

Come with me, I’ll show you the place  
Where all hope was lost for the ‘chosen’ race,  
‘Hosanna’ they cried in the highest of praise;  
‘Crucify him’ by the end of the day.

And crucify they did—with nails on a cross  
This man called ‘Jesus’ has now been lost.  
Once hailed as the Savior the people needed,  
Jesus, ‘the Christ,’ has now been defeated.

The good one has passed. Evil has won.  
The Prince of all Darkness defeated the Son.  
What will all of this mean for us and our own  
With Jesus Christ dead, and Satan enthroned?

What’s that you say? ‘Come see the tomb’?  
I’m on my way now to see the death room.  
‘He is not there’?! Is that what you said?  
The grave clothes he wore lie folded instead?

Well this cannot be, for I saw with my eyes  
Jesus stopped breathing as dark were the skies.  
He released his spirit with one final cry;  
I saw it myself. This Jesus—he died.

Here is the tomb—let’s look inside;  
For this is where Jesus’ body abides. (*pause*)  
Where is it? Where is he? His body’s not here!

Quickly look close—it must be near.

O how near he was I couldn't believe,  
For he appeared in the flesh for 500 to see.  
It's true! It's true! O let it be said  
That Jesus THE CHRIST is no longer dead!

Joy to the World! O what does this mean,  
That Jesus has risen and the tomb is now clean?  
Let us now sit and ponder the ways  
That Jesus made this the greatest of days.

He is risen! O Let it be known.  
The promised seed of old has finally been sown.  
The One who fell that others may rise  
Now offers to us His everlasting life.

The blessing has come to me and to you  
All nations will sing at the news from the tomb.  
Dry bones will moisten and take on flesh  
As the Lord exhales this life-giving breath.

O turn to Him, you who don't know Christ!  
Repent from your vain world and turn to true life.  
The nations that raged and plotted in vain  
Will kiss the Son and beg to be saved.

Forsake not eternity for pleasures that fade  
For you too, sinner, will rise from the grave.  
But joy in that day, you will not find  
For righteous wrath to sin is not kind.

But hear, O Church, and celebrate your life  
Your joy everlasting has been bought by Christ.  
Listen, O Saints, you too shall be raised  
Just as Christ did, you will rise from the grave!

For our God is not the God of the dead,  
But the living He loves—and He is our Head.  
The Holy One—He was not corrupted,  
The process of decay the Lord interrupted.

Jesus is risen! He is not dead!  
The schemes of Satan are turned on their head.  
The works of the devil have all been destroyed  
His power over us has been rendered void.

There is *one God*, not two—the risen Christ proves  
We do not wonder who will win and who will lose.

All-knowing, all-powerful and all-wise,  
The raised King of Kings left nothing disguised.

Yes, it is true—the enemy's still here.  
But listen, O Christian, you have nothing to fear.  
For Jesus, our Christ, rules over saints and fools;  
And Satan will soon be Jesus' footstool.

Hear, O people! Let it be known.  
The crucified One now sits on the throne.  
King of His people and King of His land  
Nothing in creation rests outside His hand.

O and think of our sin! How guilty we were.  
Christ ended all this by becoming a curse.  
The list of our guilt He nailed to the tree.  
Then rose again blameless for you and for me.

No longer enslaved; the price has been paid.  
For Jesus took our sin to the grave.  
Resurrected and glorified to show  
That Christ's church will rest whiter than snow.

Do you feel it now church? That life-giving power?  
How confident you stand at this and that hour.  
Cherish the thought! To that end we run,  
The best of our lives is still yet to come.

So bring upon us every hurt, every trial;  
For this earthly life lasts only a while.  
To spend and be spent as long as He wills  
Let us not waste our lives on mere thrills.

The thrill of all thrills awaits us above  
Thanks to him who has proven to be true love.  
Do you feel it, dear Christian, do you long for the day,  
When the face of your Jesus will brighten the day?

No condemnation now do we dread;  
The purest of blood in our place has been shed.  
His glory no hindrance, Christ laid it aside  
And stepped down to earth to ransom His bride.

And death he took on—even death on a cross  
To prove to the world His love for the lost.  
But death had no power to hold Him in the grave,

So he humbled Himself and stayed for three days.

But the third day came soon—that glorious sweet morn,  
When Jesus the Christ was quickly re-born.  
He set you aside, O death, you are done,  
For even you bow the knee to the Son.

O death! Poor death! Is that all your power?  
The risen Christ has now sweetened your sour!  
The fear that once haunted my every intention  
Is now liberty because of Christ's ascension.

More than conquerors—now *death is our slave!*  
Thanks to the Christ who stepped out of the grave.  
O death! O death! Now where is your sting?  
Instead of my tears, you're the reason I sing.

While we Christians wait through our own days of rest  
The risen Christ prays to ensure us our best.  
O let us take up that sweet cross of Christ  
For there we find fellowship that brings life.

And take not vengeance into your own hands,  
For Jesus now reigns and will return to these lands.  
Vengeance is His—and He is coming soon  
As sure as the spring time brings life to the bloom.

Believe it, O Church, your Christ did die.  
But His death was needed for wrath to be satisfied.  
But God raised Him up—the chains of death broken,  
Just as the words of the prophets had spoken.

All we have needed, God has richly provided  
So let us press on as one undivided.  
Jesus is risen—let it never grow old.  
It's the greatest story to ever be told.