

# One Gown

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*I see a city where streets are lined with steeples and shady trees,  
Where people pour into different churches knowing God so separately.  
But the Spirit of God is trying to whisper of what He desires in town,  
Calling forth an obedient body of Christ who can see themselves in one gown.*

*For the Bridegroom is coming for one single bride, adorned with humility and love,  
A bride who is willing to downplay her steeple and focus her eyes up above.  
I dream of the preachers, every last one, who are bought by the Lamb, grafted in,  
Assembling together in one accord, feeling freedom to confess their sins.*

*Blood-bought Shepherds, what a picture of love if you'll gather as one to ask,  
"What's God doing through you? Share with me now! We'll pray as you carry out His task!"  
And the Spirit is in it—His heart beating fast—as His anointed join together as one,  
Giving no particular emphasis to their church, but on one who is under His Son.*

*For in every corner of the city right now, where the steeples and trees so adorn,  
Is a battlefield where many are wounded, whose lives are shattered and torn.  
So who has the calling? And where is the hope? What sin has caused us to regress?  
Come, let us honor and love our Bridegroom by wearing the same bridal dress.*

ATB