We’ve seen his rise, we’ve seen his fall;

We’ve seen him restored, we’ve seen his call.

The other twelve, he may have bossed;

But when it mattered, he spoke at Pentecost.

Cut to the heart, what shall we do?;

Buried with Him in water and raised anew.

Bound in chains, are foretold;

The lame man walked, no silver and gold.

They were forbidden to speak His name;

To obey that law brings greater shame.

You may say Pete, you speak too much;

But the lame were healed, without a touch.

The wizard said, I want to pay;

But for this power, one needs to pray;

The husband and wife for lying were struck dead;

But Pete told Tabitha to get out of her bed.

We’ve read he was hung, just like his Lord;

Upside down though, upon a board.

My child, you were chosen, when He said light,

No matter your path, precious in His sight.

You may curse, deny, or fuss;

But true joy comes, when we trust.

Give your all to THE King,

For eternally, we will sing.

Holy, Holy art You oh Lord;

Time to waste we cannot afford.

Rise up, to 100 fold;

And to the master, allow to mold.

Trade your broken, maligned, and bruised;

And He’ll restore liked never used.

Take our lives and have Your way;

You are the potter, we are Your clay.

Thank you Lord for the life of Pete,

Your perfect call, we choose to meet.