

LOVE STORM

Yochana

I am in the midst of a storm of love;
A torrent of passion I never dreamed of.
This holy fire has me surrounded;
I am in the clouds, no longer grounded.

From whence comes such love in flames,
Consuming me without shame?
Day by day the love storm increases,
My soul desires that it never ceases.

How is it possible for passion so deep,
To keep rising up inside of me?
The love from others I was always aware;
But this holy love storm is something more rare!

Everything is different of what I once knew;
Of love, of desire, of being wooed.
By a G_d who is a lover, now I see
This is a new thing, from Him to me!

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Reserved for but only a few,
Who have captured His heart in love so true.
Those who sing each day His song;
He listens to them, to Him they belong.

They desire the Groom, they want nothing less;
They love all of His statutes and His name they profess.
They burn with desire as does He;
Both consumed with each other's beauty.

A storm of love rages behind the veil,
Where the love of Yeshua always prevails.
He pursues the most beautiful of brides,
And beckons her to join Him on that great ride!

To be whisked away in a storm of love,
By the most handsome of Bridegrooms, with eyes like a dove.
For the bride in the waiting has become lovesick
Anticipating her lover, O please come quick.

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Desire rages, the passion beyond measure,
She is waiting for him, she is His treasure.
She knows that soon He will arrive;
This burning desire keeps building inside.

He knows how full she is with delights;
This love storm will take her to new heights.
Once the passion completely unfurls,
She will experience what she never had in this world.

A lover this Groom, most distinguished;
Of their love nothing can extinguish.
The longing of togetherness cries within;
The bride is sick with love, waiting for Him

A storm of love has encompassed me;
I m overwhelmed by this love story.
Of a Bridegroom Yeshua, so wonderful in every way;
This love storm swirls about me every day!

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This holy flame, love's holy fire;
Has enveloped me with passion so dire.
This longing at times be oh so desperate;
A desire to cling and to not be separate.

Flames of passion in me like a furnace;
Burns even hotter when I ponder His nearness.
O that this desire never be spent;
May this love storm never relent!

My Bridegroom is coming, He's awaiting my song;
I will play with the others and sing along.
One hundred forty four thousand in string and chorus,
Singing "O Yeshua, please come for us!"

The bride is ready to go on that flight;
To be by His side all through the fight.
When He puts down the foe, His adversary;
Yeshua come soon, please don't tarry!

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For the enemy is ready and creeping about;
Wanting to defile your bride all throughout.
And when the evil one advances his attack,
Raging love for her will bring Yeshua back!

The storm of love for her so powerful,
Brings on the fight for the bride so beautiful.
Only a love story of such fire and passion,
Could bring on a war of this fashion.

The bride will first be marked with a seal;
Of the Father and the Son, this be her shield.
She will follow the Lamb wherever He goes;
Singing to Him the song only she knows.

All the bride wooed by a G-d,
Who is a lover, most passionate of all.
She is all the beloveds, selected by He;
Soon they'll be revealed for all to see.

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The bride has been courted for just such a time
To bring about His will and His kingdom divine.
The raging tempest is coming no doubt;
A storm of love will bring this about.

His love for her knows no bounds.
Her love for Him soon will resound.
On Mount Zion in one accord;
When they all sing, the one forty four.

Selected by Him, first-fruits of mankind;
He sees them as blameless, telling no lies.
O what a love as fierce as this,
A bride so perfect, nothing amiss?

A love storm rages and its strength is building;
The G_d of love, His passion not yielding.
Is coming soon to rescue his bride,
And take her on that heavenly ride.

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Then the real excitement will commence;
Yeshua's return, retribution He'll dispense.
As He dispels the evil and battles the foe;
It is all for the bride don't you know?

Those who are blessed to be near the bride,
Will joyfully latch on to her robe for the ride.
To receive what she has, that be His blessings;
They should see that clearly, there'll be no guessing.

All powerful, His love for the bride is real.
The love storm will continue on in zeal.
An ever growing tempest this love storm be,
Never waning in passion between the bride and He.

Another pair like Yeshua and His bride;
Were Adam and Hava, she was cleaved from his side.
A love storm ensued for Adam and new bride;
She clinging so close, she wanted to get back inside.

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All of this a picture, a pattern to discern;
The Son back to the Father does yearn.
A love storm of desire, a union yet to come;
The Son, with the Father and they become One.

A storm of love surrounds us all;
If you listen you will hear the call.
Through the raging fire of love so true,
The Groom to the bride "I am coming for you!"