

Technology

[Modern Electronic Intro]

From stone to clay, from page to screen,
New ways to share what truth has always been.
Our God is not confined to yesterday—
He's a million steps ahead, still showing us the way.

[Verse 1]

On the rock they carved a record;
In the clay they pressed each sign.
Then papyrus held the message,
Passed from hand to hand through time.

Scribes preserved the sacred writings,
Line by line and scroll by scroll.
Every new way to record them
Helped God's Word reach seeking souls.

[Pre-Chorus]

The method keeps on changing,
But the calling stays the same:
Tell them of His Son and Kingdom;
Magnify the Father's name.

[Chorus]

Technology! Technology!
God is still writing history.
Man may devise it—God can use it
To shine His light through technology.

From the chiseled stone to an AI song,
His truth keeps moving all along.
Tell the world what God will do—
Every tool can carry truth.

[Post-Chorus]

Use it, use it for His glory.
Tell His truth, proclaim His story.
Man may devise it—God can use it:
Technology!

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[Verse 2]

Then the wheel moved men and stories
Over roads of dust and stone.
Horses, ships, and wagons
Took God's witnesses from home.

Every road became a pathway;
Every journey spread the Word.
Prophecies and promises
Reached the hearts of those who heard.

[Verse 3]

The printing press made Bibles
For the many, not the few.
The telegraph sent messages;
The telephone sent voices too.

Radio crossed the distance;
Television filled the room.
Cars and airplanes moved the message:
God's great Kingdom is coming soon!

[Chorus]

Technology! Technology!
God is still writing history.
Man may devise it—God can use it
To shine His light through technology.

From the chiseled stone to an AI song,
His truth keeps moving all along.
Tell the world what God will do—
Every tool can carry truth.

[Verse 4]

Now the message circles Earth
Through satellites and screens.
A Bible rides inside a phone
To places once unseen.

A sermon, song, or warning
Can reach millions in a day.
The internet became a highway
Where God's truth can find its way.

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What men may use for darkness,
We can use to spread the light.
Cry aloud and sound the warning;
Use each tool for what is right.

[Verse 5]

Now AI can help make music,
Turn an idea into sound.
But it never owns the message,
And it never wears the crown.

I bring the thought and vision;
I choose each word and line.
I pray for God to guide the work,
Then shape it till it's right.

If God can move a human mind
And guide the words we say,
He can guide the tools we fashion
To serve His will today.

[Bridge]

The Ancient of Days is never out of date;
He knew tomorrow before He formed the clay.
He isn't catching up with anything we do—
He's a million steps ahead; He already knew!

Who are we to tell the Maker
Which instrument to choose?
A stylus, press, or microphone—
They're tools that He can use.

The tool is not the master;
No machine sits on the throne.
God can use the things we fashion;
All the glory is His own!

[Final Chorus]

Technology! Technology!
God is still writing history.
Man may devise it—God can use it
To shine His light through technology.

From the chiseled stone to an AI song,
His truth keeps moving all along.

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Tell the world about His Son;
Tell them what His Kingdom brings.

Technology! Technology!
Use it for His majesty.
Every voice and every tool
Can help proclaim His truth!

[Outro]

Use it, use it for His glory.
Tell His truth, proclaim His story.
Man may devise it—God can use it.

From the stone to the screen,
From the page to the song—
God was there,
God is here,
And He's been leading all along.

Technology!