Draft Morning

The Byrds

From the pages of the prophets, he stepped out into the world
And walked the earth in lowly majesty
For he had been creator, a creature now was he
Come to bare love's sacred mysteryHe the truth was called a liar, the only lover hated so
He was many times a martyr before he died
Forsaken by the father, despised by all the world
He alone was born to be the crucifiedUpon the cross of glory, his death was life to me
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery
And death rejoice to hold him for soon he would be free
For love must always have the victoryThough no rhyme could ever tell it and no words could ever say
And no cord is foul enough to sing the pain
Still we feel the burden and suffer with your song
You love us so and yet you bid us singUpon the cross of glory, his death was life to me
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery
And death rejoice to hold him for soon he would be free
For love must always have the victoryUpon the cross of glory, his death was life to me
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery
And death rejoice to hold him for soon he would be free
For love must always have the victory
Love must always have the victory

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