

# Lofty

## Propaganda

God spoke and the formless earth was sculpted  
His poetry producing populations, making constellations  
With his conversations gazing at his own creation  
Proclaiming it was good and there we stood  
Fashioned from the dust  
With authority He orchestrated organisms and every single cell in every ecosystem  
Every creature that dwells  
The planets, the plants  
The whole expanse, the sky above your head  
And the ground where you stand  
The clouds and the rain, the soil that soaks it up  
And feeds tiny seeds so they sprout and vegetation proceeds  
Infinite wisdom intrinsic within him, self-sufficient  
Intricate systems begin and end with His decisions Lofty  
Out of reach, how he procreated with speech  
So it's appropriate for us to be completely in awe I don't why, still I try  
To wrap my mind around You  
Your thoughts are higher, Your ways are better  
And I'm in awe  
So bring me up to where You are  
Bring me up to where You are It's evident in creation that God is the primary cause  
The origin of all scientific laws  
Everything else is secondary  
The very breath that comes from lungs is caused by the fact that God is involved  
One must begin with the mind that was given to him to even believe he's evolved  
I'm in awe when I think about quantum mechanics and the rotation of planets  
And the exact calculation of the universe is permanently impossible to manage  
How photosynthesis takes place to perfectly convert the vividness of light into chemical energy  
For the purpose of maintaining and giving life  
Intelligent design doesn't even begin to define his creative craftsmanship  
Any attempt to align the mind of mankind to divine is insufficient and inadequate  
It's too lofty and far beyond us that God would not remain anonymous  
Correspond with us and out of all of God's creation would become fond of us But worth, value, and beauty is not  
determined by some innate quality  
But by the length for which the owner would go to possess them  
And broken and ugly things just like us are stamped "Excellent"  
With ink tapped in wells of divine veins  
A system of redemption that could only be described as perfect  
A seal of approval, fatal debt removal

Promised, prominent, perfect priest  
Brilliant designed system, redemption for our kinsmen  
Can only be described as perfect with excellent execution  
And I'm in awe, the only one truly excellent  
The only source of excellence  
We are declared excellent only by his decree with his system  
The only accurate response is awe  
So we make lofty art  
See the presence of good art will unconsciously refine a community  
And poor art will do an incalculable harm  
Only accomplished in the light of his excellency  
It's too high, it's lofty I don't why, still I try  
To bring something of worth  
My words are fleeting  
They're flawed, depleting  
And you're leaving me in awe  
Bring me up to where You are, God

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