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 aweI 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 areIt'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 usBut 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 loftyI 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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