

Beautiful

Disciple

The light hits my eyes in the first of the morning
I take in this spectrum of wonder of unlovely things can be balanced,
and yet the shadow me with despair (Rom. 18:19-22)
But it washes away when You come out
I see just how beautiful You are when You come out (Psalm 90:17 ; Song. 6:4)
The night seems disappear in You (Rev. 21:23)
I study the surface of this visage You've given
It speaks nothing of the things hidden
Buried beneath what needs improving lies an outcast unworthy of touching (2 Cor. 3:18)
How could something so utterly unspeakable be found in this
The ugliness of the horror of Your cross (Heb. 12:2)
It washes away when You come out

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