

Magic Mirror

John Mark McMillan

Bloody like my savior king you came to me
I'll admit that I've not always had eyes to see
Are you some kind of magic mirror?
Come to show to me God with my own face, oh
Are you some kind of magic mirror?
Come to show to me God in time and space, oh I saw the outline of my maker dancing backlit
By the rays of your incandescent light
I saw the figure of my Father shadow dancing
By the flames of your electric desire
I saw God
The writing on my walls is orange and pink and blue
I come home to find the evidence of you
Are you some kind of sacred spirit?
Come to show to me God with my own face, oh
Are you some kind of magic mirror?
Come to show to me God in time and space, oh I saw the outline of my maker dancing backlit
By the rays of your incandescent light
I saw the figure of my Father shadow dancing
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