

Paul Anleitner**"Ascend"**

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Dressed in garments
Of a peasant
The King comes
To win His love
His majesty overwhelming
So He wraps himself in humility

All glory
To the Son
Who makes our
Spirits one
And on the day He'll
Raise to life
Our bodies to ascend
Into His light

The warmth of Your presence
It's like the air I breathe
I'm living in it
But yet it's living in me

All glory
To the Son
Who makes our
Spirits one
And on the day He'll
Raise to life
Our bodies to ascend
Into His light

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