Avalon "The Glory"

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In the solitary moment of His birth

On this barren dusty land

All of heaven kissed the face of the earth

With a miracle of love

God became a man

But He was sent away to draw His final breath

When He was only thirty-three

And in the shame of dying a criminal's death

He cleansed an angry world

And in His suffering I see The glory of the blood

The beauty of the body

That was broken for our forgiveness

The glory of His perfect love

Is the heart of the story

The glory of the blood Now I have tried to find salvation on my own In a search for something real

But there's a guilty heart inside this flesh and bone

Fall upon His grace

And I begin to feel repeat chorus

And when I close my eyes I can see Him hanging there

Oh the precious wounded Lamb of God

All the majesty in this world cannot compare to the glory

The beauty of the body

That was broken for our forgiveness repeat chorus
But He was sent away to draw His final breath

When He was only thirty-three

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