

Disciple "Beautiful"

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The light hits my eyes
In the first of the morning
I take in this spectrum of wonder
How unlovely things can be balanced
Yet shadow me with despair

But it washes away, when You

Come in
I see just how beautiful You are (When you)
Come in
The night seems to disappear in You

I study the surface

Of this visage You've given
It speaks nothing of the things hidden
Buried underneath what needs improving
Lies an outcast unworthy of vouching

How could something
So utterly unspeakable
Be found in this?
The ugliness in the horror of Your cross
It washes away, when You

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