

## The Byrds "Draft Morning"

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From the pages of the prophets, he stepped out into  
the world

And walked the earth in lowly majesty  
For he had been creator, a creature now was he  
Come to bare love's sacred mystery

He the truth was called a liar, the only lover hated so  
He was many times a martyr before he died  
Forsaken by the father, despised by all the world  
He alone was born to be the crucified

Upon the cross of glory, his death was life to me  
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery  
And death rejoice to hold him for soon he would be  
free  
For love must always have the victory

Though no rhyme could ever tell it and no words could  
ever say  
And no cord is foul enough to sing the pain  
Still we feel the burden and suffer with your song  
You love us so and yet you bid us sing

Upon the cross of glory, his death was life to me  
A sacrifice of love's most sacred mystery  
And death rejoice to hold him for soon he would be  
free  
For love must always have the victory

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