

## Woe Of Tyrants "Like Jasper And Carnelian"

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There's a door which stands as high as our eyes can see...  
In the clouds, reflecting.  
I'll hide my face, I'll hide my cares, my works; they're dead.  
From the spirit, came descriptions of what we're to consider:  
Yes the beauty of His majesty, seated upon His throne.  
One could barely raise their eyes to view the things taking place.  
The change of history as the scrolls, shown enforcing His grace, for all to see.  
The glorious gems, penetrating deep inside until I ignite.  
With a surging force, my instincts collide with what's happening.  
I'll avert my eyes, for You can't see me like this.  
So pitiful, and so ashamed.  
Now a peace overwhelms me.  
I feel no more shame.  
I am transformed divine, as the Divine claims my blame.  
Pieces of color coming forth from the throne of mercy, invading the Earth as rays, bursting through the rain.  
Illuminating the faces of the burdened, poor, and the ashamed; and yes this covenant stretches across every tear, with a wonderful claim.  
A claim of hope for a chance to grasp ahold of a miraculous dream.  
To taste the beauty of the sun, then finally rest, rest inside of it's gleam.  
With the explosions and array of light, the world is quite alive.  
Reflections of this overwhelming display strengthen our sense of sight.  
Sense of sight, here is the throne, exploding with love...  
In an instant I'm bound to the world of fantasy, the king of armies I've see in their splendor, and I'm realizing I am unclean.  
I need His scepter of peace, to raise unto the sky, with the strength of His presence inside.

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