

News At Eleven ''Who''

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How you gonna reckon with a God like this? When you gonna face what you can't dismiss? Whatcha gonna say to the $\hat{a} \in |$ soul kiss that is my God? Fearsome like the sag in a fat man's chair? Sweeter than a patch of Rogaine hair? How do you define what you can't compare? This is $\hat{a} \in |$ my God And there's no use explaining what can't be contained I'm not following a God I can lead around I can't tame this Deity That's why Jesus is the final answer To who I want my God to be He's who (I want my God to be)

How you gonna reckon with a God this great? Why you wanna measure what you can't equate? Whatcha gonna say to the … check mate that is my God? Stronger than the burn of an aftershave? Tender as a burger in your microwave Rarer than the air in an empty grave This is … my God And there's no use explaining what can't be contained

How we gonna work this out? To fabricate a God like this no doubt We'd end up worshipping a Christ of our own design But Jesus doesn't fit that profile His ways aren't mine

I'm not following a God that's imagined Can't invent This deity That's why Jesus is the final answer To who I want my God to be He's who I want my God to be

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