

The Glory

Avalon

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