

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