

See More Him

Flame

I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
I'm a be like Zacchae
In that Sycamore tree
I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
Lord I promise (I promise) I promise

Prior to Jesus' life death and re-re-Resurrection
Having any affect on me left me in deception
Because the God of this world Satan blinded my mind
From seeing the light of the gospel of the glory of God
But then a miracle happened
We-we call it conversion
He opened the eyes of my blind heart and led me to worship
Gotta a peek at His beauty as He opened the crack
That captivated my nature and kept me coming back
He gave me taste buds to taste of freedom to love
And to delight in His loving kindness through Jesus' blood
And every since repentance I done been on this chase
To drink from this freedom fountain through His infinite grace
Namely seeking His face
Cause He removed the veil
Knocked me off my high horse and removed the scales
Now I've been exposed to His glorious light
That shines into the darkness in my heart and I'm like...

I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
I'm a be like Zacchae
In that Sycamore tree
I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
Lord I promise (I promise) I promise

Listen...
Though I'm a Christian my vision sometimes even get blurred
When I'm resisting His visits and not reading His Word
Desperate need to be purged
Easy to lose the wonder
Through these daily distractions banging louder than thunder
When I devalue my Savior and start treasuring trash
And longing for mud patches thinking it's greener grass
Exchanging eternal pleasures for the ones that's going to pass
Looking for 'em to satisfy but they lie never last
When captivated and activated by my deceitful lust
Is a lack of faith in my Father's grace and I need to place my trust
In everything that my Father is and everything that He supplied
Through the perfect life of His Son
Death and resurrection of Christ
And I know I got to trust Him
All this sin I got to trust Him
World that we in I got to trust Him
How I'm going to live if I just brush Him
Knowing that my heart is mad disgusting
Knowing that the Father had to crush
Yes just so we can be free

Please give me eyes to see

I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
I'm a be like Zacchae
In that Sycamore tree
I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
Lord I promise (I promise) I promise

Lord

See I'm reminded in my mind in my brother Zacchaeus
Who took some desperate measures just so that He could see Jesus
As joy accompanied the faith that He felt in his soul
That made me question myself, how far am I willing to go?
What am I willing to get rid of so I can get close?
And closer and closer Lord, fill me with Your Holy Ghost
Pour out Your Spirit empower me in increasing measures
To see Your uniqueness instead of these fleet-fleeting pleasures
Give me greater capacities to suffer and to carry
This cross on my back as I walk to my personal Calvary
And climb on the cross oh Lord as I stretch out my arms
Quoting the Psalms as they banging them nails in my palms
Until I die cause I was crucified with my Savior
And resurrected now I can reflect it in my behavior
A new nature to taste and savor Jesus the Christ
Who brought me out of the darkness to His marvelous light

I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
I'm a be like Zacchae
In that Sycamore tree
I wanna see more of Him
Cause I'm sick of more of me
Lord I promise (I promise) I promise

...