

## 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  
...