

Moth To A Flame

Paul Oakley

Here I bathe in your light
I'm held by your gaze
Your eyes burn through my soul
Yet I'm not afraid?
You have seen me, known me
Yet I am safe?
Holy are you Lord!

Like a moth to a flame
I'm drawn to your throne
You consume me
Yet I am not destroyed?

Mercy fills me, heals me
And I am saved!
Holy are you Lord!

Far beyond words
Holy are you Lord!
All Power and Love
All Beauty and Grace
All Wisdom and Strength
Belong to you alone
Holy are you Lord!...