

## Behold

Whitecross

So many choices for a man to make,  
So many ways that he can go,  
But all the kingdoms in a thousand worlds,  
Could not replace the peace I know.

The things of earth can never satisfy  
The hunger deep in me.

Behold the Lamb of God,  
Reaching out His nail-scarred hand.  
He wants to lift you up,  
Give you strength so you can stand.

It's only natural for a man to dream,  
To reach for stars above himself.  
My life was cluttered with shattered dreams,  
Before I learned to seek your will.  
I care the pieces of a broken heart  
And lay it to your feet

You are the rain that falls on thirsty ground  
And the light that opens windows in my soul.