

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.