

# The Glory

Avalon

In the solitary moment of His birth  
On this barren dusty land  
All of heaven kissed the face of the earth  
With a miracle of love  
God became a man  
But He was sent away to draw His final breath  
When He was only thirty-three  
And in the shame of dying a criminal's death  
He cleansed an angry world  
And in His suffering I see

The glory of the blood  
The beauty of the body  
That was broken for our forgiveness  
The glory of His perfect love  
Is the heart of the story  
The glory of the blood

Now I have tried to find salvation on my own  
In a search for something real  
But there's a guilty heart inside this flesh and bone  
Fall upon His grace  
And I begin to feel

repeat chorus

And when I close my eyes I can see Him hanging there  
Oh the precious wounded Lamb of God  
All the majesty in this world cannot compare to the glory  
The beauty of the body  
That was broken for our forgiveness

repeat chorus

But He was sent away to draw His final breath  
When He was only thirty-three