

To The Mystery

Michael Card

When the Father long to show
The love He wanted us to know
He sent His only Son and so
Became a holy embryo

That is the Mystery
More than you can see
Give up on your pondering
And fall down on your knees
A fiction as fantastic and wild
A mother made by her own child
A hopeless babe who cried
Was God Incarnate and man deified

Because the fall did devastate
Creator must now recreate
So to take our sin
Was made like us so we could be like him