

Hallelujah

Casting Crowns

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On the morning of creation
Father, Son and the Spirit rise
As they set the world in motion
The morning of the first sunrise
A symphony of golden sunlight
Dancing in the Father's eyes
He gazes at His masterpiece
As all creation cries

Hallelujah, hallelujah
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Man shakes the fist at heaven
The breath of God still in his lungs
A brokenhearted Father grieves
In love He sends His only Son
He was bruised for our transgressions
Crushed and buried in the ground
As the sunrise finds an empty tomb
The redeemed of God resound

Holy quiet grips the night
The morning of the last sunrise
Broken slumber, blinding light
Nations tremble at the sight
The Son of Man just split the sky
Every saint and every scoffer
Every king and every pauper
At the name of Jesus all fall face down
From holy ground we'll rise
To meet the Bridegroom in the sky
From Earth to Heaven reigns the Son

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