

None Compare

Cloverton

I have lived to gain the praise of man
Felt the weight upon my skin
I have wandered into fields of fame
Tasting all the finest and chasing after things that I won't take with me when I am gone
None compare to You
I have watched the night yield to the sun
Overwhelmed and overcome
I have heard the sweetest symphonies rushing in like morning's bride
I've been satisfied by lesser things
But when they're next to You