

The Gift of Music

Theocracy

Close your eyes, you little dreamers
Numbered as the grains of sand
Do you believe there is a treasure you can't hold in your hand
?

Stewards of My great Creation
I will give this gift to you
A language that can speak your heart when words could never do

The melodies will give you wings to fly above Creation
Whenever you can't find the words to say
So My child, I give this gift to you and all the nations
So you can give it back to Me one day

See the child, ashamed and broken
Words can never come out right
Dreams of failure dance in his head every single night
But twelve words in a simple language suddenly make sense some
how
That little boy, once shy and awkward, stands before you now

The melodies will give you wings to fly above Creation
Whenever you can't find the words to say
So My child, I give this gift to you and all the nations
So you can give it back to Me one day

Music is Your masterpiece, Your signature and smile
The glorious crown jewel of all Creation
Gave a voice and sense of wonder to this lonely child
Whose melodies ring forth Your coronation now

And the strings crescendo like the sunrise in the sky
The percussion section thunders like the stormclouds
In their wonder up on high
The brass is roaring like the mighty ocean's tide
Creation is music, and music is Creation
All the earth, a symphony of balanced majesty
All of life, a melody with four-part harmony
The rhythms march in great complexity
Creation is music, and music is Creation, let it sing