## **Behold**

## Whitecross

So many choices for a man to make, So many ways that he can go, But all the kingdoms in a thousand worlds, Could not replace the pease I know.

The things of earth can never satisfy The hunger deep in me.

Behold the Lamb of God, Reaching out His nail-scarred hand. He wants to lift you up, Give you strength so you can stand.

It's only natural for a man to dream,
To reach for stars above himself.
My life was cluttered with shattered dreams,
Before I learned to seek your will.
I care the pieces of a broken heart
And lay it to your feet

You are the rain that falls on thirsty ground And the light that opens windows in my soul.