

## FOR YOUR GLORY OR NOTHING

This pain that I keep bearing  
insane and barely caring  
for sun that rises up on bright new morn,  
in land of bones and fire  
I stand alone, and dire  
come tides that shake the oaths solemnly sworn,  
they hurt me like they hurt the long lost generations past,  
but here I stand and can't but say at last:

If it wasn't for Your glory,  
and if not for Yours alone,  
it wasn't worth a dime but You are You.  
If it wasn't for Your glory,  
if You didn't sit on throne,  
I'd pass it, yet I'm standing for what's true,  
as curtains of the world keep shining through.

This joy which love is springing,  
this voyage, awe and singing,  
adventure that I never knew I'd know,  
these meadows by a moonlight,  
where shadows fail at midnight,  
and all the stars are smiling far above,  
they call my wavering heart to sing with generations past,  
but lest they be the first they must come last:

If it wasn't for Your glory,  
and if not for Yours alone,  
it wasn't worth a dime but You are true.  
If it wasn't for Your glory,  
if You didn't sit on throne,  
I'd pass it, yet I ever stand for You  
as curtains of the world keep shining through.

For there's nothing like Your glory!  
May it be my guiding light,  
my crown is but to know that You are You.  
For there's nothing like Your glory!  
Even at the perils blight  
may glory be to Him Whom it is due,  
how great it is to bow down before You.