

I See The Temple

The Pillars high – they fill my sky
Each on a tear, a Lamb's dying sigh

The Bulwarks strong – sturdy and true
To me, I see a remnant small and few
Who stood and held to a Seed so small
But loved Him above their life their all

The foundation laid, twelve levels deep
Each one a martyr laid in the streets
The people rejoiced in their trampled death
But God's own temple was filled with their breath

And such a throne, so majestic and royal
I see motives of Lamb held by hearts truly loyal

The King the King.. the glorious man
A small slain one, a meek little Lamb

Official glory – Royal throne – Exalted Temple – God's own home
I see you in places, hidden and meek
I believe in my reality
Let the earth dwellers weep.