

The descent down

The descent down from a glorious crown,
From the wonder of God's great things
to a little Lamb's brow

I once sought to serve Him
In might and power,
To be of the greatest to bring Him glory in this hour.

But now He is passing by and His forehead his set
On another kind of glory, a new way to be sent.

A garden of anguish, of travail unto blood.
A criminal's reception, shame pouring over like a flood.

All our works are destroyed, reputation is lost.
What I thought we were building is smashed without cost.

We're losing, I'm falling... can nothing be saved?
I seek to hold onto what God lays in the grave.

His words are a mystery, His eyes a distant glaze.
He speaks of being broken, of leaving... my mind is in a haze.

Who is this I've followed, and what has He taught.
The path we were walking is not what we thought.

I am ready to turn, to be foundationally laid
In the ways of the Lamb, the one Who is slain.

His glory shines brightest through the least, through great loss.
To build requires Calvary, to gain requires loss.