



The Presence Of The King

God Of Heaven

God of Heaven
You owe me nothing but obliteration
God of Heaven
I am approaching with expectation

For none can come
Unless You call
So here I am my King
I cannot stand, I crawl towards
This veil of flesh, tearing

Holy Holy Holy
The earth is filled with His Glory
Holy Holy Holy
The earth is filled with His Glory

God of Heaven
My spirit aches for consummation
God of Heaven
This most Holy place was behind Your invitation

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