

Caedmon's Call, You Created

Who is like unto the Lord our God
Who dwelleth on high, Who dwelleth on high
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Who dwelleth on high, Who dwelleth on high

You dwell in glory
The heavens are Your home
You began the story
And made Your beauty known

But You created nothing
That gives me more pleasure than You
And You won't give me something
That gives me more pleasure than You

You hung the planets
In Your image You made man
I'm overcome and broken
At the wonders of Your hand