

Jeni Varnadeau, Colors Of Truth

The canvas of hope hanging still in the night
Was destined to be a work of art
Waiting for just the right moment in time
For the Artist to pour out His heart
So He reached for the palette of colors to give life to His plan
And painted the truth with just one mighty stroke of His hand

CHORUS

Purple was the sky draped like a robe on a king
Brown were the thorns that proved love evergreen
Red was the blood shed for me, spilled for you
These are the colors of truth
These are the colors of truth

The compassionate artist then put down His brush
And saw that His work was complete
For there on the frame of that cross was enough
To set every priceless soul free
And He shows us the truth in the portrait of Jesus the Son
And waits for the world to see value in what He has done

CHORUS (3X)