

# Skillet, My Beautiful Robe

I want to pleasure in your sight  
I want to subscribe to your delight

So hold on and see what I do for you  
Oh by the way, did you see me dressed in my beautiful robe?

My head was bleeding so red  
But all the thorns in my crown, the rose blended  
Instead with my beautiful robe carries on, I'll carry on

I cut down a tree said, Man would you look at me  
I stuck my head in a thorn bush Man I was deceived

Oh my brother, Your hands are full of sores  
But God blessed you brother,  
My nails are longer than yours  
I was crucified with Christ  
But how come I'm not dead  
God gave me a cross  
But I made my own instead  
My beautiful carries on, I'll carry on

I cut down the tree,  
I nailed myself to the wood  
I screamed in agony,  
Cause the glory wasn't so good

I fell to my knees and I remember  
The words of God pierced so hard,  
Your righteousness is like filthy rags  
And I fell to my knees and said, My filthy robe