

# Caedmons Call, You Created

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