

David Phelps, Virtuoso

A handful of dust
A worthless piece of clay
And You breathed the breath of heaven.

Then there was a soul.
The heart, the hands, the voice
That could sing of Your perfection.

Life is a symphony that only You can play.
You know I can hear it through the madness every day.

Chorus

Virtuoso, Virtuoso.
This heart is Your instrument
This life is Your song.
Virtuoso.

There isnt a note
Of mediocrity
In all Your creation.

And all of the beauty
We create with human hands
Is only imitation.

Thunder crashes, waves crescendo on the sand.
The wind thats whispering can only be Your hand.

Chorus

A timeless melody of beauty and emotion
Perfect harmony inspiring true devotion
No one else can play its chords
So graceful yet so strong.
You made the instrument and wrote the song.
Virtuoso.

Chorus