

Michael Card, A Face That Shone

He ate the bread of heaven
Drank water from the rock
And the grumbling children followed
Like a misbegotten flock
He climbed up on a mountain
They couldn't even touch
Who'd have known that one encounter
Could have ever meant so much

And up upon that high place
In a cleft of solid stone
His face was set on fire
As the God of Glory shone
He alone had seen it
And had lived to tell the tale
But because they feared the fire
He had to hide behind a veil

A face that shone with the radiance of the Father
Though it had known and endured dark desert days
A face that shone with the glory of Another
So the prophet would discover
As the glory was fading away

He was the Bread from Heaven
He would be the smitten Rock
He had twelve confused disciples
They were his bewildered flock
When he climbed upon the mountain
He took Peter, James and John
In the face of pending glory
They soon began to yawn

As he prayed while they were sleeping
He was transfigured into Light
His face a flash of lightning
His clothes so burning bright
So Moses finally saw the face
Before he'd hidden from
Then came a voice from heaven
This is my beloved Son

The face that shone is the Glory of the Father
And he had known from the start that it was so
The face that shone had let the light shine out of darkness
And we're changed into His likeness
As we gaze upon the Son

But you and me we tend to flee from shining faces
We see the glow and then we know that we're undone
They shine His light into our emptiest of spaces
With their bright and shining faces
Reflect the radiance of the Son

The face that shone is the Glory of the Father
And he had known from the start that it was so
The face that shone had let the light shine out of darkness
And we're changed into His likeness
As we gaze upon the Son