

# Roper, In Excelsis Deo

This wooden soul of mine  
it cannot ever climb  
from places it has fallen  
in between where light can shine  
It never falls in line  
it barely has a spine  
like branches severed from the vine  
like it was faulty by design  
And now your mercy lights up my dark eyes  
your brilliant hope now lifts my falling skies  
and I'm the object of your affection  
You loved me still in my imperfection

The sun will shine on winter snow  
and shadows fade in Excelsis Deo

This wooden soul is old  
It's lies are growing cold  
its knotted trunk is straightening  
its roots are loosening their hold  
So cluttered with debris  
this inefficient melody  
I'll keep waiting patiently  
if this world will ever release me  
You love me even though I am untrue  
if I was perfect, I wouldn't need you  
I'm the object of your affection  
You loved me still in my imperfection

Gloria, in excelsis Deo  
Not so far, not so far to go