

**Beautiful
Disciple**

Em

The light hits my eyes in the first of the morning

G

I take in this spectrum of wonder

Em

Of how unlovely things can be balanced

G

And yet shadow me with despair

Em

But it washes away when You

Em

Come out

G

I see just how beautiful You are when You

D

Come out

G

The night seems disappear in You

Em

I study the surface of this visage You ve given

G

It speaks nothing of the things hidden

Em

Buried beneath what needs improving

G

Lies an outcast unworthy of touching

Em

But it washes away when You

Em

How could something so utterly unspeakable

D

Be found in this

G

Em

The ugliness of the horror of Your cross

Em

It washes away when You