

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