LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

the mystery

Emmeline · My Portion

I thought I'd find You out beyond the stars,
past every door I'd tried, past every wall,
inside some cathedral free of human scars—
somewhere enormous,
somewhere past it all.

But You were closer than the breath I drew,
closer than the marrow in my bones.
Not out there, Lord, but here—in me, in You—
a mystery that language
barely owns.

'Tis mystery all—that You should dwell
not in the sky, not in the shrine,
but here within these walls of bone,
Your life poured out in mine.
What heart could fathom such a grace?
What mind could hold it true?
Yet here You are beneath my skin—
my God, alive in me, and I in You.

I am the branch that cannot bear alone,
that withers in a single day without the root.
You are the life I never could have grown—
the vine itself,
the source of every fruit.

I'm not my own. I have been grafted in,
woven to a vine I didn't plant.
The life I live is not my life—it's Him,
and what He gives is more
than all I lack.

'Tis mystery all—that You should dwell
not in the sky, not in the shrine,
but here within these walls of bone,
Your life poured out in mine.
What heart could fathom such a grace?
What mind could hold it true?
Yet here You are beneath my skin—
my God, alive in me, and I in You.

Can death undo it?

Can distance break it?

Can principalities or powers shake it?

Can height or depth or any created thing
tear apart the love of Christ our King?

nor angels nor the grave—
can separate.
Can separate.

'Tis mystery all—that You should dwell
not in the sky, not in the shrine,
but here within these walls of bone,
Your life poured out in mine.
What heart could fathom such a grace?
What mind could hold it true?
Yet here You are beneath my skin—
my God, alive in me, and I in You.

You in me...
and I in You...

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