

In the Presence of the King

I climb the mountain
My heart soars
Touching heaven
My chains are broken
I've been set free to dance
In the presence of my King
Uninhibited
Unconstrained
Singing His praises

Free to dance
Free to sing
I have been set free
In the glory of my King

Tears run down, I am undone
That this Holy God speaks to
me
That He would show Himself
to me
His servant

I have seen the glory of God
By Naomi Fata ©2013

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Author's Note:

As I wrote this poem God reminded me of Exodus 33-34 when Moses saw the glory of the Lord, on Mount Sinai and how when he came down from the mountain His face shone.

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