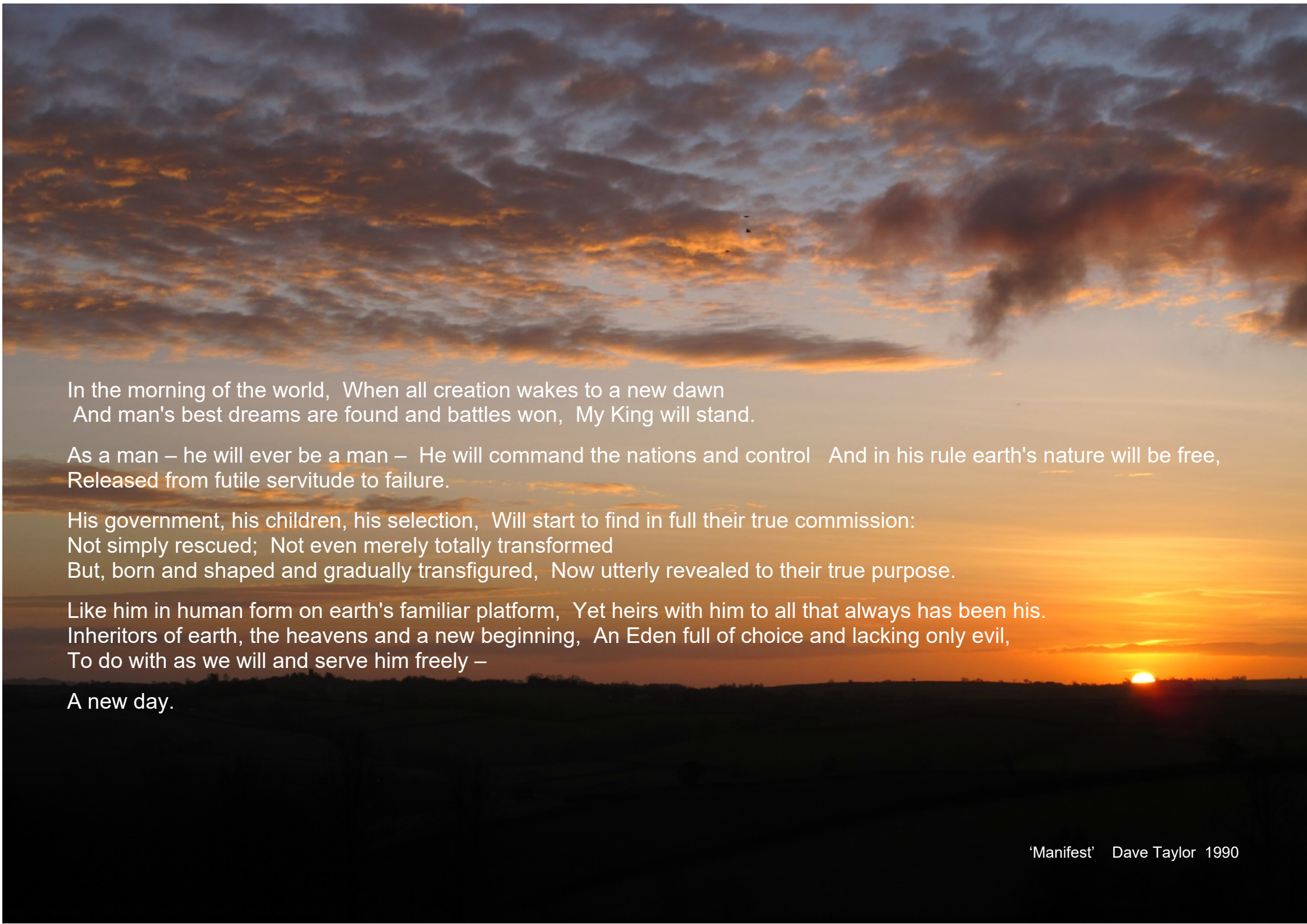




In the morning of the world, When all creation wakes to a new dawn
And man's best dreams are found and battles won, My King will stand.

As a man – he will ever be a man – He will command the nations and control And in his rule earth's nature will be free,
Released from futile servitude to failure.

His government, his children, his selection, Will start to find in full their true commission:
Not simply rescued; Not even merely totally transformed
But, born and shaped and gradually transfigured, Now utterly revealed to their true purpose.

Like him in human form on earth's familiar platform, Yet heirs with him to all that always has been his.
Inheritors of earth, the heavens and a new beginning, An Eden full of choice and lacking only evil,
To do with as we will and serve him freely –

A new day.