

## 8. God is God

Steven Curtis Chapman

And the pain falls like a curtain  
On the things I once called certain  
And I have to say the words I fear the most  
I just don't know

And the questions without answers  
Come and paralyze the dancer  
So I stand here on the stage  
Afraid to move, afraid to fall,  
Oh, but fall I must on this truth  
That my life has been formed from the dust

*God is God and I am not  
I can only see a part  
of the picture He's painting  
God is God and I am man  
So I'll never understand it all  
For only God is God*

And the sky begins to thunder  
And I'm filled with awe and wonder  
'Til the only burning question that remains  
Is who am I

Can I form a single mountain  
Take the stars in hand and count them  
Can I even take a breath  
Without God giving it to me  
He is first and last, before all that has been  
Beyond all that will pass - *Ref.*

Oh, how great are the riches  
Of His wisdom and knowledge  
How unsearchable  
For to Him and through Him and from Him are all things  
So let us worship before the throne  
Of the One who is worthy of worship alone - *Ref.*



## 8. Bog je Bog

Steven Curtis Chapman

Bolečina pade kot zavesa  
na stvari, ki sem jih včasih imel za gotove,  
in reči moram besede, ki se jih najbolj bojim,  
da enostavno ne vem.

In vprašanja brez odgovorov  
pridejo in ohromijo plesalca.  
Tako stojim tukaj na odru,  
bojim se premakniti, bojim se padca,  
ampak moram pasti na tej resnici,  
da je bilo moje življenje izoblikovano iz prahu.

*Bog je Bog, jaz pa nisem.  
Sam lahko vidim le delček  
slike, ki jo On slika.  
Bog je Bog, jaz pa človek,  
zato ne bom nikoli razumel vsega,  
kajti samo Bog je Bog.*

In nebo začne bobneti  
in jaz sem poln občudovanja in čudenja,  
dokler ne ostane le eno goreče vprašanje:  
Kdo sem jaz?

Ali lahko oblikujem eno samo goro,  
vzamem v roko zvezde in jih preštejem?  
Ali lahko sploh zajamem zrak,  
ne da bi ga dobil od Boga?  
On je prvi in zadnji, pred vsem, kar je bilo,  
za vsem, kar bo še minilo. - *Ref.*

Oh, kako velika so bogastva  
njegove modrosti in znanja,  
kako neulovljiva,  
kajti zanj in po njem in od njega so vse stvari.  
Zato dajmo, slavimo pred prestolom  
Tistega, ki je edini vreden slavljenja. - *Ref.*