

Too Bright To See, Too Loud To Hear

Underoath

Good God, if Your song leaves our lips
If Your work leaves our hands
Then we will be wanderers and vagabonds
They will stare and say how empty we are
How the freedom we had turned us up as dead men
Let us be cold, make us weak
Let us because we all have ears
Let us because we all have eyes

Good God

How they knew that this would happen?
They knew, they knew that this would
How they knew that this would happen?
They knew, they knew that this would
(We're so run down)

How they knew that this would happen?
They knew, they knew that this would
(We're so run down)

How they knew that this would happen?
They knew, they knew that this would

Good God, can You still get us home?
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Good God, can You still get us home?
Good God, can You still get us home?

Still get us home

How can we still get home?

How can we still get home?

(I'm not dreaming)

How can we still get home?

How can we still get home?

We're forgetting our forgiveness

(We're forgetting our forgiveness)

We're forgetting our forgiveness

(We're forgetting our forgiveness)

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