

Thus From My Lips, By Yours, My Sin Is Purged

As Cities Burn

Well, I've got a will but I want yours
I've got a growing heap
Of crosses and burdens
I've simply lost heart to shoulder
Simply no strength to lift I've always been a man in need
'Cause I keep stepping in and out
Of the shadow Caught by the drift and pitch
Of whatever it is
That keeps me coming back I want out 'cause I'm getting sick
Sick from all this swerving
Driver, sick from turning on you Someone show me a hole in this cycle
Show me the way away and I'm coming back
The way I came, no, I've seen this place before
Surely this is no place for the light of this world Oh, how sweet the sound
I know it saved but is it changing a wretch like me
Oh my God, how sweet is the sound
I once was blind but now I just look away My bride, I don't want to know
What I'd be without forgiveness
Brushing these adulterous lips

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