

Tongues of Fire

John Mark McMillan

The nights we spoke with tongues of fire
The days we walked out on the wire
We were young and we were not afraidThe angels whispered in our ears
To tell us what the hilltop hears
Beholding to the promises we made
When we were young and we were not afraidRiver waters moved inside
Our bodies like the ocean tide
The spirit swam the hallows of our veins
Years they roared like waves down on
The rocky shores we stand upon
Beat against our banks with iron rage
When we were young and we were not afraidWe can't still push up against those pillars
We can light those foxes tails ablaze
Nighttime still pushes up against the sun
Where we grow young and we are not afraid

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