

Contact

As Cities Burn

Hearts arent really our guides
We are truly alone
Cause God aint up in the sky
Holding together our bones Remember we used to speak
Now Im starting to think
That Your voice was really my own
Bouncing off the ceiling back to me God, this cant be
God, this cant be
God, could it be that all we see is it?
Is this it? Is this it? Wont you come down, Heaven?
Wont you come down?
Wont you cut through the clouds?
Wont you come down? Wont you come down, Heaven?
Wont you come down?
Wont you cut through the clouds?
Wont you come down?
Come down, come down, come down Oh, my Heaven, why
Do you have doors to close?
Do you have clouds to stop His voice? Oh, my Heaven, why
Do you have doors to close?
Do you have clouds to stop His voice
On the way down? And, God, this cant be
And, God, this cant be
And, God, can it be that all we see is it?
Is this it? And, God, does grace reach
To this side of madness?
Cause I know this cant be
The great peace we all seek Wont you come down, Heaven?
Wont you come down?
Wont you cut through the clouds?
Wont you come down? Did your clouds stop His voice?
And, brother, have you found
The great peace that we all seek
You say take a look around
If there's a God, then He must be asleep God must be asleep
God must be asleep
God must be asleep
God must be asleep

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