

Breathe On It

The Hidden Cameras

Breathe on it
God comes from the light of fire
When I get a hold of it
I can breathe alright Breathe on it
His words do calm my mind
I lose my whole honor
So I can breathe on fire I may be damaged by the rod
And damned in the light
Sit with all the wicked
Untamed by holy rites The gasp for air is ashes
But we're breathing for life
Being best friends with all the witches
And slaves to our skinny thighs Breathe on it
God breathes a mighty storm
I can teach a whole wet army
To breathe on fire And when I breathe on it
I feel washed and alive
The smell of soot is honor
As I breathe on fire In the bowels of hell
We will be known for our tongues
Set apart from all the wicked
Under his coat, on our own We may feel gifted as we blow
Producing flames every night
Feeling warm under the covers
Is the air for our lungs As I breathe on it
I know I've caught the bug
God teaches whole armies
To breathe on fire And as I breathe on it
I know I've caught the bug
I can teach a whole army
To breathe alright

Songwriters

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SONGS OF WINDSWEPT PACIFIC

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