Birds

Deas Vail

This is our true alarms.
This is reality.
We will do what we can.
We are just figurines
With a theology
That we don't understand.

We can't forget the beginning,
When He set our broken wings. ooh, ohh,

God, how much does it take.
For us to be loved?
For us to be saved?
We all are birds
Stuck inside our cage,
Covered up with grace.
And behind our sins
We hide our face.
Oh, the numbers call.
Yeah, they're dialing in.
But, we can't help but to compare ourselves again.

I can't believe in this'
This blue-lipped, lifeless kiss.
We can't see past our thrones.
We fight for life within,
But our walls are wearing thin.
Oh God, where have we gone?

When I'm just one fighting indifference,
Does it matter what I say? ooh, ohh,

God, how much does it take
For us to be loved?
For us to be saved?
We all are birds
Stuck inside our cage,
Covered up with grace.
And behind our sins
We hide our face.

Oh, the numbers call.
Yeah, they're dialing in.
But, we can't help but to compare ourselves again.

It's not that there were ever bad intentions'
It's more that we forgot where to call home.
From important things that we don't know to mention,
It's the uniform that we put on'the formula we have for love.

Beautiful intentions
Formula for love
Ooooooooh

Beautiful intentions
Formula for love
Ooooooooh

It's not that there were ever bad intentions'
It's more that we forgot where to call home.
From important things that we don't know to mention,
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