

# Secret Church

David Wilcox

This great cold steel that bars the way inside  
Was molten when the blacksmith was still living  
This dead heavy door that's oak by oak  
And all the way across is unforgiving  
The inscription tall on that pristine wall behind the steel so rusted  
Says, 'Love remains to break the chains of those who would dare to trust it'  
Meet me here any night there's a  
secret church  
That's gathered by these gates of steel  
A gathering of refugees enough to feel  
That we're warm inside with our candles in the wind  
We're standing on the outside of these walls alone  
The secret church feels taller than cathedral stone  
The doors may be locked but they're just doors  
Come be welcomed into so much more  
Come be welcomed into so much more  
Then the wind turned strong when the gathering was done  
And the chains upon the bars began to falter down to the floor  
From the center of the door fell the lock that was placed on the altar  
The inscription tall on the pristine wall behind the steel so rusted  
Says, 'Love remains to break the chains of those who would dare to trust it'  
Meet me here any night there's a  
secret church  
That's gathered by these gates of steel  
A gathering of refugees enough to feel  
That we're warm inside with our candles in the wind  
As we're standing on the outside of these walls alone  
The secret church feels taller than cathedral stone  
The doors may be locked but they're just doors  
Come be welcomed into so much more  
Come be welcome, come be welcomed into so much more

Songwriters

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