

# Empire

## As Cities Burn

And I was a middle son  
Between two wayward ones  
I was more deserving of my parent's loveI had an angel's smile  
Hiding a vultures bite  
I had no use for Your redeeming blood  
Aren't I glory, glorious?Glory, glorious  
Aren't we glory, glorious?  
Aren't we worthy, worthy of  
Hearts at our feet?Cause I was a Pharisee  
I never saw my need for grace  
Then your love, it came to me  
Stood next to mine  
And I saw that I was poorIt showed me I was poor  
Show us, we are  
Show us, we areGlory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what good we have done  
But from being the leastGlory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what good we have done  
But from being the leastGlory, glorious  
Glory, glorious  
Oh, I don't know  
How I was madeMy heaven tower sways  
Atop their fleeting praise  
God, I don't know  
How I was madeGlory, glorious  
Are we glory, glorious?  
Are we worthy, worthy of  
Hearts at our feet?Glory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what we've done  
But being the leastI was a wicked one

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