# 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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