

Love Jealous One, Love

As Cities Burn

This is me at my darkest
Looking down from my tower to heaven
My reputation is what I am on the scale
In the eyes of mankind The more I get beneath me
The higher and more out of reach
Teacher, which of us will be the greatest? We will wear compassion
We will wear it on our chests
And sing with love at our throats
Like a child, its all I know Father, hide our hearts in You
Lest we steal them back
And lay them at the feet of men
I know now that glory has not a place
Near my hands or any man

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