

# New Heights

Mark Brown

You are a thunderous thing, wondrous king  
The face of rival-less Gods, deep in your thoughts  
Come here, oh, closer to touch, never enough  
Let me climb under your skin, oh, let me inFrom your lips a precipice, I hang from every word  
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high  
Keep 'em highThe calm of turbulent seas fallen to sleep  
And when the troubles arise we hold on tight  
How can a body contain something so great?  
My shell may suddenly burst, out will come birdsFrom your lips a precipice, I hang on every word  
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep them  
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high  
Keep 'em highWe will find a way, we will find a way  
We will find a way, yes, we will find a wayAnd we are high and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep themHigh and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep them  
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching  
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high  
Keep 'em high

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