

# Field of Daggers

## House of Heroes

In this unending war I've lost so many brothers  
The coldest hours come before morning  
With every drop of blood spilled in this field of daggers  
Bring many sons of heaven to glory  
Until your rains oh God bring forth Your colored beauty  
Confirm the hopes of nations in longing I see a new day coming maybe tomorrow  
Whoa, to the king of nothing  
I see a new day coming maybe tomorrow  
Whoa, to the king of nothing  
I see a clean blood running, brothers of sorrow  
Here is Your kingdom coming, here is Your kingdom coming Spread wide your wings oh God, relieve this  
scarlet fever  
Catch every tear of mothers in morning  
Bring life to tired hopes buried in fields of flowers  
Bring many sons of battle to glory  
With every drop of blood caged in this tired body  
I long to bring my Father to glory I see a new day coming maybe tomorrow  
Whoa, to the king of nothing  
I see a clean blood running brothers of sorrow  
Here is Your kingdom coming, here is Your kingdom coming  
He holds the key He was and is, He is and is to come  
He was and is, He is and is to come  
He holds the key

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