

Broken Statues

We Came As Romans

Show me your hands
Let me wash them clean.
Show me your heart.
And let me heal you.
We all need this.
To be renewed.
After time and wear.
We're broken statues.
Vines intertwined.
Around your insides.
Hold you down.
You beg for restoration.
Your best has crumbled.
From being so weathered.

We all deserve this.
To be renewed.
To change our ways.
To be allowed to choose.
So let me build you back up.
As you're carrying me too.
We're broken statues.
Vines intertwined.
Show me your hands.
Let me wash them clean.
Show me your heart.
And let me heal you.
We will mend statues from
The ground to the skies.

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