God's Plan

CHVRCHES

You belong with me
I'm tracing a line
I'm tracing the lines of your handYou collapse in threads
Show me inside
You're wasted in white, like dirt sand
You confide in me
Ashamed in the light
Shaped and defined by god's plan
You belong to me
You're crossing a line
You're cold and confined
You're no friend
I'll wait for a sign
I'm tracing the lines of your hand
Of your hand
Of your handWhat's yours can be mine
I'm tracing the lines of your hand
Of your hand
Of your hand
You belong with me
And tonight
At least we can die
In silenceIs it worth it now?
Tell me, is it worth it now?
Is it worth it now?

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