

Silver Shore (Commentary)

John Mark McMillan

Billowing hills
Shoulders of steel
Hide behind faces of glassThe street light valleys
The midnight tallies
Recollections of our past
These thoughts of homeAnd tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep
Tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleepWe're ghosts inside of our bodies
Naked inside of our clothes
We're all terrified of the writhing ocean tide
But our pockets are all full of hope
These thoughts of homeAnd tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep
Tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleepWe were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be affordedWe were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be affordedDid I hear you in the driving rain
I swear somebody was calling my name againWe were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be affordedWe were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be affordedWe were made for the other side of the lake
It's more than we can take
The fever's gonna break for usWe were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

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