

As Cities Burn, Empire

And I was a middle son,
between two wayward ones.
I was more deserving of my parents love.
I had an angels smile,
hiding a vultures bite.
I had no use for your redeeming blood.
Aren't I glory, glorious?
Glory, glorious.
Aren't we glory, glorious?
Aren't we worthy, worthy of hearts at our feet?
Cause I was a pharisee,
I never saw my need for grace;
Then your love came to me
stood next to mine, and I saw that I was poor.
Show me I was poor.
Show us we are,
show us we are.
Glory, glorious.
We are glory, glorious.
Not from what good we have done
but from being the least. [x2]
Glory, glorious.
Oh, I don't know how I was made.
My heaven tower sways atop their fleeting praise.
God, I don't know how I was made.
Glory, glorious.
Are we glory, glorious?
Are we worthy, worthy of hearts at our feet?
Glory, glorious.
We are glory, glorious
not from what we've done,
but being the least.
I was a wicked one.