

# H.I.M., The Sacrament

I hear you breathe so far from me  
I feel your touch so close and real  
And I know  
My church is not of silver and gold,  
Its glory lies beyond judgement of souls  
The commandments are of consolation and warmth

You know our sacred dream won't fail  
The sanctuary tender and so frail  
The sacrament of love  
The sacrament of warmth is true  
The sacrament is you

I hear you weep so far from here  
I taste your tears like you're next to me  
And I know  
My weak prayers are not enough to heal  
The ancient wounds so deep and so dear  
The revelation is our hatred and fear

You know our sacred dream won't fail  
The sanctuary tender and so frail  
The sacrament of love  
The sacrament of warmth is true  
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