

Jars Of Clay, Good Monsters

All the good monsters open their eyes,
to see the wasteland where the home fires rise,
and the people shouting why, why, why...
Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?

All of the giants wake from their sleep,
and roll outside of safety's keep,
and the pain makes them feel so alive

Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?

And we are bored of all the things we know
Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?
Not all monsters are bad, but the ones who are good
never do what they could, never do what they could

All the good monsters rattle their chains,
And dance around the open flames,
and they make a lot of empty noise.

While all of the bright eyes turn away,
As if there wasn't anything to say,
About the justice and the mystery.
Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?

And we are bored of all the things we know
And we are forms of everything we love, we love.

If good won't show it's ugly face, evil won't you take your place
nothing ever changes, nothing ever changes... by itself.

yeah...yeah...aaah

We are bored of all the things we know
Do you know what you are
'Cause we are, we are so in love with ourselves
And we are forms of all the things we love.