

# Normals, We Are The Beggars At The Foot Of God

We are gathered in cathedrals on a Sunday  
We are shrouded in our pride and lust's despair  
We have heard that You said to go to where your hearts once were  
Trusting we'd arrive to find You there  
We have known the empty senses of a funeral  
We are haunted by the promises of death  
We have asked to see Your face and noticed nothing  
But a well-timed honest smile from a friend,  
Oh we of little faith,  
Oh You of stubborn grace  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door  
We have grown cold to the kisses of our lovers  
We have rolled the windows up and driven through  
The forests of the autumn,  
The innocence of snow  
The metaphor of Jesus in the dew  
We have known the heated passion of the cold night  
We have sold ourselves to everything we hate  
We're hypocrites and politicians running from a fight  
We've cheated on a very jealous mate,  
Oh we of little faith,  
Oh You stubborn grace  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door  
We have known the pain of loving in a dying world  
And our lies have made us angry at the truth  
But Cinderella's slipper fits us perfectly  
And somehow we're made royalty with You,  
Oh we of little faith,  
Oh You of stubborn grace  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door  
And You have welcomed us in