

Rival Sons, Rapture

I can see those thunderheads, coming from the west.
Let my heart dance it's way out of my chest,
to sing it's freedom. That's where I long to be,
in creation howling with rage.
Singing rapture, rapture. Sing it loud,
I do believe I'm becoming what I'm meant to be.
I can see the orchestra, fell into your eyes.
Let your gaze fall, and let the overture rise,
to dip you slowly. That's what I long to see,
your beauty commanding the stage.
Singing rapture, rapture. Sing it loud,
I do believe I'm becoming what I'm meant to be.
Singing rapture, rapture. Sing it loud,
I do believe I'm becoming what I'm meant to be.