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.