

# The Fold, I Believe You

So I believe you, with eyes open wide it seems impossible not to  
When I received you a child had died, but a better man was begotten

And help me to see continually this prodigal grace abounding me,  
And help me to listen, if I could just listen hard enough

And take me away, to heaven above  
Take me to what is in my heart  
I'll only behold it, I'd never attain this on my own  
And while we're away in heaven above  
Promise I'll never be defiled  
I cannot wait to find out what true beauty is

Will they believe me, the man that I am  
Wretched filthy and rotten  
Your words relieve me, when I'm in this world  
A world I've long since forgotten

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Lord of lords, protect me with white angels  
Lead me not entangled, hold me in your arms  
If my body seeks to walk in sinful places  
My heart no longer embraces protect me with your graces  
King of kings, protect me with white angels  
Lead me not entangled, hold me in your arms  
If my body seeks to walk in sinful places  
My heart no longer embraces protect me with your graces

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