

# This Providence, Losing Control

I can hear their song from miles away.  
It's carried in the wind.  
Its melody is sung to me in miracles.  
The sun rises over the sea.  
When I hear their love song.  
I don't understand.  
From out beyond the shadows.  
I can hear it calling me.  
Honestly, if I'm honest with myself.  
I've cried myself to sleep.  
Crying out, 'Oh God, where are you?  
Can you hear my scream way up there.  
Through the clouds, in heaven?  
Do you even care?'  
And honestly if I'm honest with myself.  
I hate the song they sing.  
It's like salt on an open wound.  
But I can't get it out of my head.  
This melody kills me.  
It's out of key and foolish.  
But I think I might just like it.  
If I could just get past my pride.  
I turn my head and look away.  
'Cause you know it hurts to see the light of day.  
When I hear their love song.  
I don't understand.  
From out beyond the shadows.  
I can hear it calling me.  
Honestly, if I'm honest with myself.  
I've cried myself to sleep.  
Crying out, 'Oh God, where are you?  
Can you hear my scream way up there.  
Through the clouds, in heaven?  
Do you even care?'  
And honestly if I'm honest with myself.  
I hate the song they sing.  
It's like salt on an open wound.  
But I can't get it out of my head.  
The whole world hates you.  
The whole world hates your song.  
Oh God I'm a sinner and I think I wanna sing along.  
The whole world hates you.  
The whole world hates your song.  
And I wanna sing.  
I wanna sing along.  
Heaven's not so far away.  
I can hear its melody from here in the waiting room of hell.  
Well heaven's not so far away.  
I can hear its melody calling me.  
Calling me home.  
Honestly, if I'm honest with myself.  
I've cried myself to sleep.  
Crying out, 'Oh God, where are you?  
Can you hear my scream way up there.  
Through the clouds, in heaven?  
Do you even care?'  
And honestly if I'm honest with myself.  
I hate the song they sing.  
It's like salt on an open wound.  
But I can't get it out of my head.  
And honestly, if I'm honest with myself.  
I've cried myself to sleep.  
Crying out, 'Oh God, I need you.  
Can you hear my prayer way up there.

Through the clouds, in heaven?  
Do you even care?'  
And honestly, I've never really been honest with myself.  
Well this melody heals my wounds.  
And I can't get it out of my head.