

# Antony & The Johnsons, If It Be Your Will

If it be your will  
That I speak no more  
And my voice be still  
As it was before

I will speak no more  
I shall abide until  
I am spoken for  
If it be your will

If it be your will  
That a voice be true  
From the broken hill  
I will sing to you  
From this broken hill  
All your praises they shall ring  
If it be your will  
To let me sing

From this broken hill  
All your praises they shall ring  
If it be your will  
To let me sing

If it be your will  
If there is a choice  
Let the rivers fill  
Let the hills rejoice  
Let your mercy spill  
On all these burning hearts in hell  
If it be your will  
To make us well

And draw us near  
And bind us tight  
All your children here  
In their rags of light  
In our rags of light  
All dressed to kill  
And end this night  
If it be your will  
And end this night  
If it be your will

If it be your will  
If it be your will  
If it be your will...