

Jars Of Clay, Rose Colored Stained Glass Windo

Another sleepy Sunday, safe within the walls
Outside a dying world in desperation calls
But no one hears the cries, or knows what they're about
The doors are locked within, or is it from without?

Looking through rose-colored stain glass windows
Never allowing the world to come in
Seeing no evil and feeling no pain
Making the light as it comes from within so dim

Out on your doorstep lay the masses in decay
Ignore them long enough, maybe they'll go away
When think you have so much, you have so much to lose
You think you have no lack, when you're really destitute

Looking through rose-colored stain glass windows
Never allowing the world to come in
Seeing no evil and feeling no pain
Making the light as it comes from within so dim

Bridge
Looking through rose-colored windows
Never allowing the world to come in
Feel no pain, seeing no evil
Making a light as it comes from within (2x)

So dim, soooo dim
So dim, soooo dim
So dim, soooo dim
So dim, soooo dim