

Jars Of Clay, Weighed Down

Light of the world
Are you still here?
And are we illuminating?
When love becomes a delicate display
So weak, dissolved by anything

Love lies here waiting all alone
Can a king be a king
Weighed down?

Our hearts, a bubble maker's dream
Moved on by winds of everything
As we deny that love is still the king
Not as weak as we make him out to be

Love lies here waiting all alone
Can a king be a king
Weighed down?

Weighed down
Weighed down
Weighed down
Weighed down