

Kids In The Way, Moving Mountains

Bridges are burning, heads are turning and the sky is painted red.

Your voice grows calm inside my head.

Cars are crashing, buildings collapsing and your whispering in my ear,
come with me my dear.

Like rushing water, our praises are to you.

Like roaring thunder our voices shake the earth.

We're moving mountains, just to get to you.

We're moving mountains, moving mountains, just to get to you.

We're moving mountains, moving mountains to get to you.