

Miss Angie, 100 Million Eyeballs

Something to see now is those who are His
Living ones with different heads
Six wings
One hundred eyeballs
Day and night they never stop singing...
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Laying down on the floor
Giving their honour
They cover their heads
They cover their eyes
They cover their feet
And still they fly
You're so weird to me
Still singing
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
The whole earth is full of Your glory, Your glory
The whole earth is full of Your glory, Your glory