Saint, Raise Your Hands

" With the Father there is no fear " The blind To see The deaf To speak The lame To walk These things are written down To account for what he's done Lay your guns on the ground No more killing in God's town Praise the one who's coming back To see it right There's no turning back In his love anything is possible In his love anything is Raise your hands in the air If you believe in love Coming down from heaven So let it be written So, So let it be done You can hang on to God's love Or you can, hang on to your gun