

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