

# The Church, Spark

I'm saturated. I'm wet with your tears, you spill so easily.  
In reflection I'll see you again.  
Approach me, soak me.  
Faith, faith, breathe.

'Cause it's here, it's where the air is clear,  
Where far off things could be quite near.  
No repairs are needed, just a spark.

I'm interested, you've always been a subject, that I could learn.  
Splendid hills, unconquerable mountains.  
Climb, don't ever turn back.  
Seed, seed, grow.  
(chorus)  
(Repeat first verse and chorus)