

Underoath, Too Bright To See, Too Loud To Hear

Good God,
If Your song leaves our lips
If Your work leaves our hands
Then we will be wonders and vagabonds
They will stare and say how empty we are
Now the freedom we had turned us up as dead men

Let us be cold, make us weak
Let us because we all have ears
Let us because we all have eyes
Good God,

How they knew that this would happen (we're so run down)

Good God, can You still get us home...

How can we still get home
I'm not dreaming
We're forgetting our forgiveness.