

# 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.