

Windows

A Bullet For Pretty Boy

How can we bridge the path from dark to light

If we live like the rest.

Can we portray his love?

We are the Window

What we do is for you

Can we be your hands?

Burn these walls

Let your light shine through this veil

Burn these walls

Let your light shine through

We are the Window

We must set our own hearts

Straight to lead the weak

We give ourselves to you

To see the truth within in your hands

Oh God take it all

Fill my lungs

Give me life

We were hollow men

We were hollow men

Consume me

I am choosing what I will let decide

Who I will become

With all this shame pulling at my feet

I will run to you

What can I do

To make this wretch pure

All of me

Use all of me for you

We must set our own hearts
Straight to lead the weak into the promise land
You still Give us hope
This is my flesh
Nothing more than a book
Of redemption and regrets
This is my flesh
Nothing more than a book
Of redemption and regrets
Burn these walls
Let your light shine through this veil
Burn these walls
Let your light shine through