

Mother, how far did you deviate?  
Alone in the dark as you would meditate  
Did you conceive of us when in multitude above  
Bearing us forth in labour pains of love?

The bridge collapsed but you took the stone  
From the ash an altar raised, you rebuilt your home  
Hunger for concourse, you brought us to life  
Crawling, standing, running, towards the light

And though we'll face the spite of thousands  
And cynics they will try to tempt and change our minds  
We'll keep our faith alive, we'll raise our voices  
And scream it from our hearts: God loves her children

Blinded in the conclave we offer our trust  
Shaking and bound in the angel lust  
Our mouths are open, we wait to receive  
A sign and the scraps of truth of what we believe

And though we'll face the spite of thousands  
And cynics they will try to tempt and change our minds  
We'll keep our faith alive, we'll raise our voices  
And scream it from our hearts: God loves her children

And though we'll face the spite of thousands  
And cynics they will try to tempt and change our minds  
We know we'll never die alone and frightened  
Just closer to the last communion without her  
We'll keep our faith alive, we'll raise our voices  
And scream it from our hearts: God loves her children

The passion, the pain, our bodies ache, we cry your name