

Hearts aren't really our guides.
We are truly alone.
'Cause God ain't up in the sky,
Holding together our bones.

Remember we used to speak.
Now I'm starting to think,
Your voice was really my own,
Bouncing off the ceiling back to me.

God, this can't be.
God, this can't be,
God, could it be that all we see is it?

Come down, heaven.
Won't you come down?
Won't you cut through the clouds?
Won't you come down?

Oh, my heaven, why do you have doors to close?
Do you have clouds to stop his voice on the way down?

God, this can't be.
God, this can't be,
God, could it be that all we see is it?

God, does grace reach to this side of madness?
'Cause I know this can't be,
The great peace we all seek.

Come down, heaven.
Won't you come down?
Won't you cut through the clouds?
Won't you come down?