

## Thus from My Lips, by Yours, My Sin Is Purged

As Cities Burn

well, I've got a will but I want yours  
I've got a growing heap of crosses and burdens  
I've simply lost heart to shoulder  
simply no strength to lift  
I've always been a man in need  
'cause I keep stepping in and out of the shadow

caught by the drift and pitch of whatever it is  
that keeps me coming back  
I want out  
'cause I'm getting sick  
sick from all this swerving  
driver, sick from turning on you

someone show me a hole in this cycle  
show me the way away and i'm coming back  
the way I came  
no! I've seen this place before  
surely this is no place for the light of this world

oh how sweet the sound  
I know it saved but is it changing a wretch like me  
oh my God how sweet is the sound  
I once was blind but now I just look away

my bride, I don't want to know what I'd be without  
forgiveness brushing these adulterous lips