

# Breathe

Byron Cage

Your holy presence, living, in me.  
This is my daily bread [x2]  
Your very word, spoken, to me.

[Bridge:]  
And I, I, I  
I'm desperate for you.  
And I, I, I  
I'm lost without you.

[Back to Chorus]  
[Bridge x3]

[Ending:]  
This is the air I breathe. [x6] [...fade out]