

Living Temples

Funeral Mist

Spill forth!

Kings shall fall...down before him, as the blood stiffens,
His praise all people sing:
Spill forth thine respence!
and let thy rampant Glory flow,
piercing light on blindness pour,
making us living temples of Thy Word.
Living temples, living temples.
Let every heart prepare a throne and every throat a brand new song.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
and daily vows ascend, on wings of murder still increasing,
a kingdom without end.

Come then, let us hasten!
and do his Will with hearts aglow,
kindled Death on blindness pour,
making us living temples of the LORD.

Kingdom...without end.
Kings shall fall...down before Him, as the blood stiffens,
His praise all people sing:

Spill forth thine resplendence!
and let thy rampant Glory flow,
piercing light on blindness pour,
making us living temples of Thy Word.

Living temples, living temples.

Let every heart prepare a throne,
and every voice a brand new song.