

## The Sacrament

HIM

I hear you breathe so far from here  
I feel your touch so close and real

And I know my church is not of silver and gold  
Its glory lies beyond judgment of souls  
The commandments are of consolation and warmth

You know our sacred dream won't fail  
The sanctuary tender and so frail  
The sacrament of love  
The sacrament of warmth is true  
The sacrament is you

I hear you weep so far from here  
I taste your tears like you're next to me

And I know my weak prayers are not enough to heal  
The ancient wounds so deep and so dear  
The revelation is of hatred and fear