

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