

Foreigner's God

Hozier

She moves with shameless wonder
The perfect creature rarely seen
Since some lie I brought the thunder
When the land was godless and free

Her eyes look sharp and steady
Into the empty parts of me
Still my heart is heavy
With the hate of some other mans beliefs

Always a well dressed for
Who wouldn't spare the wrong
Never for me

Screaming the name
Of a foreigner's God
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Of a foreigner's God
The purest expression of grief

Wondering who I'll copy
Muster in some tender charm
She feels no control of her body
She feels no safety in my arms

I've no language left to sing
All I do is crave to her
Breaking if I try convey it
The broken love I make to her

All that I've been taught
And every word I've got
Is foreign to me

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